THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Il… Weekly
Founded … Benj. Franklin

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5c. THE COPY

Cyrus McCormick, Jr. — Charles Brackett — Leonard H. Nason — Roland Pertwee
Henry L. Stimson — Hal G. Evarts — Frances Noyes Hart — Arthur Conan Doyle

No Need, *ever again*, to Urge Children to Eat Cereals

More than a million mothers now will tell you this

These unique grain foods—utterly different from any other known—come as delightful proof that food "that's good for you" can be delightfully delicious, too!

CHILDREN need cereals, must have them. Every mother knows this. And thus, nearly every mother has the problem of making children eat them.

Yet, that is no longer necessary. Give children the kind of cereal they like, and both coaxing and commanding will be ended.

Every day, more and more mothers are learning the truth of this. Learning that it is quite as easy to *tempt* the childish appetite as to force it.

Grain foods that are utterly unlike all others

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the most unique grain foods known. There is no other like them. They are different from any other known—alluringly, wonderfully different.

They taste like toasted nutmeats; they tempt like confections. Children who resist ordinary cereals revel in their unique deliciousness. Each grain is steam puffed to eight times its normal size; then oven toasted to a wonderful crunchy crispness. Every food cell, too, is broken and digestion thus made easy.

Over 20% bran—but you would never notice it

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat, steam exploded to fairy richness. Over 20% bran, but to eat it you would never guess it, so delightfully is it concealed. Supplies, too, minerals of wheat, so necessary to the healthful diet.

Quaker Puffed Rice is selected rice, steam exploded like the wheat. Its flavor is unique among grain foods. Its food value high in the carbohydrates of fine rice.

* * * *

Serve with milk or cream or half and half. Try with fresh and cooked fruits. Use as a between-meal tidbit for children; as a light luncheon enticement; or, as a before-bed snack that will supply nourishment without imposing on the digestion.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

¶ It's an exploded idea that longer wear in socks is gained by greater thickness—

NOW—An Amazing New Feature Increases Wear in These Smart Socks 3 to 4 Times

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In lustre and sparkle the silk one finds in Ex Toe is supreme. Their tailored fit is strikingly distinctive.

NO need to take our words for the surprising figures—"3 to 4 times more wear in these smart socks." Three million men confirm them. So do their wives. Now let them tell you. Or test this claim yourself by getting a single pair of these smart socks today. New-type socks that follow a recent invention.

The new way

Science has discovered a new way of knitting. The toe — where most socks wear out first— now becomes the strongest part of all. Wear is increased by a simple scientific principle.

Just at the point of hardest wear a special wear-resisting thread is woven at the tip and over the top of the toe.

An easy thing to tell about, yet it took experts months to find the perfect way to do it. Hundreds of tests were made, thousands of experiments. Different machines were designed and built. Special thread was carefully selected. At last came the hosiery achievement known to the world as Ex Toe. And by it wear was multiplied by three and four.

Smartness at ordinary prices

Above all, these socks are extremely smart. Sheer silks in striking colors make them faultlessly correct. Glove-tight fit at ankles adds to trimness. Yet prices are not high. Only 75c and $1.00 for the finest silks. A wide variety of other materials for 50c. Several specially priced lisle numbers at three pair for $1.00.

Get a pair today. Be sure to say "Ex Toe." If your dealer can't supply you write direct.

Holeproof Ex Toe Hosiery

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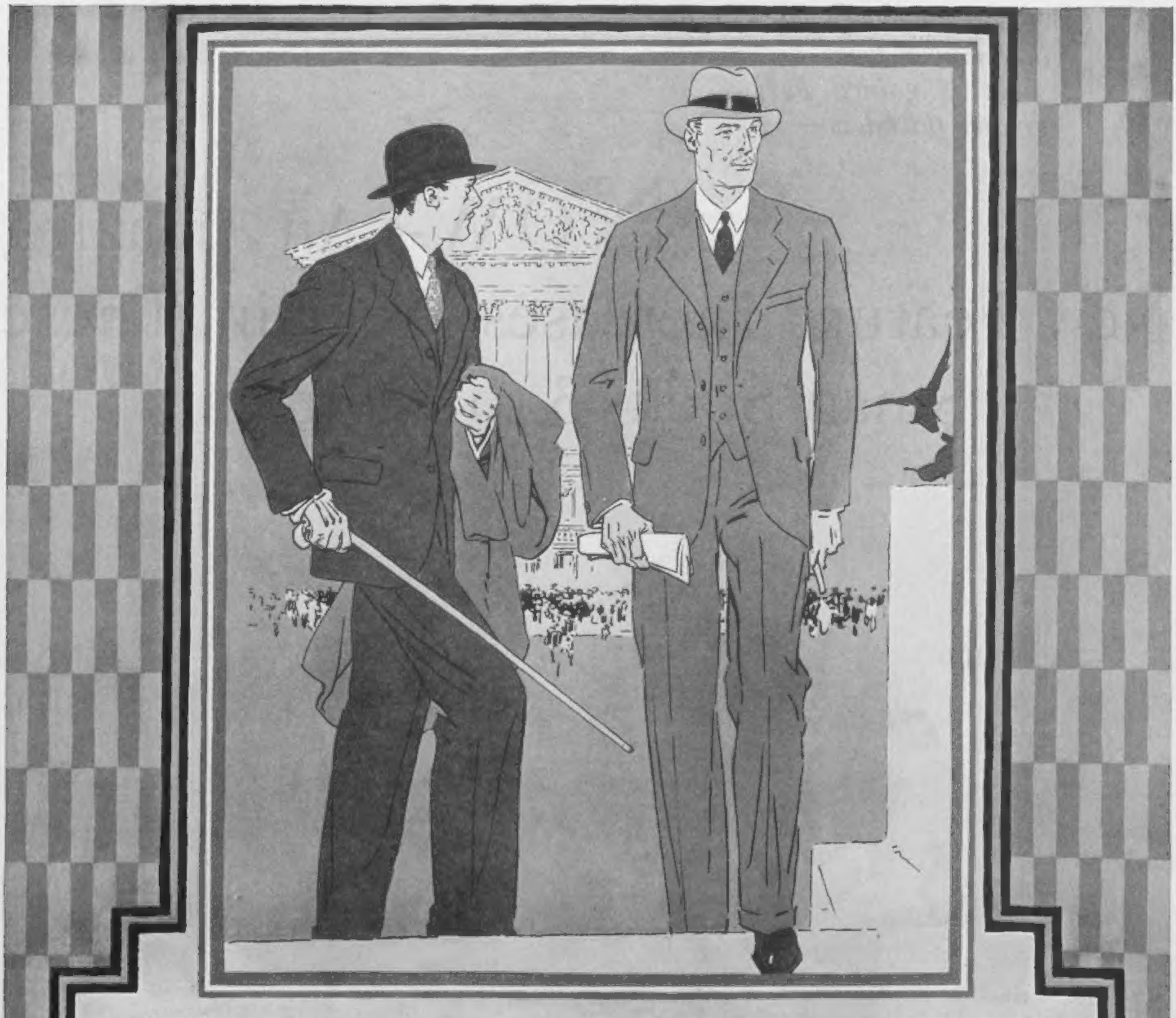

THE BANKERS AND BROKERS ON WALL STREET HAVE A STYLE OF THEIR OWN

but you can have it

You may not be a banker or broker but you wouldn't mind looking as successful as they do. They direct the finance of this country

They wear an easy-hanging coat; three button, with extra room at the shoulders and at the blades. Trousers taper slightly to the shoes. The colors are the darker Greyhound shades and Copper-beech browns

Hart Schaffner & Marx style scouts and designers help to create styles for leading men like this. And the stores where Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes are sold have these styles as soon as they become "style"

You can have them, too

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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VALSE OUBLIÉE

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

WHY, surely, Miss Barnes, I reckon we can exchange them for the pair you had first," Alexander Somerville said, in substance, to the young lady who stood on the other side of the counter. The substance alone can be set down, for any attempt to capture it in harsh print would only wrong the legato softness of the effect. "I don't know for sure whether we can find just that pair, but we'll get one that's satisfactory anyways."

Natalie Barnes, in an agony at having had to come back a third time on such an awfully thin excuse, said, "If you would, please." She was a tiny young lady, with a face which at first glance seemed to be composed entirely of two enormous eyes and a full, red, lower lip, but she had a very cunning nose if one looked closely.

"What seems to be the matter with this pair?" Mr. Somerville inquired, examining the glitter and leather in his hands with somewhat perfunctory eyes. "I can't say I know much about skates. I'm from the South, you see."

"I thought you were," Natalie Barnes admitted—which didn't really answer his question. "Have you been here long?"

"Only about three months, so I don't know very much about skates."

He looked down at the pair in his hand again—which showed his long soft lashes, if it did obscure the fire blue of his eyes, so startling in his brown face. No, not brown—Natalie corrected her thought—that sounded too dark—beige—a very faint beige.

To his remark Natalie made no reply whatever.

"Would you like I should get you another clerk?" he asked after a pause.

"Oh, no," she said hastily; "no, I just thought I'd take the first pair again. I'll know it because the strap was a little bit broken."

It was too awful of her parents not to give her an advance on her allowance when she was dragged so low by poverty. If she'd had a little money she could have bought a tennis racket or something and not humiliated herself in this obvious way, but they insisted that going without until the first of the month would teach her economy. It was merely teaching her shame, and she hadn't been able to skate for weeks because you couldn't exchange a pair of skates that had been used, and she'd given away her old ones.

"Oh, I remember about the strap," Alexander Somerville beamed. "That was why you brought them back, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Natalie gulped; "but I can have that changed." It had made her so happy when she found that defect. She had waited till she could come to town at the end of the week—she was in boarding school, but she spent Saturdays and Sundays with her parents—tingling with happiness because it would allow her to go back to Finch's store. Naturally she had remembered it, but she should never have mentioned it now.

"Now you come to speak of it," Alexander Somerville said, "I'm afraid I sent those back to have the strap repaired. It's too bad you've had so much trouble with these skates. The warm weather is coming right along now. They say so anyways."

"Yes, isn't it lovely?"

"I certainly am glad to see it."

He was so beautiful as he said it with a smile that showed glorious blue-white teeth, that Natalie knew she couldn't be never to see him again, and said the thing she'd come to say, though she'd pretended up to that very minute that she hadn't.

"Are you going to the Fine Arts Ball tonight?"

"What's that, Miss Barnes?"

"It's a big ball they give every spring. I'm going. I wondered if you were."

"I haven't been asked."

"You don't have to be asked."

"I certainly will go, then. Could I have the honor of a dance with you, Miss Barnes?"

"Will you ask me?"

For the first time that day the fire-blue eyes looked into hers as she wanted them to, as they had before once each time she'd come.

"I certainly will."

"Then I'll see you then." She started to back out because she couldn't bear to break their gaze.

"And how about the skates?" Somerville asked.

"If you can't find the others, these will be all right, I guess. Will you send them? You know the address?"

"Miss Natalie Barnes, 3181 West Seventy-second Street," he answered, so promptly that it was like a very delicate caress.

Just then she bumped into an upended toboggan, which came to the floor with a crash, and she fled from the shop in hot anguish.

"Could I Have the Honor of a Dance With You, Miss Barnes?" "Will You Ask Me?"

Alexander Somerville met the young man who roomed across the hall from him for luncheon. He had made a habit of doing so, though there was no bond between them but a common loneliness.

Whichever arrived first waited in the front of Ye Boare's Heade Self-Service till the other came, then they got trays and slid them along little tracks before a counter from which they freighted them with injudicious dishes—calves' liver and apple pie, or fried eggs and chocolate cake.

Bud Dolan, the youth in question, had an office job.

"Say, what about this Fine Arts Ball?" Alexander Somerville asked when they were seated.

"I was reading a piece about it in the paper," Bud replied, and reached for the journal which was rolled up in his overcoat pocket.

"What did it say?"

Alexander never made the effort of reading when he could acquire information without it.

"Oh, how you couldn't go without the right kinda costume. It's awful highbrow, I guess. Why?"

"What kind of costume?"

"Fancy. You have to go in fancy costume. You have to get them one special place. Why?"

"Oh, a girl I know asked me to meet her there."

"That's a hot one!"

"What's hot about it?" Alexander inquired, mildly offended.

"What would you be doing going to some hot-dog ball?"

"Why wouldn't I be? I used to go to all the dancing parties in Clayton, Alabama."

"Say, you slay me," Mr. Dolan informed his friend. "This is New York City and you're working in Finch's Sporting Goods. It takes kale to step around here.

Why, you couldn't even pay to hire the rig-out you'd need."

"I got some money I won off a crap game in the men's room at the store. I was figuring on using that, maybe. What was the name of the place where you rent the clothes?"

The Janney Costume Company was in the last agony of culminating busyness. Harassed clerks, burdened with the flimsy stuffs of carnival, were wasting the remnants of their energy in little spats with one another and in sullen resentfulness against Mr. Rogers who was in charge, while Mr. Rogers was on the verge of tears with savage, contradictory weariness. Stormy customers whose appointments had been made for weeks were being told they'd have to wait another quarter of an hour for their fittings, or were being fitted and were finding meticulous flaws in their garments, which seemed silly to impatient onlookers and simply malicious to those who served them.

The Splendid Idle Forties was the title of the ball that year, and it was travestied by every square inch occupied by the Janney Costume Company.

One gift Alexander Somerville possessed in its most supreme form. It was repose. He waited without fuming, without peering about. He waited so easily he didn't have to wait so long as he would otherwise have had to wait. A troubled salesman saw him as a haven of vast calm.

"What was it you wanted, sir?"

"A suit for the ball tonight."

"We've hardly got a thing left. I'm sure I don't know what to show you."

"I don't care what I have, much."

The salesman scratched his ear. "There's a special order that's come back because the man that ordered it is sick. It might just do for you. Let me measure you."

The trousers were fawn-colored, close-fitting and strapped under the boots. There was a high collar with a stock about it. The sage-green coat with brass buttons struck an amazing accord with Alexander Somerville's olive skin and black hair.

"I like that fine," Alexander said. "What's the hire of it, please?"

"I'll have to see," the clerk told him. "Sixty dollars," he reported brightly when he came back.

"I wasn't figuring to buy it."

"Who said anything about buying it? That's the price for tonight."

"I wasn't figuring to pay as much as that. Have you got something else?"

"Not a thing. I don't know what you expected in the way of a price."

"Willis! Willis!" an irritated voice called.

"That's Mr. Rogers calling me now," the clerk said. "Will you please hurry taking that off?"

"Willis!"

"Yes, Mr. Rogers."

"Oh, there you are. I don't see why you had to take so long over this. It's absolutely perfect. The shoulders might have been picked up a little, but it's too late now."

"Oh, this isn't a rental," Willis announced wearily.

"Well, why isn't it? What's the matter with it?"

"He thinks the price is too high."

"I wasn't figuring ——" Alexander began.

"What price?"

"Sixty dollars, like you said."

Mr. Rogers addressed Alexander, "How much can you pay for it?"

"I wasn't figuring on more than fifteen dollars."

At that Alexander would be left with two dollars and eighty cents in the world.

"Well, take it for that," Mr. Rogers snapped, and he turned to the clerk. "Haven't you any of the feelings of an artist, Willis? How do you expect to make good in this business? That's the one costume I've seen properly worn since we began the Splendid Idle Forties. Besides, it's twenty minutes of closing time and we don't want it left hanging here in the shop, do we?"

Dancing parties in Clayton, Alabama, began at 9:30 at the latest, but Alexander was glad Bud Dolan had mocked and persuaded him into attending a preliminary movie when he pushed his way into the Hotel Cadwallader at ten minutes after eleven.

Somehow it had never occurred to him that a party could be as big as this was evidently going to be, or as lavish. The very hotel lobby actually made revels he had seen in super-special productions seem a little paltry. The well-behaved character of the crowd was surprising to him too. If a free party had been given in Clayton all the roughs in the place would have pushed in, or tried to.

Alexander checked his hat and coat, and caught up in a major swirl of the crowd, arrived at a gate where some curious ceremony was taking place.

"Hey, where's your ticket?" someone bawled at him.

"Ticket?"

"Sure. You can't come in without a ticket."

Alexander stood. From where he was he could see the rite that was being performed on those who had presented tickets. They were being stamped on the back of the hand with a seal pressed first against a pad saturated in red ink.

"Well, what's the idea?" the man asked.

"Where do I get the ticket?"

"Over there."

She Was an Eager Merchant Adding to Her Stock. Alexander Showed Her How it Began

Tickets were fifteen dollars. Anything over a dollar would have been beyond him, so he wasn't really surprised at not being able to buy one. But fifteen dollars!

Well, he concluded, he might as well get as much out of the money he had spent as possible and see as many of the pretty women and beautiful clothes as he could. If he could catch a glimpse of little Miss Barnes it wouldn't be such a complete waste.

He stationed himself strategically by a gray marble pillar touched with gold, and was standing there with the slack grace which was his genius, when suddenly he heard a feminine voice say, "It's incredible! It's absolutely incredible!"

The lady who had spoken was looking so straight at him that he was forced to consider himself addressed. She was not a young lady, but not exactly old; not even as old as his mother, was his guess. She was wearing a gold dress, very bizarre, but unlike any of the rest of the costumes on the ladies around them, and about her head was swirled a golden turban.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," Alexander said to her.

"I said it was incredible. What's your name?"

"Alexander Somerville."

"It was silly of me to have bothered to ask. How's your father?"

"He's right well, thank you. Are you acquainted with him?"

The lady didn't answer. "Whom did he marry?" she asked.

"My mother's name was Candace Marchand."

"Oh, you're Lawrence's son then. Yes, I knew both your father and mother. I was at their wedding."

"You took me for Uncle Alexander's boy. They say I do look right like him."

"You reproduce him," the lady stated, and something about her pronunciation of the verb made it sound like a very clever remark indeed. "How is your Uncle Alexander?"

"Oh, he's been dead since I was twelve."

"Whom did he marry?"

"He never did marry."

"What a nice boy you are," the lady said, and she gave a laugh like the glitter of bayonets in sunlight.

"What in the world are you doing in this lobby?" she went on to inquire. "What, that is, in addition to obeying the dictates of my lucky star?"

"I forgot my ticket."

Alexander Somerville had been brought up to consider lies on subjects touching the financial not merely pardonable but as among the essentials of tact.

"Is someone bringing it to you," the lady questioned, "or are you trying to compel it through the air by sheer animal magnetism?"

"I was looking around for a while."

"Well, let's buy another ticket. I'd been inside and found it dust and ashes, but I've been branded and can go back, now that I've found a reason for going back."

"I happen not to have very much money with me," Alexander told her.

"You never did have a ticket," the lady accused him.

"I didn't know it was that kind of a party," he confessed.

"Well, I'm going to get one for you. Come along."

"I couldn't permit that, ma'am."

"Don't be silly. I'm an old friend of your family's. I'm even a cousin of sorts. My name is Laurel Chase. Did you ever hear of me, by the way?"

"Seems like I may have."

"Well, let's get the ticket."

"I'm sorry, Miss Chase, but I couldn't," Alexander said. "Thank you just as much."

He bowed a dancing-school bow and turned from her. She followed him and laid her hand on his arm.

"Oh, don't be a fool," she pleaded. "Have I got to combat Somerville pride again after all these years? If I'd asked you to dinner and a dance you'd have come without thinking twice."

"That would have been different."

"Well, then, I ask you to supper and the Fine Arts Ball. We can get supper right here, I suppose, or at least across the street. It will almost kill me if I try to eat anything more, but I will if that's the only way to satisfy your scruples."

"No, Miss Chase," Alexander Somerville said firmly. "I guess it's too late now anyway."

He started away again.

"Wait, please, and listen," she commanded him. "If you won't let me get you a ticket I'll tell you what we'll do. Hold out your right hand. . . . No; wrist up."

Alexander did as he was bidden. Miss Chase lifted her own right wrist to her mouth, licked the seal imprinted there as though it were a postage stamp and pressed it against the back of Alexander's hand.

"They all look blurred," she told him, examining the impression she had left. "Now all we have to do is walk in."

Alexander felt rather as though he had been caught up by a cyclone.

At the gate there was a difficulty, however.

"Hey, wait a minute," the man stationed there said, then he turned on Miss Chase. "How about that costume of yours? That looks just like an evening dress."

"I've been in once already," Miss Chase informed him; "but get someone on your committee—someone who knows something about such matters.

"Of course it will be Henry Pearsall, who loathes me," she said to Alexander while they were waiting, and when she perceived the guardian of the gate returning with a gentleman, she breathed a resigned "It is."

"I hear there's some question about your costume, Laurel," Mr. Pearsall said as he came up.

"I intended that there should be, Henry. Do you challenge it?"

"We've made a pretty strict rule about having no modern evening dresses."

"And quite right too. Anything worn in the '40's goes, however, doesn't it? It's a period of which I've made quite a study."

"Well, that's a bad pass at a crinoline," Mr. Pearsall remarked.

"You must remember that there have been originals in most periods. Did you ever hear of Euphorion Dobbs who sang at Castle Garden in '42? Her clothes were the scandal of New York, but people wanted to hear her, so they had to look. There's a portrait of her in that picture room in the Public Library."

"And I suppose you've had the dress in it reproduced."

"I wish you'd keep me out, Henry. I've had an article brewing in my head for a long time. The Period Costume, a Fallacy. If you barred me out it would make a delicious introduction."

"Oh, go on in, Laurel," Mr. Pearsall fumed; "but I think doing a thing like that just spoils the spirit of a costume party. What if our descendants take Queen Mary's hats as an example of what the well-dressed woman of 1927 would wear?"

Beyond the gate was a wide corridor, with doors on the inner side leading evidently to the ballroom, but every one of the doors was choked with a crowd of people.

"The pageant must be in progress," Miss Chase remarked. "I suppose we may as well see it."

From the efforts of people to wedge themselves near the already jammed openings, that seemed to Alexander a rather difficult project, but Miss Chase said, "There's a gallery some place," and began searching for the stairs which gave access to it.

The flight led up from a second vestibule. At its head stood mirror doors guarded by a footman, and just as Alexander and Miss Chase discovered them the footman was shaking his head emphatically at a brown girl in a white gauze dress weighted down with heavy magnolia flowers, who was addressing him.

Other ladies and gentlemen of 1840 were standing at the foot of the stairs looking frustrated and annoyed.

"This is the way," Miss Chase observed, and she started up the stairs.

The white gauze and magnolia girl, coming down, said, "Hello, Laurel."

"Hello, Dorothy. . . . Miss Bleecker, this is Mr. Somerville. What seems to be the matter?"

"They won't let me get to my box just because I've forgotten its number."

"Who won't let you?"

"That man."

"Do you mean to tell me you don't go through a door you want to go through just because a man tells you not to?"

"But, Laurel, he has his orders, and he's in charge."

"Come with me," was the only reply Miss Chase vouchsafed.

She swept to the head of the stairs. "I want to be shown to my box immediately," she announced to the man. "I seem to be missing something."

"What's the number of it?" he asked.

"Twenty-five."

"How many people you got with you?"

"Two."

He took out a list.

"Box Twenty-five is full," he announced.

"Do you mean to say you've been fool enough to let some impostor into it?" Miss Chase demanded furiously. "What is your name?"

"Well, they showed me tickets," the man said. "Have you got tickets?"

"Do I look like the sort of person who would burden herself with a lot of silly tickets? My secretary is wandering

(Continued on Page 166)

"As for You, You Young Upstart," She Announced, "If You Ever Make Any Attempt to See My Daughter Again There are Legal Measures I Can Take to Have You Put Away Until You Have Time to Cool Off"

CHEAT THE LADY

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

He Sat Uncomfortably, Shifting the Reins So That the Horse Stirred as Though to Move On; But She Said: "He's the One That Runs the Mill, I Guess, Ain't He?"

IN THE town of Fraternity there are at least two major villages, and besides these there are a score or so of neighborhoods, each wearing the sometimes doubtful dignity of a name. Where two roads intersect there is a Corner; and wherever a mill sits beside a stream and two or three houses cluster around there is a Mills. Not Mill, but Mills, in the plural, no matter whether there be one mill or more; for this is the custom of the country.

Myrick's Mills is one of these neighborhoods. It was Aldana Myrick who, coming here to dwell, bequeathed his name to the locality. He bequeathed the name and the mill as well to his two sons. Aldana was a devout and sober man, and no gentler lady than Mrs. Myrick ever lived. Yet she and Aldana named their sons Eldad and Medad, and it remained for merciful usage to shorten these names to El and Mil.

Even before her husband's death Mrs. Myrick was the dominant figure of that household. She was one of those women under whose rule men live in one long fret of revolt without ever uttering a rebellious word. Yet she was not in the least a formidable figure. Her tone was never harsh, nor was there ever any but the gentlest censure in her actual words. She never complained, never protested, never scolded. She simply and insistently continued to expect from those she loved only the highest qualities, and because they dared not contemplate the possibility of wounding her, they gave her what she required.

Thus Aldana Myrick, who was no better than most men before he married her, became a character in whom there was no discoverable flaw. If he had a temper he smothered it so successfully that save for the lines it graved in his countenance it never manifested itself at all; and when a pile of logs broke down upon him, crushing his legs so that presently he died, he betrayed no more than decent and courageous acceptance of the situation.

His sons were by that time old enough and wise enough to run the mill; he died without misgivings either on his own account or for those he left behind.

The boys were a stout pair, and Mrs. Myrick loved them equally. Her affection bound them in soft chains. They had each toward this mother of theirs a tenderness so deep that it could make them tremble, and this rendered them helpless in her hands. Since neither of them would willingly grieve her, they served her least wish in most abject wise.

She was not a stern taskmistress. As babies they had small obligations which she expected them to meet; as boys they had chores to do, and in their teens they learned the work about the mill. But their tasks were never burdensome, never imposed upon them the long drudgery which knows no ceasing. Thus they had time for their own affairs. Eldad was from boyhood fond of fishing, and the river which ran below the house, sluicing like a curving mirror over the apron of the dam, was full of trout. Eldad came to know every spot along the rips where fish were apt to lie. He was a sober, serious boy, staunch and fit to be relied upon. His father had been such a man. Medad, of a lighter humor, had nevertheless a surprising zeal in some directions. Thus the garden across the road from the house, where the slope canted to the south, was his pastime and his pride. It occupied the place in his life which fishing did in Eldad's, and a well-filled ear of Golden Bantam was more beautiful than any trout to him.

They had other amusements of a more social sort; were both, for example, fond of dancing. But Eldad danced seriously, while Medad cut capers when he chose. There was always some such contrast as this between the brothers. Eldad ran the mill; Medad handled the business which it involved. Eldad fished while Medad gardened. Medad gunned in the fall while Eldad picked the apples. And Mrs. Myrick, who as she grew older was not so nimble and stayed much in the house, kept upon them an easy and a tolerant hand. She ruled them by praise and by approval rather than by ban and interdiction. But perhaps because she felt that direct praise is strong medicine, she was apt to applaud them by indirection. Thus—she always spoke to them or of them by their full and formidable names—she would say to Eldad:

"Have you seen how nicely Medad's garden is coming? The peas will be ready by the Fourth, to go with the trout you will catch for me, and perhaps you will get a salmon too. And he is going to set out some strawberry plants for next year and after. It's wonderful to me how he finds the time, with all the mill work, too, and never seems to hurry at all. I get to be mighty proud of Medad."

And Eldad would reply, "Yes, ma. That's right. There ain't anybody in town got a better garden than Mil, nor an earlier one. It takes him to make things grow."

And she would nod in gentle pleasure at his assent. "That's because he loves them," she would say. "Love makes things grow, Eldad."

Or to Medad: "I declare, I liked the trout Eldad brought in last night. The first mess always tastes so good, in the spring. And he gets them when nobody else can, before the ice is out, half the time. It's like the river was the backyard full of hens; like he could see where the fish are."

And Medad would agree: "That's so. He can get more trout than anybody I ever see."

Or to both of them together she would remark: "A good trade you made on Henderson's woodlot. A fair price to him and a fair profit to us. What a fine pair of sons I have to take care of me."

And because they knew it pleased her, Eldad would protest, "It was Mil got him to bring the price down, ma." And Medad would amend, "But buying it was El's idea in the first place."

While she smiled contentedly. She was more and more frail, and they watched her fearfully, careful not to offend her in the least of ways.

She was a tolerant mistress. It was almost literally true that there was only one thing she forbade these sons of hers. She never permitted them to quarrel. While they were still babies underfoot they learned that querulous or resentful outcries made her sorrowful; when they were somewhat older they found that in no surer fashion could they wound her than by arguing or bickering one with another. And as they grew to be young men they resigned themselves hopelessly to the fact that they could never openly disagree without causing her grief.

Once or twice as boys they had physical arguments which they sought to hide from her, but always she discovered what had happened, and always she lacerated them with such kindly remonstrances that they were reduced to storms of tears as they pressed about her knees. So El and Mil learned self-control, learned not to differ in the least of ways. And it naturally followed that by the time they came to manhood they hated each other most profound. They sought to hide this, even from themselves; and when they were alone together they preserved an even tone and used a kindly word, as though harsh words could, like blows, leave visible scars for her to see. And they did deceive her. To do this was not difficult. It was not likely to occur to her that these sons she loved hated each other so intensely that there were moments when it seemed intolerable that the same roof sheltered them. But if she was deceived, the neighbor folk were not too blind to discover the state of affairs. Will Belter, for instance, found it intensely interesting; watched alertly for the eruption he felt sure must eventually come.

He said one night at the store, "I tell you, I want to be there when they do come to it. I tell you, pieces of ears will be a-flying every way."

Belter was the center of such a general atmosphere of dislike that it was almost habit to disagree with him, but no one differed with this prophecy. El and Mil were big men, stout men, able men; they were of a size, with little to choose between them; and their bearing in an occasional difference of opinion with someone outside their mother's tacit interdiction had commanded a respectful awe. It seemed undeniable that the conflict between two such forces would be an epic and unforgettable affair. So no one disagreed with Belter.

Only Chet McAusland said unconvincingly, "Sho, they get along fine!" But two or three people laughed. And Jim Saladine remarked wisely:

"They've never had a chance to have it out. That's the only trouble with them."

Bob Swan, a newcomer in the community, who had already had some contact with the brothers in the way of business, commented, "Well, there's one thing: they won't ever fight but once."

Belter vociferously agreed with this appraisal of the situation. He understood Bob to mean that the vanquished would not be in case to fight again. Only Saladine, and perhaps McAusland, had some inkling that Bob's remark had in it a more philosophic turn.

Bob Swan was a tremendous bulk of a man, one of those men whose arms stand out a little from their sides, and whose hands are like thick clusters of some curious fruit, solid and firm. Yet he was big without being soft. No one was likely to make that mistake in appraising him; or if the mistake were made, it was not like to be repeated. He had been a searcher-out of timber in the north woods, and later a logging boss, and later still he had gone into business on his own account. He owned an itinerant steam mill, and it was his habit to transport it from one locality to another, remaining in each new neighborhood until whatever pine and spruce and hemlock was for sale had been bought and worked up into box boards and suchlike stuff. Because he was a shrewd trader and because he usually spent two or three years in a place, he made it a practice to buy a farm on which to live, and he had done this in Fraternity. His farm lay two miles to the south of Myrick's Mills, on a knoll above the river.

His family consisted of his wife, who lived in more or less constant rebellion at their wandering manner of life, and his daughter Pauline, who liked it.

Bob and the Myrick boys were in a sense competitors. Bob specialized in box boards and other easily marketable lumber, while the Myrick mill sawed staves and barrel heads, but their raw material was the same and the supply was not inexhaustible. Eldad Myrick resented the coming of the steam mill, and to some extent he let this resentment appear in his bearing toward Bob. But Medad was of a more genial temper. He found Bob amusing and interesting; and when Swan drove past the mill, Medad was likely to go out to the side of the road to exchange a word with him.

In the ordinary course of things you would have expected Medad to be the first to discover the existence of Pauline, but this was not the case. Eldad went fishing down the river one day and when he came back his mother perceived a faint but definite exhilaration in his bearing and understood that something had happened to her son.

What had happened was this. Eldad came to a certain pool where the current roared around a great bowlder in midstream; and he waded out from shore to drop his baited hook in the fringe of this current, so that it would be swept down toward the slack water where trout might be supposed to lie. The farmhouse where Bob Swan lived was only some two hundred yards away, and Pauline saw him and came through the pasture to watch him. She had lived for two years within trolley distance of Bangor, and she knew some boys from Orono. There was no confusion in her bearing.

Then He Saw Her, and He Was So Astonished That His Booted Foot Slipped Off a Bowlder and He Sat Down in the Water

Eldad, intent upon his line, failed to observe her approach; and since his ears were filled with the roar of the river, he did not hear her when she spoke to him. Did not, in fact, discover her presence there till he turned at last to wade ashore. Then he saw her, and he was so astonished that his booted foot slipped off a bowlder and he sat down in the water. In the fall he lost his rod, and to recover it had to plunge his arm into the water to the shoulder. When he presently stumbled ashore he was wet, practically speaking, from head to foot, and he was swept with a storm of resentful embarrassment. If Pauline had laughed he would have hated her, but she was wholly sympathetic.

"I'm awfully sorry," she assured him. "I never meant to scare you. I said hello to you when I come down, but you didn't hear me."

Her apology somewhat restored his composure. "It don't matter," he declared. "I go in pretty near every time. Dunno what I wear boots for anyway. Might as well wade and be done with it. Now I'll have to dump the water out of them."

He laid his fish basket aside and pulled off his boots to empty them, and Pauline looked into the basket.

"You haven't got but one!" she exclaimed.

"The mill's working," he reminded her.

"Why," she inquired, "what difference does that make?"

"It makes the water high," he explained. "They bite better when the water ain't running. It's full of sawdust now." And he added, with a grin, "If they was taking hold I wouldn't have got down this far. Pretty near always get a mess way above here."

She looked at him with arching brows and very grave eyes. "I hope they never bite very well," she told him; and Eldad, who was not accustomed in such matters, blushed to the ears and decided uncomfortably that he had better be starting home. But he looked back before he was out of view, and she waved good-by to him.

A week or so later Bob Swan passed the mill and stopped his car in the road, and Medad went out. Eldad stayed at his tasks, but there was nothing unusual in that.

Bob and Medad exchanged a word or two, and then Bob, who had humor in his eye, asked casually, "El tell you about him getting pretty near drowned?"

Medad shook his head, asked a question, and Bob grinned. "I didn't just figure he would," he confessed, and recited the tale of El's discomfiture. "Pauline says he looked right funny, setting there in water to his ears," he declared, and guffawed at the memory, and Medad smiled too.

Curiously Medad did not mention his newly acquired knowledge to his brother when he returned to the mill. Nor, later, to his mother. But he thought upon the matter, and a day or two later he made it his business to drive past Bob's farm in his rickety team, and to stop in the dooryard.

Pauline came out from the kitchen, and Medad, who had at times a certain gayety about him, took off his hat and asked, "Yore pa at home?"

Pauline smiled. "He's down't the mill," she replied.

He nodded. "Well, I 'lowed he would be. But it don't do no harm to ask, does it? I guess you're Pauline. I've heard about you."

"Guess your brother told you," she suggested.

He shook his head. "No," he said. "No, El never said a word." And he grinned. "Why should he?"

"He was awful nice about it," she declared. "I felt kind of mean, like as if I'd shoved him in or something. But he never acted mad or anything."

Their Arms Moved More and More Slowly; the Moment Came When it Was More Damaging to Strike Than to be Struck. The Effort of Striking Was More Exhausting Than the Impact of the Blow

Medad colored slowly. "Didn't he?" he commented.

"I guess he's older'n you are," she suggested.

"Makes you think that?" he asked.

"He's more serious, kind of," she explained. "You're more like a boy."

Medad was in fact too much like a boy to be pleased by her discovery of this similarity. He sat uncomfortably, shifting the reins so that the horse stirred as though to move on; but she said:

"He's the one that runs the mill, I guess, ain't he?"

"Well, we go along together," Medad replied. The brothers never spoke ill of one another, but Medad was weary of this conversation. He chirruped to the horse, and the creature turned patiently and headed back toward home.

The brothers were not a communicative pair, nor given to sharing confidences, but Medad did remark at supper that night, "I stopped at Swan's today. His girl's kind of pretty!"

Mrs. Myrick said with gentle interest, "Is she, Medad? Did you talk to her?"

"Sat a spell," Medad confessed, without looking toward his brother. "Name's Pauline."

"She come down to the river where I was fishing, the day I fell in and got my feet wet," Eldad suddenly announced, something proprietary in his tone.

"Why, you didn't tell me, did you?" his mother reminded him, and Eldad declared he had forgotten. She smiled in forgiving understanding. These boys of hers were men now; one of them or the other would soon be marrying. She was inured to the prospective blow, prepared to receive it with a smile.

During the summer the two brothers saw Pauline as frequently as possible. There was no discussion of the matter between them, but each one was alert to what the other's movements were. When on Sunday Eldad fished down the river and came home at night with a bare mess of trout, Medad understood that El had left a part of his catch at Bob Swan's. And when Medad picked a box or two of strawberries and put them under the seat of the buggy before starting out on one of his business trips, Eldad understood that Medad would stop at Swan's before he came home.

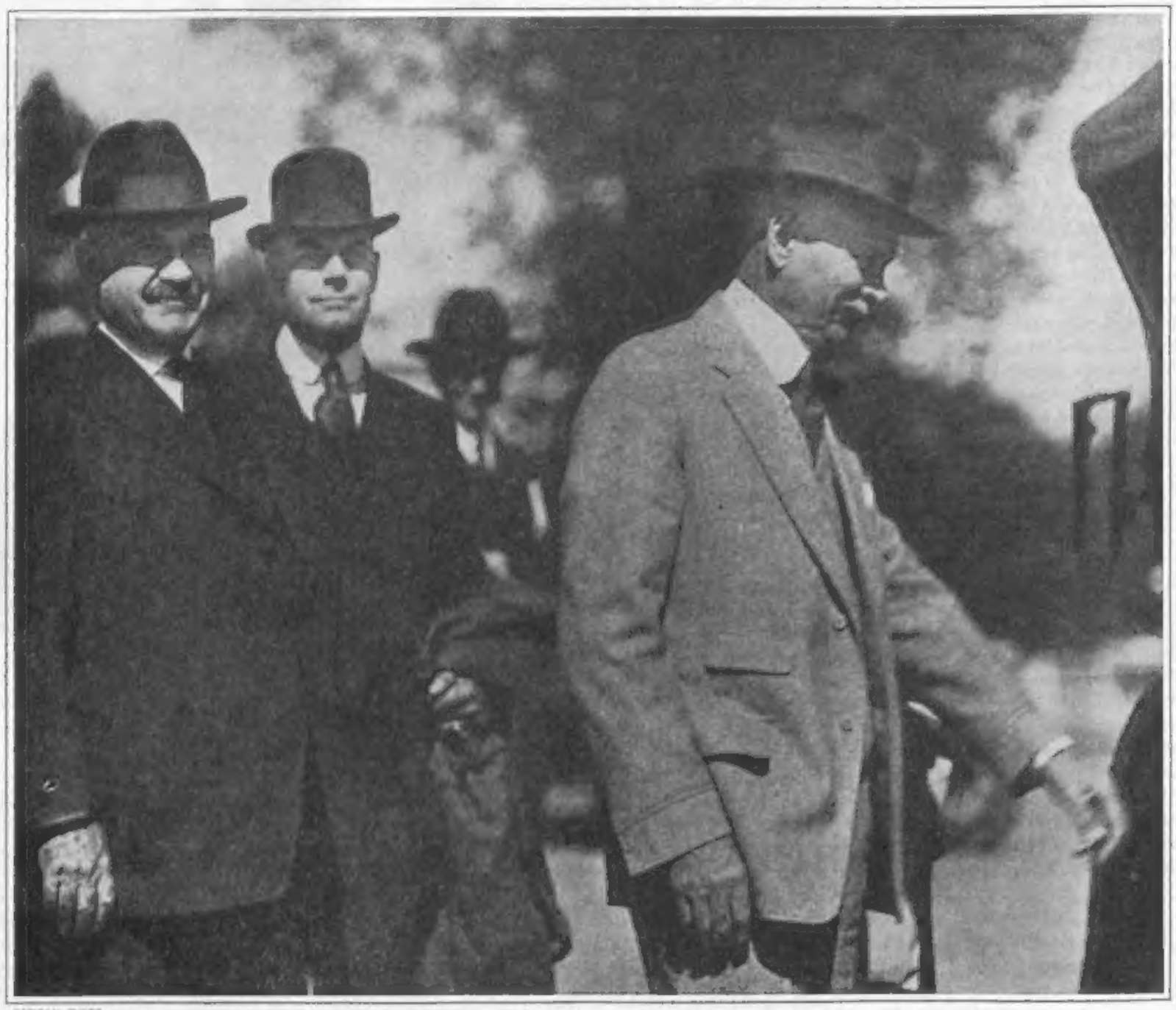
But even without this understanding, they would each have known what the other did, for Pauline delighted to talk to each of them about the other. When she thanked Medad for the strawberries, it was with an air of faint abstraction, and she hurried to tell him what a fine mess of trout Eldad had brought her a few days before; and when

(Continued on Page 91)

GARY AND THE PUBLIC STAKE

By WILLIAM A. McGARRY

THE conviction that a revolution in political thinking with respect to business is under way in the United States was strongly held by the late Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation. He believed it was destined to be of as much influence on the future of world business as the Declaration of Independence had been in changing the concept of political liberty among all peoples. As a consequence, in the several years preceding his death recently, the study and observation of the changing economic point of view of the American people came to occupy more and more of his attention. This manifested itself in many of the public addresses he had made during the past four or five years, and the subject also cropped up repeatedly at each of several interviews I had with him in the last year of his life.



NATIONAL PHOTO.

Judge Elbert H. Gary Attending the Industrial Conference

Judge Gary's opinion, as he outlined it to me in these discussions, was predicated on the fact that in this country, for the first time in history, every citizen has a visible and constantly growing stake in the industry of the nation. The value of this stake to the future prosperity of the country, he believed, was limited only by the extent of its recognition. He traced all progress throughout history, as a matter of fact, by the growth of economic understanding. Prior to the American Revolution, this was limited by the controlling conceptions of government to certain groups. In political theory these limitations were removed with the birth of the republic—in America, at least—but in industrial practice it was not until after the Civil War that processes were set in motion which broke down class barriers and made possible the national acceptance of the universal interest in business.

The Evolution of the Business Man

THREE distinct but overlapping evolutions of thought were traced by Judge Gary in the working out of these processes. The first concerned the attitude of the business man. In the early days of the American industrial era this was marked by what he had always regarded as a complete but quite natural contradiction. The inspiration for the railroads then being thrown across the country and the national industries being built on the consolidation of local plants was invariably, he contended, public use and benefit. But in spite of this vision, the pioneers clung to the ancient contention that the people had no right to say how the building should be done. In Judge Gary's opinion this was a hold-over of the tradition that mass thinking could never be brought to consider anything but the present.

It is not the purpose of this article to estimate the value of Judge Gary's services in revealing the fallacy in this point of view, but it is of interest to note that he was first summoned to the councils of the trust builders, in the early 90's, to help stem the rising tide of animosity directly traceable to the disregard of public ideas as to how things should be done. Through his association with William Deering it had become evident that business men who followed the advice of the young Chicago lawyer did not get into trouble with the public. It is also of record that when he had become the associate and spokesman of the men he had been called to advise, he was the first of this group to say publicly that a business large enough to be of potential danger to the public should be subject to governmental regulation.

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Judge Gary Leaving the White House After a Conference With President Coolidge

The fact that the American business man was able within a few generations completely to reverse his old point of view, and to accept the principle of public regulation, was, in Judge Gary's opinion, one of the great mileposts of social progress. He saw this change as more than a mere submission to authority. Instead of regarding public interest and regulation as an unwarranted meddling with private affairs, the business man had come to realize that they were essential elements in growth and prosperity.

The Public

THOUGH he did not contend that all the pioneers had accepted this view, he insisted that even those who had been most arbitrary and ruthless in their competitive methods had made enough progress toward it to prove that their aims had not been selfish. It was his repeated assertion that no big business could endure in the United States which did not have in its management this conscious, even though unstated, intention of public service.

When the process of stating this intention and recognizing the public interest had made progress, the way was opened for the second evolution—the reversal of the attitude of the public toward business. It became possible then to launch a program for the development of good will as a national economic asset. In Judge Gary's view this proved to be far more rapid and far-reaching in its effects than the change previously started in the mental attitude of business men.

At the outset the most that was expected was that it would permit greater speed in the working out of formulated plans. Actually it brought to light a chain of benefits that no one had foreseen in the early days. The latest of these was the movement for widespread public ownership of corporate securities. Judge Gary believed it had also been one of the chief influences in developing the modern American conception of wages. The ancient theory that a wage was a cost, pure and simple, could not have been abandoned, in his opinion, until business and the people came to recognize their common interests.

From the point of view of individual business expansion, Judge Gary believed the effect of a growing public faith in the integrity of corporate aims was even more notable. It had led, he contended, to the development of new markets where no one had suspected their existence. More than that, he was convinced that this process was susceptible to virtually indefinite growth.

In spite of the progress that had been made, he was fully aware that much remained to be done in the development of public confidence. But he felt that the course had been clearly charted and he had no doubt it would grow as it was earned. Each advance in this direction, he believed, would reveal the existence of more new outlets for all products. It was this conviction that led him to say in the article entitled Cycles Versus Common Sense in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of December 18, 1926, that it

(Continued on Page 65)

ON THE TRAIL OF THE VANISHING LONGHORN

By WILL C. BARNES
United States Forest Service

WHEN the first Spanish adventurers set foot on this American Continent they found neither horses nor cattle upon it. Both are exotics. The nearest approach to cattle was the American bison, mistakenly called buffalo. "Hump-backed cows," the Spanish called them.

The first horses on this continent were sixteen head of army animals which, short on docking facilities, Cortez dumped overboard to swim ashore from his ships in the harbor of Vera Cruz, Mexico. Of these his historian has left us a complete record, even to the name of each animal, its sex, color and approximate value for army purposes. He even lists a colt foaled on the voyage across.

The first cattle arrived from Spain via the West Indies a few years later, when, in 1521, Gregorio Villalobas, sent to New Spain as governor-general, landed troops and supplies near Vera Cruz. The written report of his expedition states clearly that "he brought a number of calves—*oviese ganado*—from San Domingo, he being the first to bring them to New Spain." (Hackett's Historical Documents.) These were probably the first cattle to land on the American Continent.

The Spanish ships were small, and space for carrying food and water for stock was very limited. Hence they usually stopped on their west-bound voyages at the first available landing place, which was the West Indies, San Domingo, Porto Rico or Cuba principally. Here they found plenty of food for man and beast and rested from their long journey.

Baled hay, grain and such concentrated stock foods were not then available, and one wonders how those early adventurers managed to carry across the Atlantic the numbers of livestock they did. The question of water alone must have been quite a problem. Nevertheless the problem was solved in some way, for they transported large numbers of domestic animals—hogs, sheep, goats, cattle and horses—from the shores of Spain to the New World.

The Wealth of New Spain

THE ferriage from the West Indies across the comparatively quiet waters of the Gulf of Mexico was not difficult. From all the information available, vessels passed frequently between the islands and the mainland, carrying supplies of every kind for the Spanish army.

The Spanish have never been interested in the breeding up of their livestock. As far as their cattle were concerned, if they had any idea whatever on this subject, it was along lines to produce a leggy, active animal with keen horns, an aggressive disposition and a generally wild nature suitable for their national pastime. These were raised in the interior of Spain on the elevated plateaus, where fairly arid conditions prevailed and cattle are grazed on ranges that as to climate and forage plants are very similar to our Southwestern cattle ranges.

Thus the Spanish cattle, carried clear across the stormy Atlantic, found living conditions in their new environment extremely satisfactory. They thrived almost from the day they swam ashore through the warm waters of the Gulf, these first bovine settlers in the New World, the long-horned ancestors of the millions of the breed that later swarmed over the coastal plains of Texas and swept northward across the Great Plains country clear to the Canadian line.

PHOTO. BY ENNIS C. HELM, FORT WORTH, TEXAS
A Young Steer. His Horns Will Grow Much Longer

The grassy plains of Mexico furnished almost unlimited range, and from the very first the imported livestock flourished amazingly. For example, in 1538, Mendoza, then viceroy of New Spain, reporting to the Spanish King, speaks specifically of the fine condition and increasing numbers of his cattle, horses and merino sheep, which he had brought from Spain.

When Coronado started from New Mexico on his historic march across the prairies of Colorado and Kansas, he took with him "about 1000 horses and 500 of our cows and more than 5000 rams and ewes." (Castenedas Narrative, Winship Translation.)

In 1555, about thirty-six years after the first cattle were landed on this continent, an adventurous Englishman, Robert Tomson by name, who had been trading with the Spaniards for years, found his way into New Spain.

In his letters to England he says: "There is in New Spain a marvelous increase of cattell which dayly do increase and they are of greater growth than ours. . . . One man hath 20,000 head of cattell of his own." (Tomson Narrative, p. 544, Vol. 3.)

From Mexico two lines of settlement flowed, one north along the Pacific into California, branching off up the Rio Grande into the present New Mexico, and the other along the Gulf of Mexico and through the rich coastal plains of Texas, where, in a mild climate, with unlimited range, the longhorns found ideal conditions and spread like a great fan over the whole country.

The March to the Railroad

AT THE close of the Civil War, Southern Texas was overflowing with longhorn cattle. Adventurous Texas cattlemen, seeking new and unoccupied ranges, were moving their herds farther and farther west into what was known as the Staked Plains country; a vast expanse of grasslands where water was scarce and the Indians of the Great Plains region—the Kiowas, Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Comanches—disputed with them for its possession. To a large extent it was a no man's land, with no local government of any kind. The state claimed ownership of it all, but it was too far from the seat of government at Austin for state officials to assert either ownership or control. Here the longhorn was at his very best and bred and multiplied incredibly fast. There was no way, however, of turning him into cash. The Texans were cattle poor; their longhorn steers had no ready cash value.

About 1870 the Kansas Pacific Railway pushed its iron nose out to the westward across the Kansas prairies. Here and there towns sprang up—Abilene, Dodge City, Junction City. Between these towns on the new railroad and Texas lay nearly 1000 miles of open uninhabited grassy plains. It would be no trick to move the animals to the railroad on their own feet and fatten them at the same time. Here was a chance to get rid of their surplus stock.

"Texas is the great hive," says one writer, "from which swarmed the cattle which now cover the whole plains region."

During the next ten years hundreds of thousands of long-horned steers grazed their way from Southern Texas to these shipping points. Five dollars a head for huge four and five year old steers weighing 1200 pounds and more right off the grass, delivered at the railroad in Kansas, seemed like real money to the hard-up overstocked Texans. Prices gradually rose, until about the time the settlers in the intermediate country, with their inclosed farms, put a stop to the trailing, they were

(Continued on Page 121)

A Group of Longhorn Cows

PARTNERS ON THE PAY ROLL

By Cyrus McCormick, Jr.
Vice President International Harvester Company

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

HUMAN nature is hard on theories, especially where work and wages are concerned; and the difficulties of putting a theory of that kind into effective practice seem to be in direct proportion to the number of human units involved. Therefore when a large industrial concern finds that a rather advanced theory involving these sensitive elements is spontaneously accepted by the great body of its workers, there is naturally a sense of pride in the results—an impulse to tell the public about them.

I confess to just such an impulse regarding our company's experience with employe stock ownership. Other companies have done quite as well and doubtless others have done and will do better, but that does not lessen the International Harvester Company's pride in the fact that at this writing 70 per cent of its employes in the United States and Canada are active participants in its present employe stock-ownership plan—30,839 subscribers out of 44,253 persons on the pay roll, and the plan is now just about three years old.

It Was Not Long Before Many of Our Men Were Remarking That "the Old-Timer Certainly Has It Soft With His Fourteen Shares"

A Step Toward a Common Goal

LET it be borne in mind, too, that ours is not merely a plan for factory workers. The subscribers include employes of all departments and of all ranks from the president down; they include not only a staff of 800 in the general office but a North American field-sales organization of perhaps 5000, scattered from ocean to ocean and from the Rio Grande to Hudson Bay.

The Extent of His Hoard Astounded the Visitor, Who Knew That the Man Had Never Held Even a Minor Executive Position

Also bear in mind the point, to be amplified later, that these subscribers are acquiring under our plan a stock with less attraction for the speculator than for the investor—Harvester 7 per cent cumulative preferred stock, whose market history shows only slight and slow fluctuation; not the type of stock to make its owners tape watchers.

Consider, too, that although the company's angle of sharpest interest in the operation of the plan relates to retention by employes of shares acquired under it as a permanent investment, there are no strings on the stock. At any time any employe can draw out the credits accumulated on his subscription, or, having secured a certificate, he can sell or hypothecate it. But, happily, the great majority do none of these things.

Whatever may be the effect of owning company stock on employe morale in the shops or out in the field, on employe attitude toward the company or on labor stability, there can be no question about the benefit to both worker and company from the mere substitution of habitual thrift for habitual unthrift. It is only a guess, of course, but I believe that perhaps half these 31,000 subscribers of ours never had and never would have had any investment or any savings without some such thrift-made-easy plan—some such mechanism to make their saving systematic and automatic and then carry it along to safe investment.

Without going into the details of our plan, it should be remarked here that by means of its payroll deduction feature not only is saving made regular but it becomes actually automatic; and with definite limitation of individual subscriptions to a moderate proportion of earnings, spreading them over a term of years, saving need not mean pinching—is, indeed, painless.

Witnessing how the employe stock-ownership idea works out in our own and many another American business household, it seems to me no longer theory but fact. It seems now a perfectly logical and practical evolution of the modern idea of industrial coöperation between men and management; and it seems to me to owe its rather astounding success to its freedom from any altruistic tinge or paternalistic taint—to its obvious content of that mutuality which is the essence of every sound human relation. The plan works well because it works both ways.

The human element is the most perplexing and uncertain factor with which the production executive has to deal, yet it is altogether the most intriguing and yields the largest dividends in the coin of personal satisfaction. If it is old-fashioned for an employer to take a direct personal interest in the men whose labor so largely determines his success, then we plead guilty of being antiquated.

But is it, in truth, old-fashioned? Isn't it rather new-fashioned—an important element in the new and vast development of industry? At any rate, that is the definite attitude of my own fellow executives, most of whom have come up from the ranks; and it is, I believe, the attitude of thousands of executives in other large companies—men in high positions who know by experience what it means to make a wage earner's pay check cover a multitude of needs.

In America today there are more than 400 corporations operating employe stock-ownership plans. All these plans are undoubtedly inspired in part by considerations of company advantage in the increased dependability of its workers, and in their deepened interest in the company's success; but I believe that behind them there is also a sincere interest in the personal and family security of the individual wage worker, in seeing him get ahead, get some happiness out of life and get something put by against life's inevitable emergencies. Certainly I cannot see how it is possible for any employer to escape that attitude if the operation of his stock-ownership plan brings to his eye such silent dramas of self-denial, courage, perseverance and ambition as those which are constantly coming to our attention as fruits of this plan to make our workers active partners in the business which pays their wages.

It is not easy to pick from the mass of material at hand a few incidents that will illustrate the effect of our stock-ownership system on the life habits and circumstances of the workers, and will yet appear as typical as they really are; and this is so because each case is differentiated from the others by its individual factors. The instances cited here may seem isolated, but they are in truth representative as far as results are concerned; any of them could be duplicated over and over again out of records and recollections that are alive with what is termed human interest.

The Drama of Achievement

THERE is a distinct thrill in the story of a certain man who now holds a position in the general offices of the company. His savings and investment experience dramatize with peculiar vividness the influence of stock ownership upon the worker's personal and industrial life. In 1901, after years of drifting, this man got a job at the McCormick works as a porter. He worked so faithfully that he was eventually transferred to the drafting room, where he operated a blue-print machine.

Here he began to show the good stuff that was in him, for he attended night school, improved his general education and became quite proficient as a stenographer and typist. This brought him the position of stenographer to one of the plant executives. He had never saved any money until the company's first formal plan of employe stock ownership, the plan of 1909, was put into operation. Apparently it made a profound appeal to him and awoke in him a sense of thrift. He was deeply moved when he received his first share of Harvester stock; he knew for the first time in his life that if he should get in a tight place he could go to a bank and get money without being obliged to ask or receive charity from anyone.

But this feeling, according to his account, was secondary to his feeling of pride in the fact that he was a part owner in the enterprise which employed him. Instantly this pride began to express itself in watchfulness against waste of small supplies in the office.

Not long ago, when this man was transferred to the general offices, he owned a neat block of Harvester stock, several bonds and a number of shares of other stock. For the

last sixteen years his wife has been ill and he has spent freely on her account for specialists and nurses and hospitals. One of the greatest satisfactions in his life is the fact that he was appointed to explain to each new employe entering his department at the McCormick works the various savings and stock-purchasing plans successively offered by the company.

Is the vividness of this story less impressive because the man had character, or its import less forceful because without employe stock ownership his sterling qualities could not have found expression? And if this case seems isolated, let me say that I could cite dozens of others like it. If there is any virtue in the acquisition of personal wealth, employe stock ownership is right.

Ownership of company stock probably serves its highest purpose as an anchor to windward in the storms of misfortune which assail the families of those workers who always sail so close to the wind that even a slight disturbance of income or outgo threatens complete shipwreck. There are such workers on every pay roll.

The chapter covering these humble household tragedies is the most dramatic and interesting in the entire history of employe stock ownership. A representative—but not extreme—case in point is the experience of a man now holding an important place on a plant administrative staff and earning a substantial salary. When our first employe stock-subscription plan was offered he held a minor clerical post and could take on only five shares. Shortly afterward he married.

A New Door to Understanding

WHEN his first child came his stock was about half paid for and he was hard pushed to meet the expenses of that event. So he borrowed on his stock and thus tided himself over his financial pinch, later liquidating the loan and again beginning payments on the stock. When it was two-thirds paid for, the child became ill and died.

Again his expenses were greater than he could meet and once more he borrowed on his stock. After he took up the loan and paid out on the stock, he had an opportunity to buy a small home at an advantageous price, using his five shares as a first payment. All this time he was loyally assisting in the support of his parents. Of course all these circumstances came to the knowledge of certain executives of the company and it is certain that this official understanding of the man's character—his courage, perseverance and sense of family responsibility—did not militate against his promotion.

In thousands of instances employe ownership of company stock has opened a new door of contact and understanding between the worker and his official superiors. Industry is looking busily for the type of man who will give his bit for the common good. Because the American economic structure is founded on equality of opportunity and has no room for any aristocracy except of brains, men like this are being constantly sought out for the job ahead.

The attitude of the men toward the company as a result of stock ownership is well illustrated by the case of an old-timer who worked for many years in a twine mill, all the time at common labor. He still holds the first share of stock which he bought back in 1909. In fact, he has been a consistent and courageous investor from the first offering of stock to employes and has held fast to his purchases. This man is now a pensioner, and also something of a capitalist.

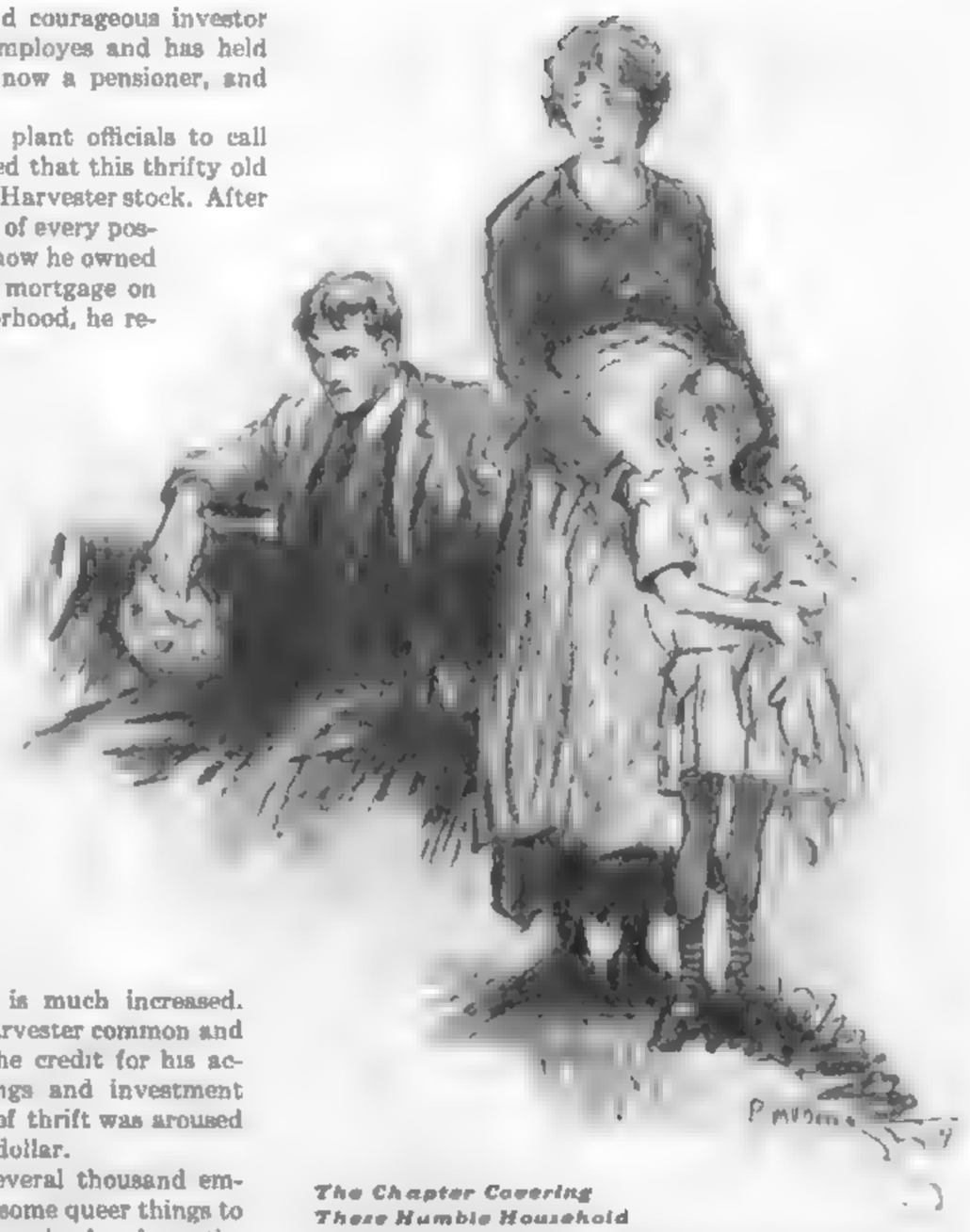
Not long ago he asked one of the plant officials to call on him for consultation. It developed that this thrifty old workman had seventy-seven shares of Harvester stock. After telling how he had taken all he could of every possible stock offering to employes, and how he owned his home outright and held a $6000 mortgage on an excellent property in the neighborhood, he remarked: "It's a grand thing for a working man to have a company like ours to advise and protect him and help him in all pension, stock and insurance matters."

Is that attitude, held by a considerable percentage of employes, worth anything to a company? Consider the experience of another employe of the thrifty investor type: He began with the company nearly thirty years ago as a car checker; today he is an assistant auditor. In 1909 he subscribed for fourteen shares of stock. He has subscribed to each succeeding plan and always for an increased amount.

In 1920, with money accumulated in the various savings, investment and profit-sharing plans of the company, he bought a home for $5400; its market value today is much increased. Also he has twenty-four shares of Harvester common and some outside stocks. He gives all the credit for his accumulations to the company's savings and investment plans, declaring that until his sense of thrift was aroused by the first plan he had not saved a dollar.

Stock ownership on the part of several thousand employes in any concern is sure to bring some queer things to the surface. Perhaps our greatest surprise has been the discovery of the protective value of such a plan for those needing no special inspiration toward individual thrift, but rather a ready and appealing opportunity for sound investment of their savings. While it is rather cheering to find that the species of natural savers is far from extinct, it is disturbing to see how many instinctively and habitually thrifty workers still hoard their savings—a method which cheats them out of the wages their saved money should earn and holds their capital in constant jeopardy.

One evening the member of a factory staff who advises employes upon request as to the soundness of their proposed investments was working late in his office. A shopman entered and asked for the inspection of a piece of property which he intended to buy. The management representative, after due inquiry, went to the workman's home and told him he considered the investment excellent. The man lifted a picture from a wall of his home, took down a concealed five-dollar bill and tendered it to his caller. Of course this compensation was refused, but the incident led up to a serious talk about the danger of hoarding cash about the house. This caution was so well received that the man began to produce money from all sorts of hiding places. The extent of his hoard astounded the visitor, who knew that the man had never held even a minor executive position. Counting the cash, they found that it amounted to more than $7000, nearly all of which was promptly invested.



The Chapter Covering These Humble Household Tragedies is the Most Dramatic and Interesting in the Entire History of Employe Stock Ownership

With this heap of cash on the table before him, it was easy for the adviser to show its owner just how much he had lost by hoarding, and to make him see that the presence of so much money scattered about the premises put the lives of his family in peril at the hands of robbers, and also made possible, in case of fire, the loss of his fortune.

On another occasion a workman walked into the office of a plant executive carrying a small sack which he emptied on the table. That man had walked through Chicago's Loop and some of its bad lands with $3200 in gold coins in his hands. This employe, a foreigner, explained with considerable pride that he had been several years saving this sum. Whenever he could get a little money ahead he would change it into gold and then drop the coins down a concealed pipe in his woodshed leading to a buried box.

Whenever He Could Get a Little Money Ahead He Would Change it Into Gold and Then Drop the Coins Down a Concealed Pipe in His Woodshed Leading to a Buried Box

Making Investors Out of Hoarders

EXAMPLES of this kind of thrift could be multiplied out of our observations, but these will suffice to show the economic wastefulness and the physical peril of the kind of saving done by workers who are suspicious of banks and ignorant of investments. It is doubtful if employes of this type could be induced at the outset to put their hoardings into securities other than those of the company employing them. Usually they invest in real estate or keep their savings buried and out of circulation. Any large company with foreign-born workers has too many employes whose fears and suspicions conspire to cheat them out of an income from their savings.

Though it is true that probably a majority of our employes start the habit of systematic saving with their first subscriptions to the stock of the company, it would be a great mistake to regard these men as enjoying a monopoly of the benefits of employe stock ownership; making investors out of hoarders has been an important feature of our investment plans. Let it be considered also that there are investments and

(Continued on Page 210)

THE HUNGRY BATTALION

"Yeh, I Hear It," Answered Rooge Solemnly. "An' Where Does He Go Next?"

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

A SMALL town nestled in a bowl of the hills. Five roads went out from this town, like the rays of a star, shooting up the valleys and disappearing in the woods. There was more animation—more people—in the little cluster of buildings at the intersection of those roads than that town had ever seen before in its history, or ever would again. The place crawled with men as an ant hill does with ants. One road was jammed with machine-gun columns, long lines of mules and little blue carts, with muddy men at intervals. Another road, that came in at right angles, was reserved for artillery that stretched, like a gigantic centipede, up and down the hills until its length was lost out of sight in the distance.

The machine-gun column moved, but the artillery remained motionless, its caissons loaded with camouflage netting and the seats of the limbers piled high with spare ammunition. The men who should have occupied those seats walked alongside when the column moved, and when it stopped, flung themselves down in the ditch in an endeavor to make up, by five-minute snatches, the sleep they had lost in the past month. A circle of trucks was unloading in a field, disgorging long poles, great bundles of brown canvas, piles of blankets. A field hospital was being erected there, and threading its way among the stake pounders and the men unrolling the great ward tents was a battalion of infantry, most of which would become occupants of that hospital before night was over.

In the town itself the activity was more antlike than ever. There was a house in the center of the five roads, larger than those about it. Over the door was a faded sign that said Mairie. Underneath in fresh black paint: "Offiziersheim. I Bat. 6 Gd. Gren. Rgt."

Men ran in this door, others ran out, motorcycles appeared in clouds of dust. Their riders disappeared into the house, then rushed out again wild-eyed and barked away on their machines. A light touring car stood beside the door, and behind it a French soldier held two horses by the bridles. On the opposite side of the door a soldier with a bayoneted rifle guarded two disconsolate prisoners.

The artillery column began to move forward again, winding down into the town and going out again in the direction of Beuvardes. It took a long time to pass, but when the last bumping carriage, groaning *fourgon* and slat wagon loaded to cracking had cleared the northern limits of the town, two men who had detached themselves from the column stood opposite the large house that bore all the signs and regarded it earnestly. They were not artillerymen, but ambulance drivers, and they had come down from the field where the hospital was being set up. They had attached themselves to the artillery to prevent any embarrassing inquiries on the part of the military police on duty at the entrance of the town as to their business and destination. One man's name was Wally and the other one's was Rooge, so called because of his brick-red hair.

"There's no chow in this town," said Rooge suddenly and with deep conviction.

"How d'yuh know?" inquired Wally.

"'Cause why is this artillyurry an' machine guns doin' all the stop-an'-go stuff? 'Cause the boche is still in them woods an' they got to wait for the doughboys to clean 'em out so's they can move up. A' right. Well, if they're in them woods, them krauts, it means this town was took away from 'em this mornin' an' there won't be no chow in it till tomorrer."

"Who told yuh all that?" asked Wally, still looking at the *mairie*.

"Who told me? No one told me. A guy with a rabbit's brains an' two days' service on the Front could dope that out!"

"All the more reason you never thought it out yourself."

"So?" yelled Rooge. "Well, maybe I ain't got no sense. Sometimes I believe it myself, specially when I let you haul me off the flat o' my back to come down into this town lookin' for chow with yuh. We'll get nothin' out of it but a five-mile walk an' a blistered heel, to say nothin' of losin' a afternoon's sleep. What yuh lookin' at that house for? Admirin' the scenery? Man, I don't crave to look at no more scenery than the bottom of a mess kit with a lake o' slum in it. Come on away. That's a German sign. It don't mean nothin', an' you couldn't read it if it did."

"Keep on your shirt," advised Wally. "I ain't no German scholard, but I know what that word means. It means beer. I was into one o' these Offizieraheims up near Dormans. They bear lookin' into."

"Not after a general's been loose in 'em," objected Rooge. "There's a general in there now, maybe two. I know a P. C. when I see one. You an' me have had enough truck with generals to lay off 'em. Come on now, let's go up to the other end of the town an' see maybe if we can't find some doughboy kitchen up there."

"Don't get excited now," said Wally. "Let's nose around a little. Generals have to eat like everyone else. 'N' drink too."

"But they don't give it away."

Wally made no reply, but began to move cautiously across the street, looking for an opening between the houses or a passage of some kind that would lead to the rear of the *mairie*. There was none. They approached the door, not without trepidation, for these posts of command, such as this place had evidently become, were a-swarm with members of the military police on the lookout for prospective road builders or pan scrubbers, and prone to seize on the first unlucky soldier that came their way. No one, however, bothered the two men. They found that the door opened into a passage that led directly through the house. They could see, between the hurrying figures of the men that ran from room to room across the passage, blue sky, and men in their undershirts behind the house.

"There's a kitchen there," exclaimed Wally under his breath. "Them guys are K. P.!"

"Come away," said Rooge. "They're liable to make us join 'em!"

"Not if they got weak stomachs. Rooge, you get a new uniform off the next guy your size you put in the ambulance. That one you got ain't fit to go anywhere for a meal, let alone into a general's pet kitchen."

"This here grease is off your car that I have to tie together with string so's it won't fall apart!" cried Rooge, stung by the reference to his clothes. "An' the blood on me I got from luggin' these here wounded sons o' democracy round, instead o' doin' nothin' for my country but sit on the flat o' my neck an' wreck ambulances!"

The two had, without realizing it, entered the *mairie* and progressed along the passage. As Rooge uttered his concluding words with great vehemence, a door opened suddenly beside him and a very wrathful officer projected his head

"Who's doing all this yelling out here?" demanded the officer. "What do you men want? Don't you know any better than to make all that racket in the P.C.? Stand at attention! What are you doing here?"

"We're truck drivers, sir," said Wally. "We just come in to ask our way. We didn't know there was anyone here."

"Well, ask it and get out of this hall!" Bang went the door.

"Whaddyuh mean—truck drivers?" demanded Rooge. "Wanta get shoved in the mill? An' you with a cadoosus on your collar ornament as big as a house! Whaddyuh want to lie for?"

"'Cause if we said we was ambulance drivers he'd have a friend that was pointin' north an' south up in the woods somewhere an' would we go get him. Well, not our afternoon off. Now listen, there's a kitchen there. See it? Who's gonna do the talkin'?"

"You do it," said Rooge slowly, rubbing his chin.

The demanding of a hand-out at a headquarters kitchen is a matter of great finesse, and if the affair is bungled it may result in sudden and bodily exit by force of arms—and feet—for the demanders.

"Well, if I begin, you keep your yawp shut," said Wally.

"A' right," agreed Rooge. "I'll stay right here."

Wally walked quickly to the kitchen. It stood in the open, with six or seven shirtless men about it.

"Hello, gang," began Wally cheerily, "how they comin'? How's chances on a little chow for a coupla lads been without it since yesterday morning?"

"Good!" said a man heartily. "Dig right in and help yourselves. Take all you want. Seconds, thirds—fill yourselves up like a balloon!"

The men in their underwear were seen to grin. Wally looked sadly at the kitchen. Smoke came from the chimney and a lively blaze from the little door of the stove. But no pans steamed upon the stove lid, nor was there any of that pleasant odor that comes from the stewing of slum or the frying of steak. Wally peeked into the *marmites*, the huge barrel-like receptacles that go down into the interior of the stove and in which coffee is made. There was nothing in them but water.

"All we got," said one of the men; "we'll divide it with yuh."

"Yeh," said another, "we ain't got nothin' around here but hope, an' not a hell of a lotta that."

"What's the water boilin' for?" asked Wally, for something to say.

"Old Man give us orders to boil out the *marmites*. Says they're gettin' kinda high an' makin' the coffee bitter."

"Waiters, cooks an' coffee coolers profits by takin' a bath," added one of the bystanders.

Rooge, meanwhile, feeling the need of rest, moved over and sat down on a bench that was against the wall. This bench was directly beneath a window, which, the weather being very warm, was open. Rooge began to roll himself a cigarette, while the murmur of voices from the house flowed past his ears unheeded. Suddenly he raised his head. A new voice had broken into the conversation, a voice cold and decisive as an executioner's blade.

"Those men must be fed!" said the voice.

"Yes, general," agreed another; "but the situation is temporarily such that we can't get anything in to them."

"Situation be damned! Get a truck and fill it full of food and take it up there!"

"Yes, general; but we haven't any truck available."

"What's the matter with the one that brought up our records and headquarters equipment? Is that in running order or not?"

"I think it's in running order, general; I'm not positive, of course—that is, I wouldn't want to say definitely that it was or it wasn't—but the driver has gone back with Sergeant Macanally for the afternoon to get the limousine out of the ditch."

"Excuses!" said the chilling voice. "Always excuses! Because! Because! Here is a company starving to death within a mile of these headquarters, and everyone inventing excuses why they shouldn't be fed! If the whole German Army is between us and that company, they're going to have food! If we can't get a truck, we'll turn out and carry it up in our hands!"

"General," said a new voice—and the tobacco spilled unheeded from Rooge's cigarette at the sound of it—"I don't think it will be necessary to carry up rations ourselves. I fancy that I can provide drivers for the truck."

Rooge's jaw dropped with horror. The room behind him was silent now, but with a silence that was eloquent. Rooge could visualize the last speaker perfectly, even though the tones of his voice had not been so silky, and he had not pronounced one of his concluding words as "fawncy."

He was the teacher's pet grown up; the man who, when a boy, always knew the correct answer, which he delivered with modestly lowered eyelids; who now always had the correct solution or the happy suggestion to make after all had failed. But what disturbed Rooge was that this man's voice, though no longer harsh and irritated, was identical with that of the officer's who had stopped them in the hall. Rooge rose to go.

Wally conversed with the men about the kitchen. Rooge came to him suddenly and tugged at his arm. "Boy, come with me!" said Rooge.

"Hold up a second, will yuh?" objected Wally. "These fellers got water heatin'. Maybe this would be a good chance to take a bath."

"Don't want none. All keeps me on my feet now is the crust I got on me. What with no sleep nor no food, if I was to wash it off I'd fall down. Come with me, kid. We don't belong here."

"What's eatin' you all of a sudden? Whaddyuh mean—we don't belong here?"

Wally looked at Rooge's earnest, excited countenance and, realizing that something was the matter, suffered himself to be led to the exit from the yard. Here, however, the two came to an abrupt halt. An officer barred their way, and it was he who had demanded their business in the hall a short time before.

"Here, you two," began the officer, "you're just the two men I'm looking for. I need a truck driver. Come out here and I'll tell you what I want."

"We gotta get back to our truck, sir," said Rooge hurriedly; "we got stuff in it that might get stole."

"That'll be tough luck," replied the officer, "but findings are keepings everywhere right now. Come along with me. You've been requisitioned by the division commander. He'll take the responsibility." He turned about and led the way down the hall.

"Watch the first chance and we'll duck down an alley and run like hell!" whispered Rooge.

"Leave it to me, kid," replied Wally. "I been chaperonin' you around this here Front for some time an' never got you in no trouble yet."

"Well, it ain't 'cause you didn't try!" replied Rooge. "You skull! You was the guy that said we was truck drivers! Come on now, hit the ground with your foot and see can you give a bound or two away from here."

"Stick around! Don't give no bounds till I say so. Lieutenant, would you like to wait here and we'll go get our truck and bring it up? Save you walkin' in all this heat, you know."

"Never mind that," said the officer; "I've got a truck here all ready. I want you to drive it for me."

"Where to, sir? We don't know the roads here very well. That's the reason why we was askin' our way. You see——"

"I want you to drive it to the ration dump," replied the officer; "and as for losing the way, I'll go along with you to show it to you. I want to get some rations."

"Rations?" crowed Wally. "Well, lieutenant, I guess we can do that. Rations! Hear that, Rooge?"

"Yeh, I hear it," answered Rooge solemnly. "An' where does he go next? Well, up where the trees grow machine guns!" *(Continued on Page 197)*

They Did Not Need to Yell. Men Swarmed Around Them Suddenly Like Flies

FISH ARE SUCH LIARS

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

"I Have Seldom Seen a Tail More Becomingly Decorated," Said Rainbow. "But What Happened to Your Benefactor?"

THERE had been a fuss in the pool beneath the alders, and the small rainbow trout, with a skitter of his tail, flashed upstream, a hurt and angry fish. For three consecutive mornings he had taken the rise in that pool, and it injured his pride to be jostled from his drift just when the May fly was coming up in numbers. If his opponent had been a half-pounder like himself he would have stayed and fought, but when an old hen fish, weighing fully three pounds, with a mouth like a rat hole and a carnivorous, cannibalistic eye rises from the reed beds and occupies the place, flight is the only effective argument.

But Rainbow was very much provoked. He had chosen his place with care. Now the May fly was up, the little French chalk stream was full of rising fish, and he knew by experience that strangers are unpopular in that season. To do oneself justice during a hatch, one must find a place where the fly drifts nicely overhead with the run of the stream, and natural drifts are scarce even in a chalk stream. He was not content to leap at the fly like a hysterical youngster who measured his weight in ounces and his wits in milligrams. He had reached that time of life which demanded that he should feed off the surface by suction rather than exertion. No living thing is more particular about his table manners than a trout, and Rainbow was no exception.

"It's a sickening thing," he said to himself, "and a hard shame." He added: "Get out of my way," to a couple of fat young chub with negroid mouths who were bubbling the surface in the silly, senseless fashion of their kind.

"Chub indeed!"

But even the chub had a home and he had none—and the life of a homeless river dweller is precarious.

"I will not and shall not be forced back to midstream," he said.

For, save at eventide or in very special circumstances, trout of personality do not frequent open water where they must compete for every insect with the wind, the lightning-swift sweep of swallows and martins and even the laborious pursuit of predatory dragon flies with their bronze wings and bodies like rods of colored glass. Even as he spoke he saw a three-ouncer leap at a dapping May fly which was scooped out of his jaws by a passing swallow. Rainbow heard the tiny click as the May fly's body cracked against the bird's beak. A single wing of yellowy gossamer floated downward and settled upon the water. Under the shelving banks to right and left, where the fly, discarding its nymph and still too damp for its virgin flight, drifted downstream, a dozen heavy trout were feeding thoughtfully and selectively.

"If only some angler would catch one of them, I might slip in and occupy the place before it gets known there's a vacancy."

But this uncharitable hope was not fulfilled, and with another whisk of his tail he propelled himself into the unknown waters upstream. A couple of strands of rusty barbed wire, relic of the war, spanned the shallows from bank to bank. Passing beneath them he came to a narrow reach shaded by willows, to the first of which was nailed a board bearing the words Pêche Réservée. He had passed out of the communal into private water—water running languidly over manes of emerald weed between clumps of alder, willow herb, tall crimson sorrel and masses of yellow iris. Ahead, like an apple-green rampart, rose the wooded heights of a forest; on either side were flat meadows of yellowing hay. Overhead, the vast expanse of blue June sky was tufted with rambling clouds. "My scales!" said Rainbow. "Here's water!"

But it was vain to expect any of the best places in such a reach would be vacant, and to avoid a recurrence of his unhappy encounter earlier in the morning, Rainbow continued his journey until he came to a spot where the river took one of those unaccountable right-angle bends which result in a pool, shallow on the one side, but slanting into deeps on the other. Above it was a water break, a swirl, smoothing, as it reached the pool, into a sleek, swift run, with an eddy which bore all the lighter floating things of the river over the calm surface of the little backwater, sheltered from above by a high shelving bank and a tangle of bramble and herb. Here in this backwater the twig, the broken reed, the leaf, the cork, the fly floated in suspended activity for a few instants until drawn back by invisible magnetism to the main current.

Rainbow paused in admiration. At the tail of the pool two sound fish were rising with regularity, but in the backwater beyond the eddy the surface was still and unbroken. Watching open-eyed, Rainbow saw not one but a dozen May flies, fat, juicy and damp from the nymph, drift in, pause and carried away untouched. It was beyond the bounds of possibility that such a place could be vacant, but there was the evidence of his eyes to prove it; and nothing if not a tryer, Rainbow darted across the stream and parked himself six inches below the water to await events.

It so happened that at the time of his arrival the hatch of fly was temporarily suspended, which gave Rainbow leisure to make a survey of his new abode. Beyond the eddy was a submerged snag—the branch of an apple tree borne there by heavy rains, water-logged, anchored and intricate—an excellent place to break an angler's line. The river bank on his right was riddled under water with old rat holes, than which there is no better sanctuary. Below him and to the left was a dense bed of weeds brushed flat by the flow of the stream.

"If it comes to the worst," said Rainbow, "a smart fish could do a get-away here with very little ingenuity, even from a cannibalistic old hen like—hullo!"

The exclamation was excited by the apparition of a gauzy shadow on the water, which is what a May fly seen from below looks like. Resisting a vulgar inclination to leap at it with the violence of a youngster, Rainbow backed into the correct position which would allow the stream to present the morsel, so to speak, upon a tray. Which it did—and scarcely a dimple on the surface to tell what had happened.

"Very nicely taken, if you will accept the praise of a complete stranger," said a low, soft voice, one inch behind his line of sight.

Without turning to see by whom he had been addressed, Rainbow flicked a yard upstream and came back with the current four feet away. In the spot he had occupied an instant before lay a great old trout of the most benign aspect, who could not have weighed less than four pounds.

"I beg your pardon," said Rainbow, "but I had no idea that anyone—that is, I just dropped in *en passant*, and finding an empty house, I made so bold ——"

"There is no occasion to apologize," said Old Trout seductively. "I did not come up from the bottom as early today as is my usual habit at this season. Yesterday's hatch was singularly bountiful and it is possible I did myself too liberally."

"Yes, but a gentleman of your weight and seniority can hardly fail to be offended at finding ——"

"Not at all," Old Trout broke in. "I perceive you are a well-conducted fish who does not advertise his appetite in a loud and splashing fashion."

Overcome by the charm of Old Trout's manner and address, Rainbow reduced the distance separating them to a matter of inches.

"Then you do not want me to go?" he asked.

"On the contrary, dear young sir, stay by all means and take the rise. You are, I perceive, of the rainbow or, as

they say here in France, of the Arc-en-ciel family. As a youngster I had the impression that I should turn out a rainbow, but events proved it was no more than the bloom, the natural sheen of youth."

"To speak the truth, sir," said Rainbow, "unless you had told me to the contrary, I would surely have thought you one of us."

Old Trout shook his tail. "You are wrong," he said. "I am from Dulverton, an English trout farm on the Exe, of which you will have heard. You are doubtless surprised to find an English fish in French waters."

"I am indeed," Rainbow replied, sucking in a passing May fly with such excellent good manners that it was hard to believe he was feeding. "Then you, sir," he added, "must know all about the habits of men."

"I may justly admit that I do," Old Trout agreed. "Apart from being hand reared, I have in my twelve years of life studied the species in moods of activity, passivity, duplicity and violence."

Rainbow remarked that such must doubtless have proved of invaluable service. It did not, however, explain the mystery of his presence on a French river.

"For, sir," he added, "Dulverton, as once I heard when enjoying A Chat about Rivers, delivered by a much-traveled sea trout, is situated in the west of England, and without crossing the Channel I am unable to explain how you arrived here. Had you belonged to the salmon family, with which, sir, it is evident you have no connection, the explanation would be simple, but in the circumstances it baffles my understanding."

Old Trout waved one of his fins airily. "Yet cross the Channel I certainly did," said he, "and at a period in history which I venture to state will not readily be forgotten. It was during the war, my dear young friend, and I was brought in a can, in company with a hundred yearlings, to this river, or rather the upper reaches of this river, by a young officer who wished to further an entente between English and French fish even as the war was doing with the mankind of these two nations."

Old Trout sighed a couple of bubbles and arched his body this way and that.

"There was a gentleman and sportsman," he said. "A man who was acquainted with our people as I dare to say very few are acquainted. Had it ever been my lot to fall victim to a lover of the rod, I could have done so without regret to his. If you will take a look at my tail, you will observe that the letter W is perforated on the upper side. He presented me with this distinguishing mark before committing me, with his blessing, to the water."

"I have seldom seen a tail more becomingly decorated," said Rainbow. "But what happened to your benefactor?"

Old Trout's expression became infinitely sad. "If I could answer that," said he, "I were indeed a happy trout. For many weeks after he put me into the river I used to watch him in what little spare time he was able to obtain, casting a dry fly with the exquisite precision and likeness to nature in all the likely pools and runs and eddies near his battery position. Oh, minnows! It was a pleasure to watch that man, even as it was his pleasure to watch us. His bravery too! I call to mind a dozen times when he fished unmoved and unstartled while bullets from machine guns were pecking at the water like herons and thudding into the mud banks upon which he stood."

"An angler!" remarked Rainbow. "It would be no lie to say I like him the less on that account."

Old Trout became unexpectedly stern.

"Why so?" he retorted severely. "Have I not said he was also a gentleman and a sportsman? My officer was neither a pothunter nor a beast of prey. He was a purist—a man who took delight in pitting his knowledge of nature against the subtlest and most suspicious intellectual forces of the wild. Are you so young as not yet to have learned the exquisite enjoyment of escaping disaster and avoiding error by the exercise of personal ingenuity? Pray, do not reply, for I would hate to think so hard a thing of any trout. We as a race exist by virtue of our brilliant intellectuality and hypersensitive selectivity. In waters where there are no pike and only an occasional otter, but for the machinations of men, where should we turn to school our wits? Danger is our mainstay, for I tell you, Rainbow, that trout are composed of two senses—appetite, which makes of us fools, and suspicion, which teaches us to be wise."

Greatly chastened not alone by what Old Trout had said but by the forensic quality of his speech, Rainbow rose short and put a promising May fly onto the wing.

"I am glad to observe," said Old Trout, "that you are not without conscience."

"To tell the truth, sir," Rainbow replied apologetically, "my nerve this morning has been rudely shaken, but for which I would not have shown such want of good sportsmanship."

And with becoming brevity he told the tale of his eviction from the pool downstream. Old Trout listened gravely, only once moving, and that to absorb a small blue dun, an insect which he keenly relished.

"A regrettable affair," he admitted, "but as I have often observed, women, who are the gentlest creatures under water in adversity, are a thought lacking in moderation in times of abundance. They are apt to snatch."

"But for a turn of speed, she would certainly have snatched me," said Rainbow.

"Very shocking," said Old Trout. "Cannibals are disgusting. They destroy the social amenities of the river. We fish have but little family life and should therefore aim to cultivate a freemasonry of good-fellowship among ourselves. For my part, I am happy to line up with other well-conducted trout and content myself with what happens along my own particular drift. Pardon me!"

It Was No Ordinary Jump, But an Aerial Rush Three Feet Out of the Water, With a Twist at Its Apex and a Cutting Lash of the Tail Designed to Break the Cast

he added, breasting Rainbow to one side. "I invited you to take the rise of May fly, but I must ask you to leave the duns alone." Then, fearing this remark might be construed to reflect adversely upon his hospitality, he proceeded: "I have a reason which I will explain later. For the moment we are discussing the circumstances that led to my presence in this river."

"To be sure—your officer. He never succeeded in deluding you with his skill?"

"That would have been impossible," said Old Trout, "for I had taken up a position under the far bank where he could only have reached me with a fly by wading in a part of the river which was in view of a German sniper."

"Wily!" Rainbow chuckled. "Cunning work, sir."

"Perhaps," Old Trout admitted, "although I have since reproached myself with cowardice. However, I was at the time a very small fish and a certain amount of nervousness is forgivable in the young."

At this gracious acknowledgment the rose-colored hue in Rainbow's rainbow increased noticeably—in short, he blushed.

"From where I lay," Old Trout went on, "I was able to observe the maneuvers of my officer and greatly profit thereby."

"But excuse me, sir," said Rainbow, "I have heard it said that an angler of the first class is invisible from the river."

"He is invisible to the fish he is trying to catch," Old Trout admitted, "but it must be obvious that he is not invisible to the fish who lie beside or below him. I would also remind you that during the war every tree, every scrap of vegetation, and every vestige of natural cover had been torn up, trampled down, razed. The river banks were as smooth as the top of your head. Even the buttercup, that very humorous flower that tangles up the back cast of so many industrious anglers, was absent. Those who fished on the Western Front had little help from nature."

Young Rainbow sighed, for, only a few days before, his tongue had been badly scratched by an artificial alder which had every appearance of reality.

"It would seem," he said, "that this war had its merits."

"My young friend," said Old Trout, "you never made a greater mistake. A desire on the part of our soldiery to vary a monotonous diet of bully beef and biscuit often drove them to resort to villainous methods of assault against our kind."

"Nets?" gasped Rainbow in horror.

"Worse than nets—bombs," Old Trout replied. "A small oval black thing called a Mills bomb, which the shameless fellows flung into deep pools."

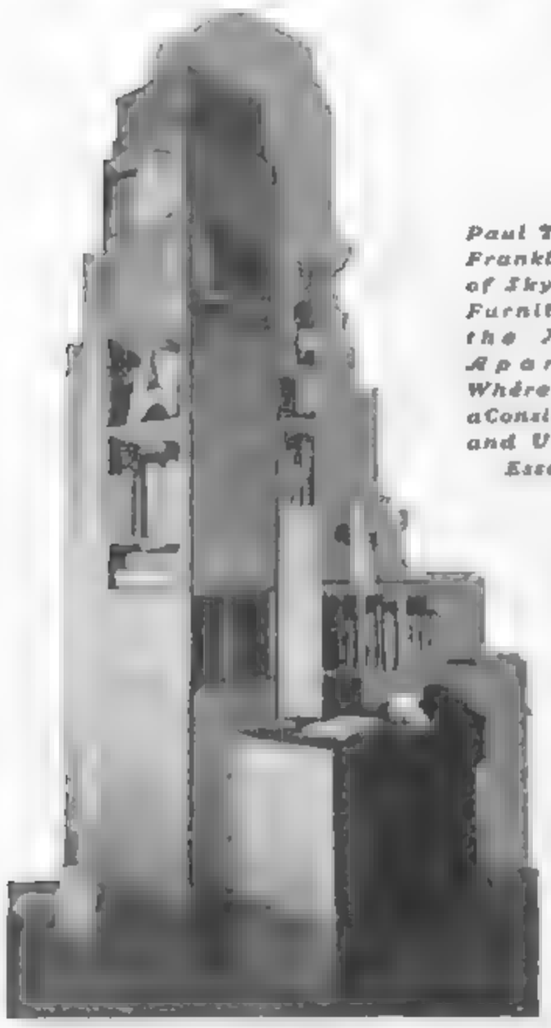
"But surely the chances of being hit by such a ——"

"You reveal a pathetic ignorance," said Old Trout. "There is no question of being hit. The wretched machine exploded underwater and burst our people's insides or stunned us so that we floated dead to the surface. I well remember my officer coming upon such a group of marauders one evening—yes, and laying about him with his fists in defiance of King's Regulations and the Manual of Military Law. Two of them he seized by the collar and the pants and flung into the river. Spinning minnows, that was a sight worth seeing! 'You low swine,' I heard him say; 'you trash, you muck! Isn't there enough carnage without this sort of thing?' Afterward he

(Continued on Page 116)

WHAT IS THIS ART GAME?

By Joseph Cummings Chase



Paul Theodore Frankl, Creator of Skyscraper Furniture for the Modern Apartment Where Space is a Consideration and Utility an Essential

MY MAIL includes a large number of letters from young people and their parents, inclosing samples of drawings and asking for advice as to what art school is the best one and what the chances are for Henry or Elinor in the art game. I am moved to impart here, if I can, some idea of the highways and byways of our alluring but so inexplicit vocation and to indicate the chances of success in its various fields.

To begin with, a large proportion of young people attending art schools ought not to be there, because their cases are hopeless from the start. It so often happens that if little Johnny is not very strong, if he is cranky, if he dislikes practically everything—and especially arithmetic—if his father despairs of him, his mother sympathizes with him

Misjudging his general unrest, she takes it to be an indication of temperament. She determines to make an artist out of Johnny.

Of course he cannot pass examinations, but there are many art schools that accept any applicant who can pay tuition, and presently he is an art student. Perhaps he is able to show his mother something at the end of the first year and then mother is sold for good and all. If the family has means—and too often if it has none—the boy spends several years at art school and then squanders more years in the Paris ateliers. But nobody ever hears of Johnny afterward, and he fails to make a living because he never should have been admitted to an art school.

The Ingredients of Success

THERE are some schools that bring boys and girls to the city for art study with the half promise of a job at the completion of a course. And courses by mail reap a rich harvest from eager youngsters by means of advertisements that tell of the fabulous sums earned by artists. These by-mail schools often optimistically influence a youngster without real talent to decide that he can earn a large income. Names of famous cartoonists are often included in the advertisements of these schools.

As a matter of cultural education, everyone might well spend some time in the study of drawing and of painting and of the history of art, because such study increases appreciation, widens interest and makes life a finer thing. But I do deplore the indiscriminate encouragement of young people to believe that they have a talent which will earn for them the plaudits of the world and its financial rewards.

Competition in every line of art is tremendous and awesome to any young person when he begins to grapple with the necessity of earning a living by the pencil or the brush.

Grocery clerks are a necessity, but artists are deemed a luxury, and initiative is more essential to the person entering the second field.

Unbelievable thousands of our youth are attending art schools. Thousands of them will never surmount the early obstacles, and only hundreds of them will find a better than average living in this art game. But no art worker with the soul of an artist ever wishes that he had chosen another career.

The requisites to success in this game are health and ability to concentrate devotedly upon parts of the work that are neither interesting nor promising; a willingness to work longer hours than any union permits; something of a general education; a determination to do the work because of the love of it; and finally, some talent.

How much talent is requisite is a debatable question. With a background of general education, a certain amount of mathematical ability and a dauntless spirit, a healthy young man or woman can earn bread and butter and a roof over his head at this perilous game after four or five years of training. The young person who has an idea that the world owes him a living and proposes to have a life without hard work is a failure before he begins to play the game. Adequate preparation is essential to success in this as in other callings.

The art schools nowadays, like the colleges, are handicapped by the number of students with minds made up to become this or that by a certain date, who refuse to study any subject not absolutely essential to the quickest realization of their aims. Thus a boy enters the Blank School of Fine Arts. He says he is going to make posters, and he pays his tuition for the free-hand drawing class and the poster class. He quite ignores the classes in perspective, in anatomy, in decorative design, and would not enter the drawing class unless that were the one absolute requirement in most schools.

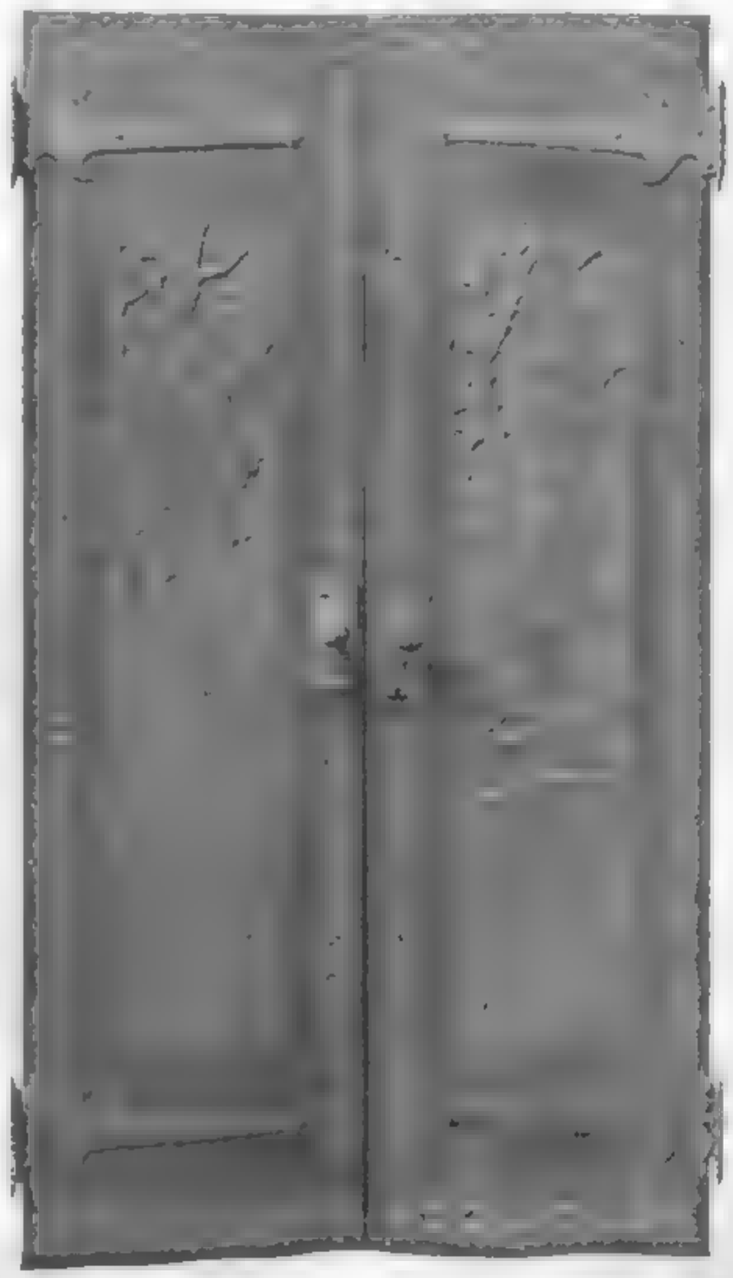
Mark Fenderson, Whose Designs Carved Upon Wood Show No Traditional Influence

If he has a fair amount of brains he soon discovers that he is not a success in the poster class because his knowledge of design is nil, his figure drawings are faulty; and, for example, he cannot introduce an open cigarette box into a poster since he knows nothing about perspective. In other words, he has not begun at the beginning. If he is made of the right stuff his second year at art school includes the hard, exacting subjects for which at first he had no appetite. Just here there may be the danger that he has foolishly counted upon only two or three years of art study, so that he dares not swallow his pride and start right. If so, he might better go back to the home town at the end of the first year.

Sometimes someone tells us that when Michelangelo was a little boy he was emotionally overcome in the presence of a painting of a Madonna and thereupon his child soul was filled with ambition to become a great painter—or sculptor, according to what may have been the source of information. Now the fact of the case is that the ambitions of any artist are cumulative and progressive. At some early age he did see a picture and did feel that it was beautiful. Then he noticed other pictures and liked them. Perhaps he saw some grown-up artist at work and was stuck on the paint smock and impressed by the palette loaded with bright colors. He made up his mind to try sometime to paint a picture, and so on and so on.

Accumulating the Artistic Temperament

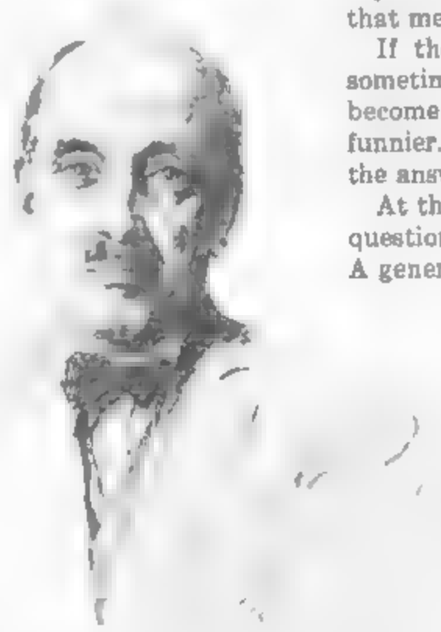
MY OWN experience was this: As a boy of ten or eleven, I found that I could draw a droll pencil likeness of one of my teachers. That got me into trouble, but it amused me. I made other likenesses—out of drawing, to be sure—of other teachers and of the boys and girls in the classroom. This was a risky business, but the adventure along dangerous ways intrigued me. My attention was caught by sketches of politicians in action on the stump published in one of the metropolitan daily newspapers. In time the school magazine printed my sketches of the school celebrities. Then the country newspaper printed some sketches made at town meeting. Presently a letter came from a



near-by city asking if I would cover the Lewiston State Fair. So for a week thereafter these early attempts were printed in the Lewiston Daily Journal.

I was sixteen years old. Up to this time I had set my heart upon going to West Point, but now there was another absorbing interest. Those pictures of politicians were my dream of attainment. At nineteen I found myself in art school in New York, with a living to earn. One day I submitted to one of the city newspapers five ink portrait sketches that I had made at a political meeting. The managing editor told me that he might use them. I retired from the august presence and counted the hours until the next day's issue. I hunted through the paper and found five tiny reproductions of my sketches. The following week I presented myself at the pay desk of the newspaper and inquired through the window if there was a pay envelope for me. The envelope contained five dollars. The sum was disappointing, but the sketches had been used.

A month later I received a telegram from the managing editor saying: "Will you cover Republican National Convention at Philadelphia, what price?"



A thrill! The pay envelope had somewhat altered my ideas of the honorarium obtainable for portrait sketches, and after an hour's excited discussion with myself I wired: "Yes. Ten dollars a day and expenses."

Two weeks later I was realizing my ambition and sketching politicians doing their stuff on the stump. Then followed the Democratic convention and many other conventions, and trials and banquets and what nots, and all the time I was working ahead at art school, doing no better and no worse than many another. Fortunately that first school of my choice was one of the few that insist upon a general art education and there was no thought of slighting perspective and anatomy and design. Meanwhile my ambitions were growing. They reached the stage when the making of illustrations seemed the best thing to aim at, and in time I was illustrating for the magazines and book publishers. Then the paintings at the Metropolitan Museum inspired me further and I was trying to paint. I managed to get over to Paris and became a student at the Académie Julien, and the more I tried to paint the more impossible it seemed that I ever could really do it. But the love of painting grew amazingly—that is the compelling force—and I reached a point where I was obsessed regardless of let or hindrance. So much for the personal.

Will Bradley, Dean of American Designers

How Long Does it Take?

FORMER Mayor Hylan, of New York, coined a phrase by which he designated artists who are painters and sculptors as distinguished from those in other lines of art. His expression evoked a joyful roar from the reading public when the newspapers reported his phrase. "Art-artists," he called us. And we needed just such a mark of distinction as a handle convenient for general conversation.

Most young artists have to earn a living and consequently they cannot be choosers to any large extent. They must carry on with whatever kind of art work will provide bread and butter until they have acquired sufficient funds to launch out into the work of their heart's desire. Sometimes a young artist is lucky enough to get into work that will provide the experience necessary to advance him into his chosen kind of art without a break. Most mature artists will say that impediments are beneficial—that one who can be discouraged would never become an artist anyhow.

Often someone says, "If I had had a chance I would have become an artist." As a matter of fact, the usual excuse for a thwarted art career—lack of funds—is no excuse at all except in cases where one's time must be quite entirely devoted to the support of a family. When the responsibility is only for one's own livelihood he can acquire an art education if he is made of the right stuff, just as millions of industrious boys and girls have earned their own way through college—at the sacrifice of certain comforts, to be sure.

The one great and practically insurmountable barrier to an art career is the lack of health. So surely is this barrier insurmountable that I would certainly discourage the young person in ill health from making the effort unless perchance he has a bank account.

"How many years will it take me before I can earn a living in the art game?" I am asked a thousand times. There is no answer to that question. One might say from four to seven years before a meager living can be made. It has been done in less, but not often. And many years will pass over the ardent head of the young aspirant before he can expect much besides that meager living.

If the question is phrased thus, as it sometimes is, "How long will it take me to become an artist?" the answer is easier and funnier. The following anecdote indicates the answer:

At the Players one day a layman asked that very question of the four artists that were sitting with him. A general laugh was the response.

Then the layman said: "I mean it. You fellows are all well-known artists. How many hours of work have you put in at your calling to get you where you are?"

For the fun of it, they got out pencils and began to figure. None of the four was more than fifty-five years of age, and after several minutes of computing they discovered that the man who had figured up the least number of hours of labor had arrived at the sum of 50,000.

And now what of the many angles of the game and what of its financial rewards? What lines of endeavor are open to the young student just out of art school? What are the obstacles before him and with what kind of people will he have to deal?

We will take a look at the fields of design, illustration and advertising art. This article does not treat of the vocation of the sculptor. When the time comes that the student can spend no more years in training, he has usually made up his mind to try the game upon one of these three fields. He may have in mind that eventually he will be a wood carver or a designer of stained-glass windows, but those attempts probably come later. He may think that decoration is his most likely field. He may even feel an impulse to go in for window decorating in one of our big department stores, or he may look for a position with an interior-decorating concern.

Free-lancing is, in the end, much more remunerative than a position with any established firm. But it takes pluck daily to beard the art editor or the advertising mogul or the manufacturer, armed with one's early efforts. Many a youngster gives up after the first pair of shoes is worn out, and either renounces the seemingly hopeless round or attempts to get a steady job at whatever salary the art department of any concern is willing to pay a beginner. The remuneration in such a position is twenty or twenty-five dollars a week.

At the end of a year or two, if there has been no substantial salary raise, our hero is inclined to think longingly of the fleshpots of his home town and give up the fight. The fact that his boyhood chum who elected to clerk in a bank is getting on nicely, thank you, is an influence. Or perhaps he has fallen in love and by this time the young artist has plunged into matrimony. If this has happened he may never dare to go to free-lancing and continues to hold down his job.

Jules Bouy. The Illustration Shows One Unit of an Iron Stairway Which for Sheer Beauty of Line and Silhouette is One of the Finest Examples of Modern Art

He may sit at a desk in an advertising agency, lettering and making borders to accompany pictures for which a more successful fellow is receiving real money. And each year is likely to make him more bitter in mind. Or he may have accepted a position that requires him to turn out endless arrangements of lettering on regulation shapes of cardboard which read, "2 prs. for a quarter," and "Special for today." If he is clever and a rapid worker, in time this sign writer may receive for his services the sum of fifty dollars a week.

If he has gone into the window-trimming work of a department store, enticed by the prevailing idea that this work implies a large salary, he will start at twenty dollars a week, with a yearly increase of five dollars, until he reaches a maximum of forty-five or fifty dollars. The head of the department ordinarily receives from $60 to $100 a week. Only two window decorators in New York receive salaries of $10,000 a year, although there is one in Chicago whose salary is considerably more. These few highly paid men are not only thoroughly knowing decorators but they are idea men as well. They produce creations outstanding in the matter of design, and invent new presentations of elegance and style.

The Inventive Faculty

THE costume designer attached to a style publication begins at the same wage as the window decorator. So does the style draftsman in the advertising department of a store. If she—or sometimes he—has been well trained in art school and can sense the thing we call smartness, and has a real flair for advance styles, a salary larger than that of the best paid window decorator is quite possible. All the ready-to-wear manufacturers of importance require the services of designers, and this field is a broad one.

It is easy to understand, then, that an inventive faculty, coupled with a trained hand, is the real basis for the largest salaries obtainable.

Design is the one subject taught in art schools that tends to arouse and fit for use this most important faculty of the mind called inventiveness.

Countless printing and lithographing establishments the country over employ an army of designers whose business it is to make trade-marks, cigar bands, decorative borders, lettering, labels and all the thousand bits of design required in business. Turning out these designs is hard and exacting labor which permits of very little opportunity to experiment in more profitable art work. On the other hand, there are, happily, broad opportunities for the artist who is an inventive designer and knows his onions. One free-lance designer of my acquaintance received $1000 for his design for a label wrapper for containers of canned corn. He received that amount because he is one of the surest-fire designers in the country and his time is worth that amount.

Jacques Worth, the Third Generation of Famous Designers of Gowns

(Continued on Page 205)

American Policy in Nicaragua

By HENRY L. STIMSON

IN MY preceding articles I have attempted to describe the development of our American relations to the republic of Nicaragua, leading up to and culminating in the settlement which was negotiated last May. Under that settlement the devastating war between the Nicaraguan Government and the revolting Liberals was terminated, and as a part of the settlement our President undertook to assist in the supervision of the coming election in 1928 in order that the question of which party should control the government thereafter should be decided by peaceful instead of warlike methods. In assuming this responsibility toward our sister nation, President Coolidge was actuated by the hope not only that peace would be reëstablished in Nicaragua but that a permanent constructive step was being taken which would assist that country in maintaining in the future an orderly and independent government.

His action has already been criticized in some quarters as an encroachment upon the sovereignty of Nicaragua and an act of selfish imperialism on our part. For myself, I believe that his action follows well-known principles of law and amity recognized among nations, and not only will not impair the independence of Nicaragua but will conduce toward placing it upon an assured foundation. If I am right in this respect it is important that the situation should be recognized and understood among our own people as well as among our Latin-American neighbors. This problem has the peculiar difficulty of all problems in international relations. In such problems, with mutual confidence, everything can be accomplished; without mutual confidence, nothing. Therefore the common interest of all concerned depends upon establishing a condition of mutual understanding coupled with good will and confidence. This is especially important where, as here, the differences between us and our Latin-American neighbors in language, racial temperament, habits and customs so easily make for misunderstanding.

Since Monroe

LET me therefore try to outline certain general landmarks which seem to me to be clear and to govern what has been done in the past as well as to guide what is to be done in the future.

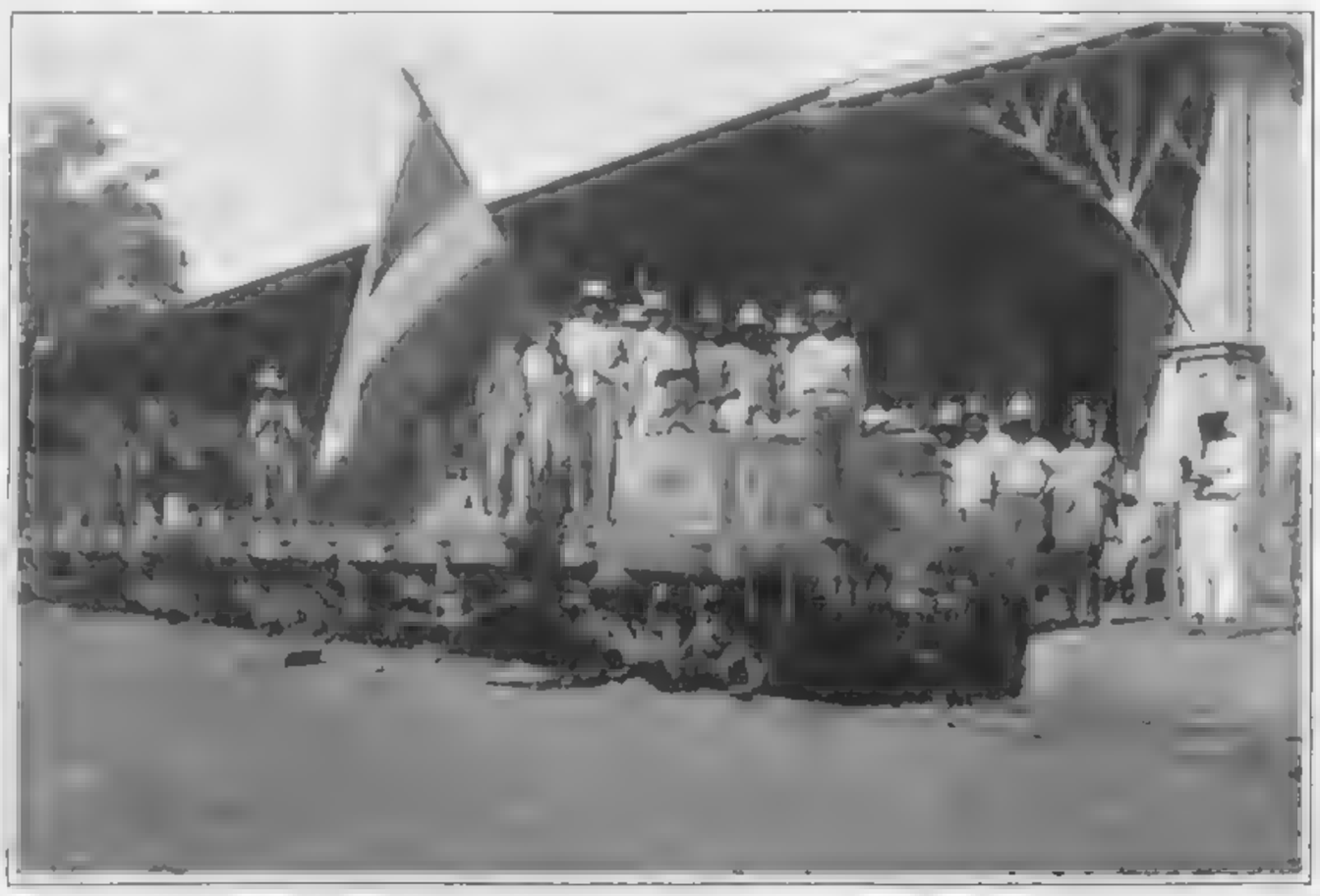
I. In the first place, I believe that it is perfectly clear that our relations with Nicaragua, as with all Latin-American nations, must proceed on the strict assumption of their continued existence as independent nations and with scrupulous regard for that independence. We recognized them all as independent nations more than a century ago, and in the language of President Monroe, we took that step "on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged." More than that, we then and there served notice on the rest of the world that these nations were to remain independent and were thenceforth "not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers."

The Monroe Doctrine, far from being the assertion of any rights on our part as against these American neighbors, was a solemn assertion of a duty on our part toward them. It conferred on us no claim to suzerainty over them. It placed us under an obligation toward them to respect their independence, and it double-tied that obligation by its notice to Europe that we regarded Latin-American independence as so important to us that we were ready to fight for it. Therefore those who speak of our establishing a protectorate over any of these American nations would impute to us a readiness to violate a national obligation taken in the most formal and deliberate manner.

A century has now passed since this announcement was made and this attitude assumed—a century of independent existence on the part of these nations, with its struggles, sacrifices and sacred traditions. They have become deeply proud of their national existence and would be keenly resentful of any suggestion of a threat to deprive them of it.

II. On the other hand, it is only proper that our Latin-American neighbors, in approaching this question, should keep in mind our long and honorable fulfillment of this obligation. For a century we have been the scrupulous protector of their independence, not only against Europe but sometimes even against themselves. This last is particularly true in respect to the republics of Central America. On more than one occasion has one or the other of them come to us with proposals for annexation or for a cession to us of portions of their territory, and we have declined the offer.

The first of these offers came in 1822, when the Emperor of Mexico, Iturbide, was trying forcibly to annex the five Central American republics to Mexico. The Congress of Salvador, on December second of that year, passed a formal resolution for annexation to the United States and sent a commissioner to Washington to urge favorable action thereon. During the past fifty years Guatemala, Costa Rica and Honduras have all sought to cede or sell to us coaling stations, naval bases or wireless stations on their coasts or islands.



The Train Which Brought General Gomez to Chinandega to Rescue General Vigues

A Detachment of Women Fighters After the Chinandega Battle

For Peace

THE number of occasions when we have stood between the independence of Latin-American nations and danger from Europe or from each other makes a catalogue so long that only a few typical instances can be repeated here. In the early years of their independence our influence was constantly used to intercede with Spain in order that that country should finally recognize the independence of her former colonies. In 1865 it was the threat of our power which obtained the withdrawal of French imperialism from Mexico and resulted in the downfall of the Emperor Maximilian. It was our friendly influence which resulted in 1859 in treaties providing for the return by Great Britain of the Balize territory to Guatemala, the Bay Islands to Honduras and the Mosquito Coast, including Greytown, to Nicaragua. In 1895 it was the pressure of our Government which secured the submission to arbitration of the boundary dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela and which in 1902 and 1903 procured the successful solution by arbitration of disputes between Venezuela, Germany, Italy and Great Britain.

If during all this century we had been guilty of imperialistic designs upon these smaller countries, our surest means of gratifying those designs would have been to promote and foster such disagreements and quarrels as now and then broke out between them and thus avail ourselves of the chance to fish in troubled waters. Instead of that, our influence has uniformly been used for peace. For

more than forty years our State Department has been seeking to solve the long-standing dispute between Chile and Peru over the possession of the province of Tacna-Arica arising out of the war between those countries in 1879—a dispute which has frequently threatened the peace of South America.

A quite common form of disagreement between American nations has been a dispute over a doubtful boundary line. At the present moment the friendly efforts of the United States are being exerted to secure the settlement of such a boundary question in no less than five cases—between Peru, Colombia and Brazil; between Haiti and the Dominican Republic; between Panama and Costa Rica; between Nicaragua and Honduras; and between Honduras and Guatemala. Better evidence of our pacific policy could hardly be offered.

Nor have our efforts been confined to cases of disagreement or quarrel. Our Government, particularly during late years, often has been asked and has granted its assistance in matters requiring expert advice—matters of sanitation, finance, economic development or military instruction.

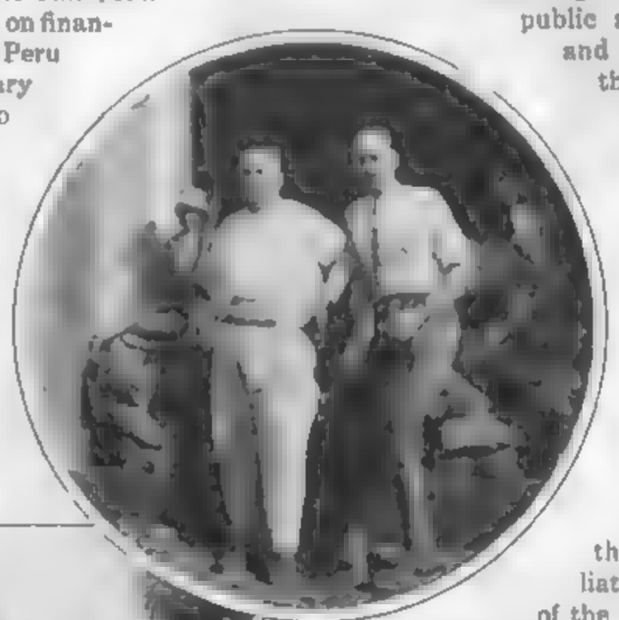
A Post of Government Troops at Chinandega

True Equality Among Nations

EXAMPLES of such cases are General Gorgas' visit to Guayaquil, Ecuador, for yellow-fever prevention; the mission of another health specialist to Chile; of a police expert to Panama; of experts on financial administration to Colombia, Peru and several other countries; military or naval missions of instruction to Brazil and Peru. Our Government Schools of Agriculture and our Military Academy at West Point are open for instruction to their young men.

Quite apart from this governmental work, the Rockefeller Foundation, during the past few years, has spent more than $1,000,000 in Central America alone, in teaching the people of those five republics the laws of sanitation and how to combat hookworm, malaria and other tropical diseases. On my recent stay in Managua, the capital of Nicaragua, I was able to drink pure water because the Rockefeller Foundation had thus assisted in the establishment of a proper water supply for that city.

It is, I think, a fair statement that since our recognition of the independence of these nations, and particularly in later years, as modern improvements in steam communication have brought the countries of the world closer and closer together, our American influence, both public and private, has been uniformly and intelligently used to help them in the better performance of all those activities and responsibilities upon which the maintenance of independence and of world peace so largely depend.



III. In this connection it is interesting to note that the two matters which have been principally seized upon by our critics in Latin America as evidencing a contrary and imperialistic policy on our part took place three-quarters of a century ago and largely under an influence which no longer exists in the United States. Our alleged spoliation of Mexican territory at the time of the Mexican War and the popular encouragement given in this country to the filibustering expedition of William Walker to Nicaragua eight years later have been the two incidents most commonly used by hostile critics to offset the long and honorable record to which I have referred.

Both these took place at a time when negro slavery was a real and dominating power in the United States, seeking to acquire new territory under the Southern sun for the furtherance of its peculiar interest; and it was among the adherents of that slave power that the Mexican War and the Walker Expedition received their most ardent support.

Not only has negro slavery long since been washed out in the blood of a great Civil War but there has taken place much more recently an almost equally great change of public sentiment in the United States militating against any policy of imperialism. I refer to the change of public sentiment toward American self-government which has been recently embodied in our new immigration laws. Our former loose optimism has disappeared. We recognize now more adequately the real difficulties of popular government and the danger to that institution of trying to blend into our nation a too rapid influx of citizens having political experiences and traditions entirely different from our own.

This radical change of popular feeling shown as to immigration sets itself equally against the incorporation into our nation of new territory already occupied by men and women of different language and political habits. The United States has ceased to be an absorbing power.

IV. Our real attitude toward the sovereignty of Latin-American nations is most convincingly and adequately shown by the principles and rules of order which have governed the successive Pan-American Conferences as well as the Pan-American Union. These two great institutions were founded upon our initiative nearly forty years ago. To go into the details of the beneficent work which they have been accomplishing ever since would be impossible within our present limitations. But for the purposes of this article it is sufficient to remind the reader that in the conduct of these conferences the principle of the legal equality of the participating states, from the greatest to the smallest, is recognized to the fullest extent, and action is taken only by unanimous consent. This absolutely precludes the idea or use of force. No majority of states can conclude a minority even of the smallest and weakest. This is in striking contrast to the Concert of Europe, where only the great powers were admitted on a basis of equality; as well as to the constitution of the League of Nations, where the Council is similarly controlled by the great powers. Through these Pan-American instrumentalities our country and its neighbors, for nearly half a century, have been working toward a Pan-Americanism based upon the legal equality of independent nations and having for its ideals certain common conceptions of political action.

A Practical Crusade for Peace

THEIR effort has been thus described by an eloquent Peruvian, Señor Francisco Garcia Calderon:

"Though the North American is Protestant and the Ibero-American is Catholic; though they speak different languages and respond to a different logic, yet they derive from like lands, from a uniform system of government, from a growth free from secular traditions, from the absence of rigid castes, from a community of generous principles, such as arbitration and the love of peace, and from general enterprises of utility, an active Pan-Americanism, theory and militant reality, practical crusade and romantic apostleship."

V. While the foregoing résumé indicates the principles and methods which have governed our attitude toward the sovereignty and independence of Latin-American nations in general, there are certain geographical considerations

(Continued on Page 214)

Calvario Church at Chinandega, Where Jiberola Besieged General Viquez and His Troops for Forty-Eight Hours. In Circle—General Viquez at Left

Conservative General Noguerra Gomez, Who Commanded the Relief Force Which Drove Off Cabulla's Revolutionary Force and Relieved General Viquez

Claire and the Dangerous Man

By FANNIE KILBOURNE

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"But I've Told You, Over and Over, I'm Not Angry at You; I've Never Even Thought of Such a Thing"

SOONER or later Claire was sure to meet George Bahmer. Every young New York business woman meets some George Bahmer—the out-of-town man who comes to New York once or twice or half a dozen times a year on business; who buys tickets for the musical shows at speculator prices; who goes to the revues and the night clubs, usually with some girl only a little older than his daughter, whom he tells, of course, that his wife doesn't understand him.

Claire knew all about George Bahmer before she met him. Or, if not all, enough, at least, so that she might have been on her guard. She knew, of course, that he came from Chicago, that he was traveling representative—and a very successful one—for the huge tannery that supplied most of the leather for Gibson shoes, that he and D. E. Gibson worked together, hand in glove, to their mutual profit and satisfaction. As the still fairly new advertising manager for Gibson shoes, Claire knew this. As a young woman, she knew also that George Bahmer was, so far as young women were concerned, a dangerous man.

And it was to the obviously nice girls that Bahmer was the most truly dangerous. This, despite the fact that he knew a nice girl when he saw one, and behaved toward her accordingly. The others, of course—the soft-cheeked, pearled and furred little ladies who bought their forty-five-dollar slippers at Gibson's—concealed the nerve and guileful acumen of a slick confidence man behind a perfumed smoke screen of wide eyes and sweet, cooing voices. A prosperous Chicago man was an opportunity, never a menace, to these luxurious Persian kittens.

But of what George Bahmer could do to a nice girl, and how, all unintentionally, he could do it, Claire had already learned. Little Ruth Wilson, for instance, one of the youngest of the Gibson stenographers, a downy chick just hatched out of business college, as truly naïve as a three-year-old, clapping chubby hands at the pretty lights. She wore gun-metal chiffon stockings and powdered heavily over the honest pink of her cheeks and reddened her lips and stiffened her eyelashes with mascaro in an earnest effort to look sophisticated. An effort as hopeless as it was whole-hearted. Not a chance in the world of its fooling an old stager like George Bahmer. He enjoyed her for the very freshness that she tried so hard to hide. Two-thirds of the fun of taking her to dinner at the Ritz had been watching her try to make him think she'd been there before.

D. E. Gibson, who was as conventional as a small-city banker, would have given the child a fatherly warning if he had known that she was going out with George Bahmer; might, if she had failed to heed it, even have fired her eventually. So she had a wonderful young time, feeling secretive and surreptitious and wicked. And all the time she was really as safe as she could have been with an amused and indulgent grandfather.

For the five days Bahmer was in town Ruth lived the social life she had read about in her highly colored magazines and always dreamed of knowing. She learned the thrill of being led to a restaurant table by an obsequious head waiter, of taking a taxi for a short three blocks. She saw Bahmer carelessly pay more for two theater tickets than she would have dared spend for a winter coat; caught a furtive, awed glimpse of his check at the Palms afterward—supper for two, and half a dozen dances that cost a month's rent on the four-room flat she and her mother lived in, up in One Hundred and Twenty-third Street.

Bahmer had had fun, too, in giving her things; lavish, highly proper gifts—candy in a mahogany box with dull metal fasteners; such sweets as she had never tasted, little candied violets, chocolates that seemed to be wrapped in flexible iridescent glass and were so rich that even her unspoiled young sweet tooth had been satisfied with one or two; perfume, priced by the drop and sold by the ounce, and an atomizer, delicately lovely enough to stand alone in a jeweler's window.

Ecstatic over it all, the youngster had had to tell somebody and had, oddly, chosen Claire. Or perhaps there had been nothing odd about this. She would have been afraid to tell any of her fellow stenographers in the office, who would, she felt sure, have been jealous and might have been, accordingly, indiscreet in sharing her confidences till they might eventually have come to Gibson's ears. But there was a warm friendliness in Claire's smile and a steadiness in her eyes, a combination both inviting and reassuring. One knew that she would listen and not tell.

"He says he likes to give me things," the child confided, "because I don't hint for them. Why, he says you'd be surprised at the way most girls do. 'Platinum diggers,' he calls them." She giggled breathless appreciation. "He says gold diggers are all out of date. Girls don't use anything as cheap as gold any more, except maybe to fill a back tooth." She giggled excitedly again. "But he doesn't mind, because he knows how to deal with them. He just lets them hint and hint, and pretends he doesn't know what they're getting at. Then, just before he's ready to go home, when they've about given up hope, he gets them something grand that they've never even mentioned. He says it's lots of fun to do it that way."

"It must be," Claire agreed dryly.

"And he's been so sweet to me. You just wouldn't believe it! Even mother thinks he's grand now, though at first she didn't like the idea of my going out with him, him being married and all."

"'And all,' meaning how many children?"

"Two. Both boys. One is twelve and the other is at Andover. That's a school."

Claire nodded. She could see exactly how piquant such freshness must be to a jaded palate. Bahmer had respected the youth and innocence, too; had gone back to Chicago without any more than a little hand holding, perhaps; or, at the very most, a good-by kiss in the downstairs hallway of her flat building; going back in the comfortable consciousness of having behaved both handsomely and decently.

And yet, in those five days he had ruined little Ruth Wilson as devastatingly as any movie villain could have done. For in that brief time he had made her own life almost unendurable to her.

It would have required something of character which little Ruth did not have, to go back contentedly from casually summoned taxis to the twice-a-day jam in the Subway, from lobster *à la Newburg* sizzling over a chafing-dish flame, and avocados in subtly blended dressing to watery tomato soup and a minced-ham sandwich on a stool at a soda-fountain lunch. The two-dollar-a-week raise which had seemed so well worth working and hoping for had become a niggling insult, the merest waiter's tip. Saturday-evening jaunts with the young man she had been thinking of marrying, an eighty-five-cent table-d'hôte in some crowded Italian restaurant, and balcony seats in one of the big movie theaters—once a glorious weekly climax whose prospect had cast an anticipatory glow over even Thursday and Friday, was now something merely to be openly ashamed of.

And as for the young man himself whom she had been thinking of marrying—a mechanic who actually proposed setting up housekeeping on a weekly wage that wouldn't have paid for the embroidered shawl Bahmer had bought her as the merest souvenir; an uncouth barbarian who thought tea in the afternoon or a decent manicure was sissy; whose manners, after Bahmer's suave ease, seemed those of a frolicsome baboon! Oh, unquestionably, little Ruth's own life had been ruined for her.

Claire watched her during the three months that intervened before Bahmer's next visit, convincing herself that she was in love with him. Claire's hints, even her frank counsel, fell on deafened ears. Little Ruth would have none of it. By the time Bahmer was due again she had completely convinced herself that she was the victim of a grand passion. As the day of his arrival approached she became fairly ecstatic with anticipation.

And when Bahmer actually did arrive he didn't see Ruth at all—didn't really see her, that is. A friendly nod as he passed her typewriting desk in the big outer office on his way into Gibson's sanctum, and that was all. There had been a mistake in a shipment of pastel kids, and Bahmer, the busiest and most absorbed of business men, had no time for pretty girls. By his next trip he would have forgotten Ruth altogether.

Claire happened, by the merest chance, to see a bit of the end of the incident. She had worked late in her own office and had slipped out through the deserted salesroom. It was sleeting, and she paused in the entryway just outside the door, to find a nickel for the Subway, to put up her umbrella. And as she stood there in the early winter darkness she recognized two other figures, also pausing in the shelter under the shop's ornate entrance. The girl was Ruth, the man was obviously Bahmer.

"If I've done anything to make you angry," Ruth was saying in a tight, strained little voice, "won't you tell me?"

Hastily Claire fitted her key into the lock, slipped back into the empty dark salesroom. She had no desire to play eavesdropper, but she was not quick enough to miss Bahmer's answer, half amazed, half irritated:

"But I've told you, over and over, I'm not angry at you; I've never even thought of such a thing."

Had he been honest enough to go on and assure her that he had never even thought of her at all? Claire wondered.

She found herself speculating sympathetically on the probable remainder of this little scene. Would Bahmer be wise enough to realize that what little Ruth was in love with was not himself but the glimpse of a different sort of life he had shown her? Would he be kind enough to be sorry for the havoc he had wrought? Had he liked her well enough to feel guilty now, for a fleeting moment or so, because though he was so rich in all the things she wanted, he could really do little to change things for her?

Even if he were both wise and kind, even though he sincerely liked the child, Claire couldn't see just what he could do to help matters now. He might, of course, call Ruth's attention to certain precious things she had—her youth, for instance. But that sort of reasoning seldom helps much. Probably it was just as well for him to step right out of the picture, definitely and abruptly, leaving little Ruth to start at once, picking up the pieces, making such adjustment as she could to whatever she could make out of her own life. He would have to do that sooner or later, anyway, and there never was much point in trying to taper off the inevitable.

Well, kind and wise or not, that was about what he would probably do. And he would probably forget pretty much about the whole incident, long before Ruth would. Not that he would necessarily mean to; but he was a man of many and varied interests. Granted all the sympathy that could possibly be expected, one incontrovertible fact would remain. The fact that Ruth had been only a minor incident in a busy life.

As to Bahmer's previous New York visits, Claire had had neither leisure nor interest for speculation. He had been coming on some three or four times a year for the past fifteen years. Undoubtedly there had been plenty of Ruths as well as plenty of others. Except for feeling awfully sorry for the Ruth she knew, Claire would never have given a moment's thought to George Bahmer one way or another. As it was, however, she knew well enough, when he asked her to go to the theater with him, that even at his best and most chivalrous he was a dangerous man.

A considerable spice of mischief was mingled with Claire's acceptance of the invitation—because D. E. Gibson was present when it was tendered. The invitation had been, in fact, tendered to D. E. first. But D. E. was feeling the first premonitory twitches of neuritis and was pretty sure that by theater time he would have to be tucked up with an electric pad under his shoulder.

Bahmer had looked from D. E. to the slim, trim young advertising manager who had been called in to explain the exact kind of white ooze leather the new French designer had in mind. There was nothing the matter with the young French designer's mind or what he might have in it, but when he tried to put this into English he needed help. The Frenchman had gone back to his studio in the rear of the office floor; Claire had been just leaving D. E.'s office. Bahmer looked at Claire and spoke to Gibson.

"I don't suppose you've enough pull with Miss Deming," he suggested, "to dare urge her to go with me in your place? I'm afraid to ask her myself."

Claire smiled—she had a very nice, very white-toothed smile. And it was, right now, a very genuinely amused smile.

The sight of the conflicting emotions which suddenly came to battle all over Gibson's face was downright funny. It was a conflict with which Claire had already become familiar, but which never ceased to amuse her—the battle of the old-fashioned gentleman and the new-fashioned business man.

Gibson was approaching sixty, and for forty of his sixty years he had been a shoe man. Starting out as a salesman for prison-made footwear in the days when some men still wore boots and all ladies wore black kid, winding up as owner of one of the smartest shoe shops on Fifth Avenue—a thoroughly successful business man—he had kept his business senses alert and his business mind flexible. No Canute, he, to stand on the shore of fashion and command the waves to fall back—not D. E. of Gibson shoes. He was canny enough to build him a good seaworthy craft and sail to success with the wind and the tide.

As a gentleman, though, he had done his best to play Joshua and make the sun stand still. In regard to women, for instance, he had made his opinions at about the time he had stopped making boots, and he had never allowed himself to see any reason for changing one of them. Such inconsistencies as being a successful business man had forced upon him had never made a dent on the firmness of his beliefs. He had been forced to hire young women stenographers, but he had not allowed this to interfere with his conviction that woman's place is in the home.

A young and even attractive woman advertising manager had, of course, been engaged by the business man who couldn't quite blink at ability when he saw it. But it caused the old-fashioned gentleman to do considerable blinking. It was difficult, for one thing, to pay her practically the same salary he would have had to pay a young man, and yet to remain convinced that the sun was standing still.

He was blinking hard right now, which was what was amusing Claire. As a gallant and fatherly employer of a young girl, he knew that it was his duty to protect her from just such men as George Bahmer. But as owner of D. E. Gibson shoes, if George Bahmer wanted to take the advertising manager to the theater, D. E. wanted her to go. Every now and then, of a May or November, even a very successful shoe retailer is likely to need a little temporary financial backing. This, Bahmer had always been able to persuade the tannery to advance. The tannery had lost nothing by it, of course. With the shoes which Gibson bought with this advance went the requirement that they should be made of leather from the tannery. It was a mutually profitable arrangement, but one which would have been quite as profitable to the tannery if made with any competing retailer. George Bahmer was Gibson's friendly and important intermediary. Oh, just as a matter of prudence, Gibson earnestly hoped Claire would accept Bahmer's invitation. And as he looked at her, so fresh and girlish in her new tan spring suit, his conflict was writ large on his face.

Bahmer spoke to Claire direct. "Won't you take pity on a solitary out-of-towner?" he asked. "Going to the theater alone is such a dreary business."

There was a really charming humility in his voice. Dangerous men, of course, usually do have charming manners. That is what makes them so dangerous. Claire glanced at D. E.

"Thank you," she said. "I'd be very glad to."

Bahmer chose the Frivolities, of course. Claire had been sure he would. Just as she had felt sure that, during the first intermission, he would attempt to establish a more personal, more provocative relationship between them. His manner coming up in the taxi had been perfectly that of pleasant, impersonal business friendliness. But Claire, being a woman, knew that she was much more attractive after she had taken off her coat. Her black dinner dress was simple and three years old, but it had come from an excellent shop originally and it made her neck and bare arms startlingly white, just as her flame-colored scarf accentuated the blackness of her hair. Besides, she knew Bahmer in advance, or thought she did.

(Continued on Page 108)

Claire Found Herself Looking Curiously at Bahmer, Her Rubber Apron Tied Around His Neck, His Whole Attention Centered on Twisting and Turning the Metal Tube Which Regulated the Mixture of Air and Gas

MISS HENNESSY, P. S.

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THERE was another in here this morning—a perfectly good middle-aged near-sheik, and right from Broadway. Imagine! He had only a medium bulge at the belt and he'd slicked a side lock over his bald spot and there was a roving look in his puffy eyes. He was just recovering from the shock of being told that the New York papers wouldn't be in until 1:15, when he discovered me sitting in my little alcove making a noise like a stenog. I saw him droop an eyelid at Uncle Billy, the day clerk, and the next I knew he was over doing the big-brother act, with one hand on my shoulder and his face near enough so I didn't need to guess about the lyonnaise potatoes he'd had with the lamb chops.

"Well, well, Little Sunshine!" says he.

"As well as could be expected," says I, "but I'm neither Little Sunshine nor Little Eva nor Little Bo Peep, and if you must call me by name, there it is on the tablet. In case you haven't got your bifocals on, I'll translate. It says 'Miss Hennessy.'"

"Sure enough," says he. "'Miss Hennessy, Public Stenographer.' Just the girl I'm looking for." And he gives me a couple of pats.

"Check the paws," says I. "I use the touch system myself, but I expect customers to keep their hands off."

"Now, now! You mustn't mind me, sister. Just my friendly way."

"I know," says I, "but these are my business hours. What's the order, please? Something in the way of a letter to the firm? There's the dictation chair, right in front."

Well, he fakes up a report to the vice president of his mill-machinery concern and I rattles it off with a carbon on the side, typing direct and finishing only half a line behind him; no erasures, no errors.

"Sa-a-ay!" he gasps. "Why, you got anybody on our staff faded when it comes to speed work, girlie, and there's twenty or more in our main office."

"Think of that!" says I. "Twenty! Why, there aren't that many typists in the whole of South Adnock. . . . Fifty cents, please."

"The change stays," says he, shoving over a whole dollar bill.

"Thanks just as much, but you'll need that for Mayzie, the waitress," says I. "Good morning, sir."

Well, This Time I Must Have Looked Extra Pleased to See Him, for He Stops and Holds One of My Hands

Does that shunt him? Not his kind. He has to linger around and tell me what a nice girl I am and what a shame it is I'm stuck in this little hick joint when I ought to be in some big Broadway office like his machinery outfit.

"Lemme fix it for you," he goes on. "I could give the manager a hunch when I get back, and inside of ten days we'd have you placed. I'd see you didn't get lonesome, girlie, and if you've never been to a musical revue or stepped out at a night club ——"

"Say, back up, uncle!" says I. "I may be a simple little country maid and all that, but when I pick a city slicker I'll tug one that can fox-trot at least twice around the hall without going wheezy. Sorry to call third strike on you, but you're out by a mile. . . . Stamps at the desk."

And as he edges out of the picture, Attorney Ross Cates slips in with three folios of articles of incorporation for the new chair-factory combine that the Hon. Stephen Carter is organizing—five copies, one to go to Concord.

"Morning, Helma," says he. "Someone else been trying to tempt you back to the wicked city, eh?"

I nods. "Only this bird thinks I'd need to be shown around," says I.

"Heh, heh!" chuckles Mr. Cates. "And you didn't tell him either? That's a good one, that is."

Of course, all Ross Cates knows about it is that I did drift up here from New York about three months ago, but why I came and why I've stayed on are two mysteries neither he nor the town has yet solved, and if you've ever lived in one of these pie-belt burgs you'll admit that's some record. Generally they know it before you do and tell you about it.

In this case, though, I not only have 'em guessing but I'm more or less surprised at myself. Helma Hennessy making a nonstop hop from Fifth Avenue to Main Street, swapping an arcade booth in the Gloriana for a corner of the Adnock Inn front office! Yes, and letting on I like it. Can you tie that?

For if I have to give my pedigree, I'm 100 per cent Eighth Avenue. Anyhow, I was born and raised within two blocks of the Metropolitan stage door and until I was eight or nine I used to think the Bronx was a foreign country and that South Jersey was somewhere near Mexico. My idea of banishment was having to live in Staten Island or Flatbush. And now look at me!

If you've had your snicker—which you got every right to—we'll pass on to Mr. Verne Tuttle and see how much of the blame can be hung on him. First off, though, I'd like to put in that he wasn't playing any Adam to my Eve. No. I'd seen quite a lot of males before he showed up, and here and there one had noticed me. They do, you know, unless your features are all wrong, and I'm told mine are very nearly right. Besides, before I took that shorthand course and won the typing contest at business college I'd been cashier at a quick lunch, ushered in one of Mr. Ames' theaters, sold tickets from a plate-glass coop in front of a movie house, and otherwise proved I was no shrinking violet. Some of my catty girl friends used to say my complexion was good for a job anywhere, any old time. Maybe, I notice that having and using a little bean helps hold one though. Perhaps it was just lucky breaks that shifted me from No. 49 in an ad-agency gang to my own private booth in the Gloriana. And then again I may have done a little planning.

What I didn't figure on was Vernon Tuttle, or anybody like him. Why, he must have been subbing behind the desk for a week or more before I even noticed he'd arrived, and when I did spot him it was because this Maymie girl, who assists at the news and candy stand, comes buzzing over full of excitement.

"Say, Helma, how about the new feller they got in front?" she asks.

"Eh?" says I. "Meaning which?"

"My gosh!" says she. "Ain'tcher got eyesight? The one with the Lindy chin and the natural permanent to his front hair. Ain't he some sheiky looker?"

So I took a squint. "Huh!" says I. "I'm afraid I can't string with you at all on that, Maymie. I'd class him as some young hick who'd strayed in from the rhubarb patch. Look at the way his collar yawns off his neck."

"Yes, but what a neck!" says Mayme. "And speakin' about shoulders ——"

"As who was?" I breaks in. "Say, Mayme, don't you think I have enough would-be Romeos among my transient customers without rolling my eyes at the staff?"

"I dunno as you need to worry, at that, Helma Hennessy," says she. "I ain't seen him stretchin' his neck your way so much either. Nor you ain't got all the good looks around the lobby. There's our Tessie, remember, and I'm bettin' if he falls for either one it'll be for her."

"My compliments to Miss Tessie, the news-stand queen," says I, "and I make her a free gift of the rookie room clerk. She's entirely welcome."

"Ah, don't go snooty over it, Helma, dear," says she. "You're a hard-boiled pair, you and Tess, but you work it out in different ways. She frosts 'em at the start and you kid 'em along until you get ready to push 'em off the cliff."

"Anyhow," says I, "we're not twins exactly."

"I'll tell 'em you ain't," says Mayme. "No more'n a morning-glory and an Easter lily. How do you get your skin to look like that, Helma—as if you could see clear through it?"

"Simple," says I. "You pick out a mother that was born in Stockholm."

"You must have got them gray eyes from her," says she. "I'm crazy over 'em. Tess', too, when they twinkle. But yours are always steady and quiet, like the reservoir in Central Park on a cloudy day."

"Say, come out of it, Mayme," says I. "You're going poetic. Run back and tell Tessie to twinkle for the new clerk and see if it registers."

"Fat chance she would," says Mayme. "But if he don't go nuts over one of you he's a flat tire."

I didn't even bother to tell her she'd made a wrong guess. Still, having had this party of the second part pointed out, I did take a look at him now and then. He wasn't so bad, but not just what I'd call the answer to a flapper's prayer. He's too serious, for one thing. Most of those desk hounds find a lot of time for joshing one another and wise cracking with the telephone girls, and so on, but not him. He's right on his job every minute, shoving the pen at new arrivals, snapping for bellhops, handing out keys, checking up reservations.

'Course, the front of my booth isn't more than thirty feet across the lobby and he can see me as plain as I can see him, but not once do I catch him looking my way. I might just as well had a screen up. Got me a bit peeved, to tell the truth. Was he nearsighted, or what?

"Who is this strong-chinned gink, anyway?" I asks Mayme.

"Name's Vernon Tuttle," says she.

"Sounds like a ferryboat," says I. "What does Tess think of him?"

"She says he must be a nice feller," says Mayme. "Likes the way his hair waves."

"Oh, does she?" says I.

Somehow, after that I eased up a little more than usual with clients who wanted to get folksy—sporty old boys that only needed a lift of an eyebrow to go chuckly, out-of-town buyers with dinner dates up their sleeves, regulars who'd been calling me Helma for months. They begun sending in bonbons, roses, even orchids. And at last I had Mr. Tuttle taking notice.

But it was a cold eye he turns on me. As if, when I was kidding with some friendly client, I was breaking one of the house rules or maybe an amendment to the Constitution. So I kidded all the more. And honest, there was times when he looked like he wanted to step over and slap me on the wrist.

"All he needs," I tells Mayme, "is a gun under one arm and a trick hat to be a dead ringer for a Pilgrim Father on his way to church. Giving me the sour stare because I let a frisky old boy get chatty now and then! How does he come that way?"

"One of them down-easters, I hear," says Mayme. "Got an uncle who's part owner of the Gloriana chain, they say, and he's in here learning the business. Might be our boss some day."

"Until he is," says I, "he better not try any uplift stuff on me. Only makes me worse."

Which was the mood I was in an hour later when who should stroll from the elevator, all slicked up like a bridegroom, but Paul Leroy. Well, you know about him. Palpitating Paul, they call him in Hollywood, and when he isn't being divorced from one screen favorite he's just marrying another. I don't know that he holds the record, but he will if he keeps on. Anyhow, he must be some busy lover if all they print about him is so. And I will admit he has a good line. Oh, yes! He don't overlook even me. Generally had one of our de luxe suites when he was in town, and all of us who'd been in the lobby more'n a year got to be friends of his.

Well, this time I must have looked extra pleased to see him, for he stops and holds one of my hands, and feeds me a lot of guff, and leaves me a signed photo to prop up on my desk. The usual movie-star bunk. But I saw Mr. Tuttle eying me and I was letting on to get all steamed up and fluttery over the affair. You know. Business of gazing at the picture and then after Paul and rolling my eyes mushy. I expect I put on a good act, for I had some of the desk clerks nudging one another.

I doubt if anything would have come of it if I hadn't been called into the manager's office later to do some supply contracts, the regular secretary being off for the day. And there with Mr. Carney was Tuttle. I'd only filled a page with notes when Mr. Carney has to answer a long-distance ring and the two of us were left together.

But he's no opportunity grabber, Mr. Tuttle. He sits there without saying a word, and when I looks up to give him the baby stare all he does is shuffle his feet nervous and work up a blush. Actually! He's one of the few who can still do it. And after a long close-up I can almost agree with Mayme. He does have his good points. He's not only got the Lindy chin but more or less of the Lindy manner—shy and modest and all that. Maybe I should have let him alone, but I remembered some of those disapproving glances he'd sent across the lobby and I couldn't help opening up on him.

"Might as well say it as think it, hadn't you, Mr. Tuttle?" says I.

"Wha—what?" he gasps, startled.

"Oh, I got your wireless after I'd been chatting with Paul Leroy," says I. "If there was anything you wanted to add, now's your chance to spill it. Well?"

He squirms in the chair and his ears get red. "I—I don't see why I should," says he.

"Aren't you crazy about Paul?" I asks.

"No," says he.

"Lots are," says I.

"Are you?" he asks.

"What about it if I am?" says I.

He swallows a couple of times and looks at his toes. "I'd rather think you were not," says he.

"Imagine that!" says I. "Why, for instance?"

That gets him gulping again, but finally he says, "Because I—well, you seem like too nice a girl."

"What a shock!" says I. "You don't mean you've found something nice about me? Well, well! Details, please."

He shakes his head. "I'm not good at that sort of thing," says he.

"Then you should have listened in on Paul's line," says I. "He's a wow at it. Tells me I look like a viking's daughter—whatever that is—and he raves over my eyes calls 'em placid gray pools of light. Kind of nifty, that, eh?"

He hunches his shoulders. "If you like to hear such things from a rotter like Paul Leroy," says he, "I've nothing more to say."

"Oh!" says I. "I'm hopeless, am I?"

And somehow that seemed to get under his skin. He stiffens his neck and gets on that solemn look. "So far as I am concerned, quite," says he.

Which had me biting my lip. Honest, I didn't think he'd have the nerve to come back at me that way. Well, I'd asked for it and I'd got it right in the teeth. A every girl friend knows, there's only one thing to case like that. I eased myself into a sobless cat fit gun with the hurt stare, followed by letting my u lip quiver and my chest get heaving. I even went a little misty in the eyes. Then I slumped on the desk with my head in my hands and mumbled something about not expecting to be insulted. It registered, all right. Next minute he's standing over me, fussed and spluttery.

"I'm sorry, Miss Hennessy," says he. "I'm sure I didn't mean to "

(Continued on Page 150)

Verne Convinced Me it Was Lovers' Lane, All Right. I Didn't Find It Such a Poisonous Experience Either

KIBITZER

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"The Bird That I Caught," Says Madge, "Is Not Even Worth the Bush"

I'M NO sooner cut out at the bridge table than I goes to the mat with the wife over Cousin Marvin.

"If that goop doesn't lay off of me," I growls, "I'll smack you out of a relative."

"You and who?" sniffs the missis. "He doesn't mean any harm," she goes on. "Marvin just loves to give advice."

"All right," I yelps, "but why doesn't he cash in on some of it himself, instead of blowing it gratis on the back of everybody's neck?"

"I told you," returns Madge, "it was against his principles to play cards for money ——"

"But apparently not," I cuts in, "for mine. The blame kibitzer!"

"Kibitzer?" queries the frau. "What's that?"

"A kibitzer," I explains, "is a bobo who infests card games, never playing himself, but always telling the cash patrons of the indoor sport what to do. It comes from the Swedish root 'kib' meaning 'nothing' and the Peruvian pronoun 'itzer,' signifying 'less than.'"

"Less than nothing, eh?" remarks the missis. "It's a good word to know. I can use it in my home repartee—to brighten up the corner where you are."

"A kibitzer," I continues, refusing formally to recognize the insult, "is the lowest form of life. It has been estimated that four of 'em can stand on one another's shoulders, the bottom baby on his toes and the top guy waving a silk hat, and walk under a snake. There is only one thing inferior to a kibitzer."

"I suspected," comments the wife, "that you'd drag yourself into the conversation pretty soon."

"I refer," says I coldly, "to the dibitzer. He can only advise a kibitzer—never a player directly. When death removes a kibitzer—and only death can—the senior dibitzer moves up and becomes a junior kibitzer, with the privilege of telling you how you should have played your hand after it's been played. The real fat rights go to the senior kibitzers. They're permitted to pull cards out of your hand and play 'em for you. Of all the dirty scum, though, that Marvin ——"

"Do you realize," interrupts Madge, with the look that's launched a thousand tiffs, "that you are speaking of my cousin?"

"Yes," I comes back, apologetic, "but I couldn't think of a stronger expression at the moment. Tell me," says I, dropping the red-hot poker, "how come he's so good at cards if he's never played 'em?"

"Marvin," answers the frau, "has a wonderful mind for figures and he's studied the different games for scientific reasons. . . . Do you know what combinations and permutations are?"

"Sure, mom," says I. "Combinations are something you janes wear, and permutations are tricks you do with your hair when you find out that Hulda, the skillet fancier in the kitchen, has the same kind of bob you have."

"You're thinking, if any," returns Madge, "of transformations and another breed of combinations. I'm talking about arithmetic of the better sort."

"They must have taught it," says I, "the day I stayed home from kindergarten with a string of matched mumps. What's it good for?"

"Well," comes back the frau, "if you know your permutations there's hardly nothing you can't figure out. For instance, are you aware of the fact that the chances of filling an inside straight flush are one in eighty-six thousand no hundreds and three?"

"Wonderful!" I exclaims, concealing my admiration with no difficulty at all. "I must try it out. Will you do me a favor?"

"As far as you're concerned," offers the wife, "I'm a chronic favor. What now?"

"Have Marvin," I answers, "permute for me how long I'll have to live in order to get eighty-six thousand no hundreds and three straight flushes open in the middle to draw to. If all the bunk in the world," I goes on, scornful, "was piled up in layers, the topmost bunk would be occupied by expert figures. Statistics, my fragile one, are the statics in the tune of progress."

"Just what," demands the wife, "is that supposed to mean?"

"Nothing," I assures her. "When an expression sounds that smart and snappy it doesn't have to mean anything. Ever hear the line 'a bird in the hand's worth two in the bush'?"

"The bird that I caught," says Madge, "is not even worth the bush."

"Can't you discuss anything," I growls, "without getting impersonal? What I want to tell you is that the same wisecracker who slapped the bird-bush nifty into the copy books also put in 'nothing venture, nothing have.' Which do you want to laugh off?"

"You, for choice," returns the missis; "but seeing that I didn't venture, I've nothing to laugh off. What, may I ask, has this to do with Marvin and his figures?"

"Considerable lots," says I. "Anybody's a fathead who thinks he can get by on a mess of mottoes, a set of rules or a flock of figures. More than eleven thousand second mortgages were foreclosed last year on bridge players who refused to lead away from a king and never failed to cover honors. Poor farms are cluttered up with lads who took the rule of eleven for an eleventh commandment that came down from Mt. Sinus. Figures and rules," I concluded, turning a neat epitaph, "make ruts for fools."

"Bosh!" snaps the frau. "Isn't it valuable for a bridge player to know whether he has more chances of making a finesse by leading up to his own hand or up to the dummy? Isn't it ——"

"If he's got any gray," I cuts in, "he'll do the right thing automatic. If he's got to stop and figure what the rule on Page Eight, Section Four, Revised Code, has to say about the situation, or what statistics show happened in seven hundred and twenty-six hands played in Ottumwa, Iowa, he's just playing hooky from his embroidery."

"Your wheels are running," says Madge, "but your motor stopped long ago. I suppose," she adds, "you think your game of bridge is good?"

"Give me the papers, lady," I returns, "keep Marvin's feet off the back rung of my chair and you from being my partner, and I'll show you a rubber of auction that'll bounce you out of your seat."

"Like that heart hand you butchered?" inquires the frau.

"Which one was that?" I comes back.

"Naturally," says Madge, "you'd have to ask which one when it comes to your butchered hands. I'm speaking of the time you made two odd and were set, when three would have given you the game rubber."

"Two," I yelps, "were all that could have been crashed out of that mitt. How ——"

"Marvin," interrupts the missis, "says if you'd have stopped to figure that there were sixteen chances in a hundred of Mazie having the jack of spades and only fourteen in a hundred of Joe holding it, you'd have made another trick. Marvin would have made three without any trouble."

"Sure," I barks:

"Twos are made by fools like me,
But only Marve can make a three.

"You tell that cuckoo cousin of yours," I goes on, "to figure out for me some rainy day how long I'll have to feed a relative, aged twenty-eight, who's just been fired from a job paying twelve dollars a week."

"Do you begrudge the poor boy the little food you give him?" demands Madge angrily.

"No," I assures her, "but I do begrudge the effect the food has on him."

"The effect?" puzzles the little woman.

"Yes," says I. "It permits him to live."

II

I DRIFTS away to the study, and there I finds Joe Taylor. The old side-kicker looks mean enough to bite off rivet heads.

"Say," he shoots at me, "is that Marvin microbe a relative of yours by marriage or some other bad break?"

"Both," I returns.

"Did you know," asks Joe, "that he was a relative before you and Madge pushed off?"

"I'm Not the Sort of Man Who Sends His Wife to the Door When the Installment Collector Knocks"

"I married her," says I, with simple dignity.

"Then, of course," concedes Taylor, "you couldn't have known. Of all the rotten ——"

"I double," I cuts in.

"Redouble," barks Joe.

"Play," I invites.

Taylor beats me. He's got five adjectives in one hand that I never even knew were in the deck and a string of curses that couldn't be trumped on a bank 'oliday in Billingsgate. If there ever was a grand slam Joe scores it off of Marvin.

"Imagine," says he, "trying to play bridge with a guy breathing on your bald spot, going 'tch, tch, tch' every time you lay a card, reaching over your shoulder now and then to point out the pasteboard you ought to lead, and winding up by giving you three sneers for making four spades on a hand that would have been good for two clubs if bid proper according to your house pest. Imagine ——"

"I don't have to imagine," I interrupts. "What do you think he's been doing when I been playing—writing letters of introduction for Lindbergh?"

"I sort of had the idea," says Joe, "that he'd picked me for a home site."

"Trade it in for another idea," I suggests. "He's only been week-ending at the back of your chair; I'm his legal residence. He not only tells me how to play cards but also how to inhale oatmeal properly, how to pick ties that'll match my ethics and the rest of the how, when and wheres."

"I've met kibitzers in my time," remarks Taylor, "but this kinsman of yours on the distaste side is the beatenest."

"The world," says I, "is full of 'em—guys that tell other folks what to do. You know the expression: 'Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives'? Well, the half that doesn't know makes a career of advising the half that does know, if you know what I mean."

"I don't," comes back Joe, "and I'm not going to insult my intelligence by putting the matter up to it. Doesn't Marvin," he asks, "ever sit in at bridge himself?"

"Never," says I. "It's against his principles; but he's studied all about cards, on account of him being a nut on combinations and permutations. You've heard about permutations, of course?"

"Undoubtedly," returns Joe. "They're my favorite summer dish, garnished with participles and with just a dash of split infinitives. What are they?"

"That's a fighting question, laddie," I comes back, "but as one Elk to another, I don't mind telling you they're the art—or maybe it's a gift—of taking a set of figures of no interest whatsoever and producing a result that's utterly valueless. Give a big-league permuter," I goes on, "the statistics on the annual catch of deep-sea eels at Maricopa, Arizona, and in less than no time he'll work out for you the exact yardage of prime linoleum required to cover the Sahara Desert and Millie Doak's kitchen."

"Nice girl, Millie," remarks Taylor; "but what's the connection between permutations and cards, if I may be so crude?"

"Cards," says I, "are just full of permutations. Haven't you noticed?"

"All I've noticed about cards," returns Joe, "is that there are forty spades in a deck when you're drawing to a heart flush."

"That," says I, "is where the permutations come in. If you made a heart flush last Tuesday at 9:13, for instance, you're not due, according to the figures, to make another one until next Saturday night at 11.11."

"Just be my luck," he grunts, "to have a full house out against me about that time."

"If you want," I offers, "I'll have Marvin work out the probability for you."

"I'd rather," says Joe, "have him go to the Sahara and check up on that linoleum. As I get it," he continued, "all this permutation hooey is nothing but ——"

"The law of averages," I finishes.

"I thought," remarks Taylor, "that had been repealed."

"No," I returns. "You must be thinking of the law of supply and demand. Incidentally," I adds, with a glance at the beaker of beverage we've been punishing, "the supply appears to be exhausted. I'll go and get some more to meet the demand."

"You don't have to," says Joe, swallowing hasty. "Here she comes now."

"They want you back in the game," announces the frau.

"What for?" I growls.

"It does seem silly," admits Madge, "but I guess they need a fourth."

"Tell 'em," says I brightly, "to wait until July and they can get a safe-and-sane one."

When I reaches the card room the cousin's nowhere in sight and I feels better about cutting in, but I'm no sooner in my seat and riffling the pasteboards than I gets a clammy sensation of impending doom combined with a portent of disaster and a couple of harbingers of ruin. I don't have to look around to know that Marvin's leaning over me.

"That's no way to shuffle," he kibitzes. "With that system not more than seven cards in the whole deck'll be changed, and the chances are fifty-six in a hundred that the ace of clubs will fall into the same hand that held it last time. Let me show you how to do it right."

"Boy," says I, "for seventeen years, come last Thursday, I have held the nonstop shuffling record. The sandwich and a half I did it on are still to be observed in the Hall of Fame. When I'm through with a deck, cards that have been inseparable for months are further apart than a movie blonde and her brains. Kings and queens are wrenched from their embraces, gatherings of red diamonds are dispersed, the lordly spade walks arm in arm with the poor man's club, the ——"

"Deal," orders the wife, who's my partner. "If you win anything you can make the first payment on a hall."

The hand I slips myself is nothing to write home about on Mother's Day. I've got the queen three times in hearts, four very democratic clubs, four spades under the ten and the six and eight of

All the Time I'm Pouring a Steady Stream of Advice and Lamentations Down Marvin's Neck

carats. That kind of mitt calls for silence and not much of that, but not with me.

"One spade," I bids.

"Oh!" moans Marvin, and clutches wildly at his chest.

"Just a minute," says I. "I made a mistake."

"I hope so," mutters the cousin.

"I meant two spades," says I.

Of course, I'm not enough of a dumb dome to figure on making anything with the kind of atrocity I hold, but with Marvin my motto is: "Anything to cause pain." And I

"Give Him the Air," Snaps Joe

do cause it. Cold beads stand out on the boy's forehead and he looks like he's about to roll up in a faint. The sufferings of the kibitzer are always more intense than those of the player he infests.

The bird to my left passes.

"Three spades," emits the missis, with a puzzled frown in the direction of her pet provider.

"Tch, tch, tch," clucks Marvin, sort of writhing in pity for the missis.

I make four odd with some trifling help from the dummy. The best that Madge can give me is ace, king, queen and a little feller in spades, the ace, king six times in hearts and some other cards of fair repute.

"Why didn't you show your hearts?" demands Marvin of the frau.

"I suppose I should have," admits Madge, "but I'd have had to go to three."

"Makes no difference," insists the kibitzer. "Bridge is a game of information."

"Yeh," says I, "especially in this house. How'd you like my spade make?"

"Criminal!" explodes Marvin. "You didn't even have a clew to a trick in that hand."

"No," I agrees, "but I wasn't counting tricks when I looked over the mess; I was permuting probabilities, thanks to you. One learns, one does. My figures show me that when I'm dealing the chances of my giving my partner a good hand are forty-eight in the hundred. I've been keeping track and on Saturday night I was due to slip her a nifty mitt."

"But this," scowls Marvin, "is only Friday night."

"You," says I, "should have the education."

"If you knew," persists the kibitzer, "that Cousin Madge had a big hand, why didn't you pass and let her bid?"

"I'll have you understand," says I, indignant, "that I'm not the kind of husband that puts an onus on his wife's shoulders. Furs, yes, but nary an onus. I'm not the sort of man who sends his wife to the door when the installment collector knocks. I go myself, regular as clock-work."

"Hear! Hear!" applauds Joe, staggering into the room under a burden of beverage.

"Whose deal?" rasps Madge, and I sees a blaze in her eye that only perfume will quench.

We resumes playing and Marvin, at his fixed post, resumes kibitzing. You'd imagine Dan and Hetty Gunt at the table with us would grow a bit peevish over the running repartee between me and my unofficial adviser, but such is not the case.

In brain measure two Gunts equal one half-wit. Because Marvin wears a bang and a wing tie they think he's a genius, and because he knows a lot of words with spare syllables they figure he must be a member of the French Academy and one of the Forty Immorals.

(Continued on Page 94)

MARACOT DEEP

By Arthur Conan Doyle

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

II

FOR a time I think that we all had the same feeling. We did not want to do anything or to see anything. We just wanted to sit quiet and try to realize the wonder of it—that we should be resting in the plumb center of one of the great oceans of the world. But soon the strange scene round us, illuminated in all directions by our lights, drew us to the windows.

"We had settled upon a bed of high algæ—'Cutleria multifida,' said Maracot—the yellow fronds of which waved around us, moved by some deep-sea current exactly as branches would move in a summer breeze. They were not long enough to obscure our view, though their great flat leaves, deep golden in the light, flowed occasionally across our vision. Beyond them lay slopes of some blackish slaglike material which were dotted with lovely colored creatures—holothurians, ascidians, echini and echinoderms—as thickly as ever an English springtime bank was sprinkled with hyacinth and primroses. These living flowers of the sea, vivid scarlet, rich purple and delicate pink, were spread in profusion upon that coal-black background. Here and there great sponges bristled out from the crevices of the dark rocks, and a few fish of the middle depths, themselves showing up as flashes of color, shot across our circle of vivid radiance. We were gazing enraptured at the fairy scene when an anxious voice came down the tube:

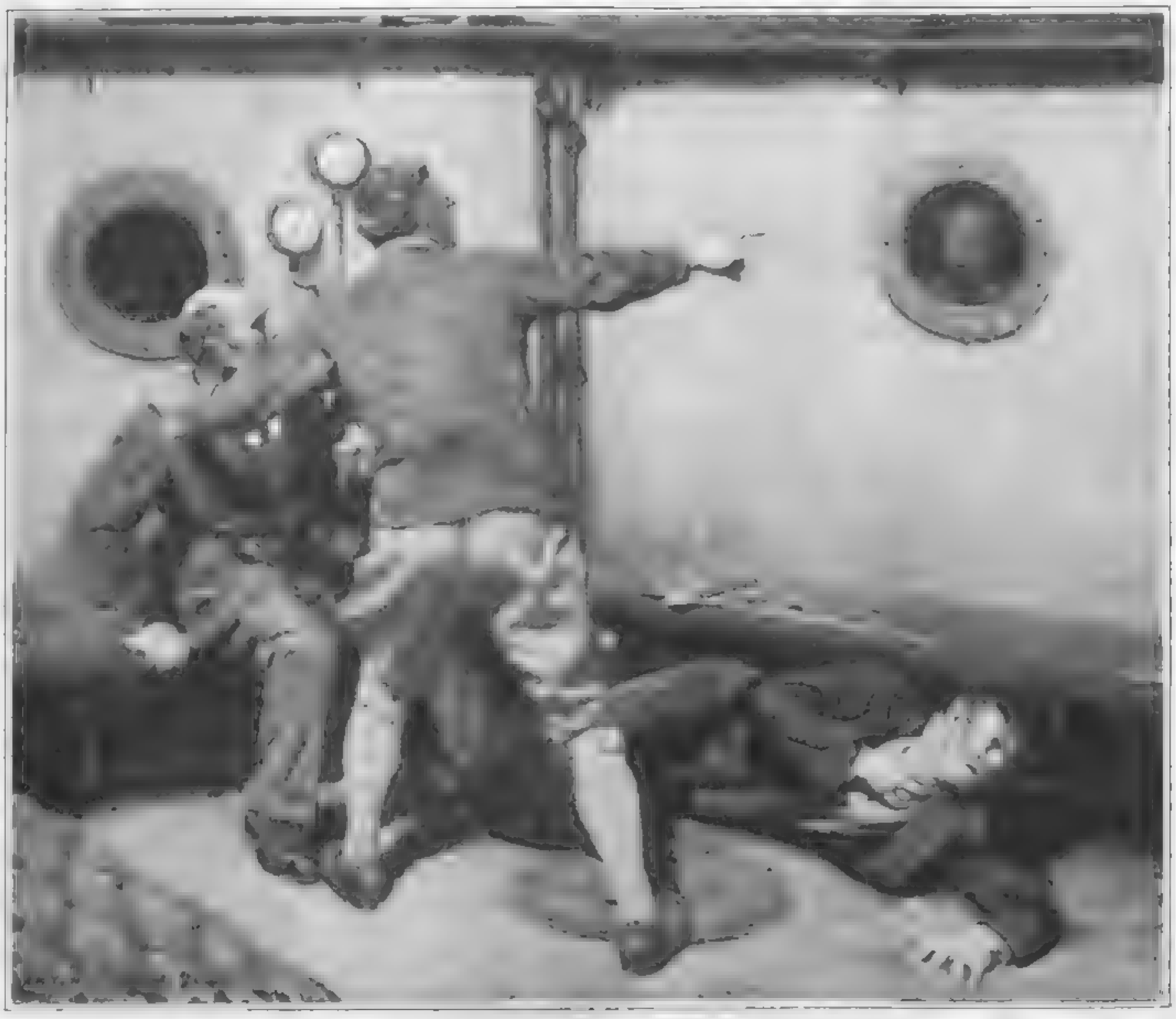
"'Well, how do you like the bottom? Is all well with you? Don't be too long, for the glass is dropping and I don't like the look of it. Giving you air enough? Anything more we can do?'

"'All right, captain!' cried Maracot cheerily. 'We won't be long. We are quite as comfortable as in our own cabin. Stand by presently to move us slowly forward.'

"We had come into the region of the luminous fishes and it amused us to turn out our own lights and in the absolute pitch darkness—a darkness in which a sensitive plate can be suspended for an hour without a trace even of the ultraviolet ray—to look out at the phosphorescent activity of the ocean. As against a black velvet curtain, one saw little points of brilliant light moving steadily along as a liner at night might shed light through its long line of portholes. One terrifying creature had luminous teeth which gnashed in Biblical fashion in the outer darkness. Another had long golden antennæ, and yet another a plume of flame above its head. As far as our vision carried, brilliant points flashed in the darkness, each little being bent upon its own business and lighting up its own course as surely as the nightly taxicabs at the theater hour in the Strand. Soon we had our own lights on again and the doctor was making his observations of the sea bottom.

"'Deep as we are, we are not deep enough to get any of the characteristic bathic deposits,' said he. 'These are entirely beyond our possible range. Perhaps on another occasion, with a longer hawser ——'

"'Cut it out!' growled Bill. 'Forget it!'



"A Human Face Was Looking in at Us Through the Porthole!"

"Maracot smiled. 'You will soon get acclimatized to the depths, Scanlan. This will not be our only descent.'

"'The hell you say!' muttered Bill.

"'You will think no more of it than of going down into the hold of the Stratford. You will observe, Mr. Headley, that the groundwork here, so far as we can observe it through the dense growth of Hydrozoa and siliceous sponges, is pumice stone and the black slag of basalt, pointing to ancient Plutonic activities. Indeed, I am inclined to think that it confirms my previous view that this ridge is part of a volcanic formation and that the Maracot Deep'—he rolled out the words as if he loved them—'represents the outer slope of the mountain. It has struck me that it would be an interesting experiment to move our cage slowly onward until we come to the edge of the Deep and see exactly what the formation may be at that point. I should expect to find a precipice of majestic dimensions extending downward at a sharp angle into the extreme depths of the ocean.'

"The experiment seemed to me to be a dangerous one, for who could say how far our thin hawser could bear the strain of lateral movement? But with Maracot, danger either to himself or to anyone else simply did not exist when a scientific observation had to be made. I held my breath—and so, I observed, did Bill Scanlan—when a slow movement of our steel shell, brushing aside the waving fronds of seaweed, showed that the full strain was upon the line. It stood it nobly, however, and with a very gentle sweeping progression we began to glide over the bottom of the ocean, Maracot, with a compass in the hollow of his hand, shouting his direction as to the course to follow and occasionally ordering the shell to be raised so as to avoid some obstacle in our path.

"'This basaltic ridge can hardly be more than a mile across,' he explained. 'I had marked the abyss as being to the west of the point where we took our plunge. At this rate we should certainly reach it in a very short time.'

"We slid without any check over the volcanic plain, all feathered by the waving golden algæ and made beautiful by the gorgeous jewels of Nature's cutting, flaming out from their setting of jet.

"Suddenly the doctor dashed to the telephone. 'Stop her!' he cried. 'We are there!'

"A monstrous gap had opened suddenly before us. It was a fearsome place, the vision of a nightmare. Black shining cliffs of basalt fell sheer down into the unknown. Their edges were fringed with dangling Laminaria as ferns might overhang some earthly gorge, but beneath that tossing, vibrating rim there were only the black gleaming walls of the chasm. The rocky edge curved away from us, but the abyss might be of any breadth, for our lights failed to penetrate the gloom which lay before us. When one of our signaling lamps was turned downward it shot out a long golden lane of parallel beams extending down, down, down, until it was quenched in the gloom of the terrible chasm beneath us.

"'It is indeed wonderful!' cried Maracot, gazing out with a pleased proprietary expression upon his thin, eager face. 'For depth I need not say that it has often been exceeded. There is the Challenger Deep of twenty-six thousand feet near the Ladrone Islands, the Planet Deep of thirty-two thousand feet off the Philippines, and many others; but it is probable that the Maracot Deep stands alone in the declivity of its descent, and is remarkable also for its escape from the observation of so many hydrographic explorers who have charted the Atlantic. It can hardly be doubted ——'

"He had stopped in the middle of a sentence and a look of intense interest and surprise had frozen upon his face. Bill Scanlan and I, gazing over his shoulders, were petrified by that which met our startled eyes.

"Some great creature was coming up the tunnel of light which we had projected into the abyss. Far down, where it tailed off into the darkness of the pit, we could dimly see the vague black lurchings and heavings of some monstrous body in slow upward progression. Paddling in clumsy fashion, it was rising with dim flickerings to the edge of the gulf.

"Now, as it came nearer, it was right in the beam and we could see its dreadful form more clearly. It was a beast unknown to science and yet with an analogy to much with which we are familiar. Too long for a huge crab and too short for a giant lobster, it was molded more upon the lines of the crawfish, with two monstrous nippers outstretched on either side and a pair of sixteen-foot antennæ which quivered in front of its black, dull, sullen eyes. The carapace, light yellow in color, may have been ten feet across, and its total length apart from the antennæ must have been not less than thirty.

"'Wonderful!' cried Maracot, scribbling desperately in his notebook. 'Semipediculated eyes, elastic lamellæ, family Crustacea, species unknown. Crustaceus Maracot—why not? Why not?'

"'By gosh, I'll pass its name, but it seems to me it's coming our way!' cried Bill. 'Say, doc, what about putting our light out?'

"'Just one moment while I note the reticulations!' cried the naturalist. 'Yes, yes, that will do.' He clicked off the switch and we were back in our inky darkness, with only the darting lights outside, like meteors on a moonless night.

"'That beast is sure the world's worst,' said Bill, wiping his forehead. 'I feel like the morning after a bottle of prohibition hooch.'

"'It is certainly terrible to look at,' Maracot remarked, 'and perhaps terrible to deal with also if we were exposed to those monstrous claws. But inside our steel case we can afford to examine him in safety and at our ease.'

"He had hardly spoken when there came a rap as from a pickax upon our outer wall. Then there was a long-drawn rasping and scratching, ending in another sharp rap.

"'Say, he wants to come in!' cried Bill Scanlan in alarm. 'By gosh, we want No Admission painted on this shack!' His shaking voice showed how forced was his merriment, and I confess that my own knees were knocking together as I was aware of the stealthy monster closing up with an even blacker darkness each of our windows in succession, as he explored this strange shell which could he but crack it might contain his food.

"'He can't hurt us,' said Maracot; but there was less assurance in his tone. 'Maybe it would be as well to shake the brute off.' He hailed the captain up the tube: 'Pull us up twenty or thirty feet!' he cried

"A few seconds later we rose from the lava plain and swung gently in the still water. But the terrible beast was pertinacious. After a very short interval, we heard once more the raspings of his feelers and the sharp tappings of his claws as he felt us round. It was terrible to sit silent in the dark and know that death was so near. If that mighty claw fell upon the window, would it stand the strain? That was the unspoken question in each of our minds.

"But suddenly an unexpected and more urgent danger presented itself. The tappings had gone to the roof of our little dwelling, and now we began to sway with a rhythmic movement to and fro.

"'Good God!' I cried. 'It has hold of the hawser! It will surely snap it!'

"'Say, doc, it's mine for the surface. I guess we've seen what we came to see, and it's home, sweet home for Bill Scanlan. Ring up the elevator and get her going.'

"'But our work is not half done!' croaked Maracot. 'We have only begun to explore the edges of the Deep. Let us at least see how broad it is. When we have reached the other side I will be content to return.' Then up the tube: 'All well, captain. Move on at two knots until I call for a stop.'

"We moved slowly out over the edge of the abyss. Since darkness had not saved us from attack, we now turned on our lights. One of the portholes was entirely obscured by what appeared to be the creature's lower stomach. Its head and its great nippers were at work above us and we still swayed like a clanging bell. The strength of the beast must have been enormous. Were ever mortals placed in such a situation, with five miles of water beneath and that deadly monster above? The oscillations became more and more violent. An excited shout came down the tube from the captain as he became aware of the jerks upon the hawser, and Maracot sprang to his feet, with his hands thrown upward in despair. Even within the shell, we were aware of the jar of the broken wires, and an instant later we were falling into the mighty gulf beneath us.

"As I look back at that awful moment I can remember hearing a wild cry from Maracot. 'The hawser has parted! You can do nothing! We are all dead men!' he yelled, grabbing at the telephone tube; and then—'Good-by, captain, good-by to all.' They were our last words to the world of men.

"We did not fall swiftly down, as you might have imagined. In spite of our weight, our hollow shell gave us some sustaining buoyancy, and we sank slowly and gently into the abyss. I heard the long scrape as we slid through the claws of the horrible creature that had been our ruin, and then with a smooth gyration we went circling downward into the abysmal depths. It may have been fully five minutes, and it seemed like an hour, before we reached the limit of our telephone wire and snapped it like a thread.

"Were Ever Mortals Placed in Such a Situation, With Five Miles of Water Beneath and That Deadly Monster Above?"

Our air tube broke off at almost the same moment and the salt water came spouting through the vents. With quick, deft hands, Bill Scanlan tied cords round each of the rubber tubes and so stopped the inrush, while the doctor released the top of our compressed air, which came hissing forth from the tubes. The lights had gone out when the wire snapped, but even in the dark the doctor was able to connect up the dry cells, which lit a number of lamps

"'It should last us a week,' he said, with a wry smile 'We shall at least have light to die in.' Then he shook his head sadly and a kindly smile came over his gaunt features. 'It is all right for me. I am an old man and have done my work in the world. My one regret is that I should have allowed you two young fellows to come with me. I should have taken the risk alone.'

"I simply shook his hand in reassurance, for, indeed, there was nothing I could say. Bill Scanlan, too, was silent. Slowly we sank, marking our pace by the dark fish shadows which flitted past our windows. It seemed as if they were flying upward rather than that we were sinking down. We still oscillated and there was nothing so far as I could see to prevent us from falling on our side or even turning upside down. Our weight, however, was, fortunately, very evenly balanced and we kept a level floor. Glancing up at the bathymeter, I saw that we had already reached the depth of a mile.

"'You see, it is as I said,' remarked Maracot with some complacency. 'You may have seen my paper in the proceedings of the Oceanographical Society upon the relation of pressure and depth. I wish I could get one word back to the world, if only to confute Bulow of Giessen, who ventured to contradict me.'

"'My gosh, if I could get a word back to the world, I wouldn't waste it on a square-head highbrow!' said the mechanic. 'There is a little wren in Philadelphia that will have tears in her pretty eyes when she hears that Bill Scanlan has passed out. Well, it sure does seem a dum queer way of doing it anyhow.'

"'You should never have come,' I said, putting my hand on his.

"'What sort of tin-horn sport should I have been if I had quit?' he answered. 'No, it's my job, and I'm glad I stuck to it.'

"'How long have we?' I asked the doctor, after a pause.

"He shrugged his shoulders.

"'We shall have time to see the real bottom of the ocean, anyhow,' said he. 'There is air enough in our tubes for the better part of a day. Our trouble is with the waste products. That is what is going to choke us. If we could get rid of our carbon dioxide ——'

"'That, I can see, is impossible.'

"'There is one tube of pure oxygen. I put it in in case of accidents. A little of that from time to time will help to keep us alive. . . . You will observe that we are now more than two miles deep.'

Continued on Page 180

WINGS OF SONG

THE STORY OF CARUSO

By Dorothy Caruso and Torrance Goddard

CARUSO had an adoration for all those minor arts that have found expression in delicacy of design and handicraft—those exquisite little masterpieces wrought in the leisure that followed the great ages of plastic expression in Persia and Magna Græcia and in Italy. He would stand silently before the exhibits in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, passing slowly as if in a dream from one object to another, engrossed in a contemplation of the skill that was able to create such beauty.

From Mr. Canessa's sympathetic article about Caruso and his collection, published in an Italian paper, I translate this conversation:

"And Caruso has no paintings?" Mr. Canessa was asked.

"No, he has none. He adores them, they enchant him; but only the great painters, the glorious pictures, please him. He once said to me, 'A gallery of marvelous paintings or nothing at all.'"

Although Caruso did not collect paintings, he might easily have filled a gallery with portraits sent him by unknown admirers. Some of these were not so bad, but others, copies of his portrait embroidered on silk, painted on china or burned on leather, were ludicrous. Although he recognized them to be the dreadful caricatures of himself that they were, he invariably wrote notes of thanks to the artists; and if he thought the donor in need of money he would inclose a check.

A Present From Caruso

ONE day we had been in the Canessa Galleries selecting some furniture and bronzes for our apartment. Enrico wanted to decorate my drawing-room himself, and, I think, would have sent over the entire collection in his desire to make that room beautiful. I suggested that we adopt the Japanese method and have only a few things at a time placed in the apartment. After we had enjoyed these for a while we could return them to the gallery and replace them with others. Enrico was delighted with this idea, and spent a happy afternoon choosing among his treasures the first ones that we should put into our home.

As we came out of the gallery we met an old friend of Enrico's, a Neapolitan, who at the time was running a restaurant in New York. He greeted us and then turned excitedly to Enrico. "I have the most wonderful painting of Naples to show you. I assure you that it was done by a great artist, and I came by it through a stroke of luck. It hangs in my restaurant. You must come to see it immediately. You, who are a connoisseur in these matters, will appreciate it."

Caruso and Rothier, the Basso

In "The Girl of the Golden West." At Left—His Own Caricature of the Role

Mrs. Caruso at the Time of Her Marriage

Enrico consented good-naturedly to accompany him to the restaurant, and in a few moments we stood before the painting. It was one of the most terrible chromos that I have ever seen. I turned anxiously to look at Enrico, expecting him to burst out into a storm of reproaches that his friend should have induced him to waste his time by coming to see so frightful a thing. To my amazement he stood looking at it thoughtfully, his face absolutely expressionless.

"How much is it?" he asked.

"Five hundred dollars—and that is little enough!" cried the owner of the painting.

"Enrico!" I cried, clutching his arm. "You won't buy it! Why, it's horrible!" I had a vision of this dreadful daub that looked as if someone had spilled on the canvas several assorted cans of floor paint, hanging in our apartment.

Enrico paid no attention to me. "All right," he said calmly, "I will take it."

"But what will you do with it?" I asked, almost ready to cry with vexation. The delighted owner was already calling a waiter to help him lift the picture from the wall.

"I will send it to L," Enrico grinned at me. "He is from Naples, and he will like a present from Caruso. Besides"—he lowered his voice—"this man needs money. He would never ask me for it. So you see, Doro, we will do good all around."

He ordered the chromo shipped to Mr. L with Caruso's compliments, and all day at intervals he chuckled to himself at the probable reception of the gift. "Perhaps he will think he must hang it next to the Corot." And he added that Mr. L had some rare works of art. "But none like this!" Enrico said, laughing.

The Richness of Life

HE WAS even more delighted the next day when he received Mr. L's bewildered thanks. It was not until he found that the chromo was actually hung in Mr. L's gallery that he relented and begged him to take it down—he was only "making a funny."

No one ever enjoyed his friends so much as Caruso, and no one was so loyal to them. Commenting once on the engagement of one of his friends to a very homely girl, I said, "But, Enrico, she is so ugly!" He looked at me gravely: "That may be, but as he is a friend of mine, we will not say that again." It was a lesson I never forgot. To him his friends could do no wrong, and many times I have stopped myself from making a criticism that to most people would have been an obvious remark; it would have been to him a disloyalty to a friend.

Caruso did not like visitors at all hours, and this is understandable; for, besides studying and practicing, he had important conferences that could not be interrupted and business affairs that he could not always postpone. But there were a few friends for whom the machinery of the day would stop and who came into his home at any time.

In some cases, as with Antonio Scotti, whom he called affectionately Totono, he would wave a greeting, beg him to make himself at home and go on with whatever was occupying him at the moment. Two or three of his Italian cronies drifted in and out, making no demand on his attention, and his companions at the opera house were always sure of a welcome. Amato, de Segurola, Martinelli, Polacco, Moranzoni, Bodansky and Papi—for these there was always a clasp of the hand and a greeting.

There were others who came only occasionally but to whom he was devoted and for whom all work would be dropped at once. One of these was Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini. The first time I met that delightful singer she came in to see us one afternoon late, before a concert she was to give at the Hippodrome. Enrico jumped up from the table where we were pasting stamps and greeted her affectionately, kissing her on both cheeks. In a few moments I understood why Enrico was so fond of her and was hoping she would like me as much as I liked her. The poor

lady was suffering from a cold and was worried about the condition of her voice for the evening's concert.

"Wait then!" cried Enrico. "I have a good spray. It will make your throat well. Come with me." He led her into his bathroom, and making her sit on the edge of the tub, he sprayed her throat carefully with a mixture of ether and iodoform. I can still see Madame Tetrazzini balancing on the rim of the tub, in full evening costume, with a short ermine cape about her shoulders, while Enrico, wearing his immense gold-rimmed spectacles, hung over her like an anxious and benevolent owl. As he

Mr. and Mrs. Caruso in Atlanta, May, 1919. At Right—The Collector Examines His Precious Collection

sprayed she had to pant quickly and not stop for a moment or the ether would have gone down into her lungs and anæsthetized her. This spray acted very much like a varnish or a coat of shellac over the vocal cords. The results must have been beneficial, for according to the morning papers Madame Tetrazzini sang with her usual pure and beautiful voice.

Caruso Sends Regrets

I THINK there was no person to whom Enrico was more devoted than to Mr. Calvin G. Child, one of the directors of the Victor Company. For many years Caruso had made all his arrangements with the company through Mr. Child, and their relationship had grown from that of a business acquaintance to a close friendship. No matter how nervous or troubled Enrico might be, a few soothing words from Mr. Child would serve to restore his equilibrium. If he was depressed and sad Mr. Child left him happy and contented; if he was worried and anxious Mr. Child put his mind at ease. Enrico trusted him implicitly and relied with the utmost confidence on his advice and judgment. There was never a shadow of misunderstanding between these two men, so entirely dissimilar in most respects and yet so alike in their devotion to the most perfect expression of the singing voice.

One day Mr. Child called Caruso's attention to a note in a record that shook a little. "It's not quite right, is it?" he asked mildly.

"Oh, that's emotion," rejoined Caruso, and Mr. Child nodded, entirely satisfied.

But while friends might drop in during the day, Caruso liked to do as he pleased in the evenings, and, as I have related before, he liked nothing better that first winter than to arrange and paste his stamps. Occasionally he would be persuaded into accepting an invitation to dine, and often something like this would happen:

About four o'clock of the afternoon of the dinner he would say sadly, but making a visible effort to be resigned and brave, "Well, Doro, we won't be able to paste in our stamps this evening." There were times, I must confess, when I wanted to shout "Hurrah!" But I soon came to know what he wanted me to say, and so to please him I would shake my head sorrowfully and say, "Isn't that too bad, darling!"

There followed a short and thoughtful silence, and then—"We might send a telegram. Such a big banquet, it doesn't matter whether I am there or not. Do you think so, Doro?"

Trying not to smile, I would consider the matter carefully and say it did not really matter.

As though freed from a terrible punishment, he would spring up shouting for Zirato: "We will send the telegram! I like to stay home!" And then the ever-tactful Zirato would accomplish the miracle of making Mr. Caruso's excuses in person, and return to assure him that the committee understood perfectly, regretted exceedingly, and so on, with so many kind protestations that I would blush for the wicked Enrico, who was already clad in his brocaded robe, calm and happy at the prospect of a quiet evening at home. If a telegram was sent it was worded so convincingly that no one could have been offended, and in my heart I could not blame Enrico, for most banquets were interminable affairs, with long speeches which he could only understand if he concentrated his whole attention on the speaker.

If, however, it was a dinner given in his honor Enrico would accept, but would send Zirato with a message to his hostess asking to be seated beside his wife. "Tell her," he would say to Zirato, "that I married my wife to be with her If I have to be away from her I would rather stay home."

In Their Home at the Knickerbocker the First Year of Their Marriage

I was very proud that he should feel this way, but I often wondered if my hostess thought it was really all my doing and that I was an unusually jealous wife.

At a banquet Enrico rarely ate anything, but as the meal progressed he gradually collected all the menu cards, on which he drew caricatures of the guests, to their great enjoyment. And not only at banquets did he occupy himself in this way but at any moment of the day, in the midst of an important conference, at luncheon in a restaurant, when talking over a contract—at any and all times he automatically reached for a pencil and began to draw. He had an astonishing faculty, which probably is the peculiar art of the cartoonist, of seizing instantly upon the characteristic feature of a face and turning it into a burlesque of that person—amusing, but rather uncanny, for underneath the parody there was always a likeness of the real person. Caruso had in his possession a collection of all the cartoons published in the American newspapers during the war.

The Caricature of the President

ONE day we passed the window of a bookstore in which was displayed a caricature of President Wilson which he had drawn. It was signed E. C. Enrico stood close to the glass staring at it, his nose pressed against the pane like a small boy. At last he sent me in to ask the price of it. When I returned and told him it was seventy-five dollars he was overcome with astonishment and delight. I think that seventy-five dollars pleased him more than the $10,000 check he received for a concert.

Caruso was such a versatile person, he had so many interests that it seems almost a paradox to say that he was uneducated. And yet in the accepted sense of the

(Continued on Page 156)

Caruso's Accompanist and Nina Morgana

THE BELLAMY TRIAL

"And Then He Said That He'd Spied on Them—That He'd Seen Them Go to the Cottage Together"

By Frances Noyes Hart

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

VI

THE reporter looked from the clock to the red-headed girl and back again, with an expression in which consternation and irritation were neatly blended. The red-headed girl's hat was well over one eye, her nose was undeniably pink, she had a fluff of hair over her ear, a fiery spot burning in either cheek and two more in her eyes. The clock said 10:35.

"Well, you're a fine one," said the reporter in tones that belied the statement. He removed an overcoat, a woolly scarf, a portable typewriter, seven tabloid newspapers and a gray felt hat from the seat next to him and waited virtuously for appropriate expressions of gratitude. None were forthcoming. The red-headed girl scrambled unceremoniously over his feet, sank into the seat and abandoned herself to a series of minute but audible pants varied by an occasional subdued sniff.

"What in the world ——" began the reporter.

"Don't speak to me!" said the red-headed girl in a small fierce voice, and added even more fiercely: "What's happened?"

"That's what I want to know!" remarked the reporter with some emphasis. "What in the world was that perfectly ungodly racket going on outside in the hall?"

"Me," said the red-headed girl. "Who's been on the stand?"

"You? For the Lord's sake, what were you doing?"

"Screaming," said the red-headed girl. "Who's been on the stand?"

"Just a guy from a prison out West to prove that Orsini had served a jail sentence for robbery. What were you screaming about?"

"Because they wouldn't let me in. . . . Who's on now?"

"That red-headed fellow, Leo Fox, from the gas station. He's through with his direct, and Farr has him now. . . . Why wouldn't they let you in?"

"Because —— No, I can't tell you all that now. Later—at lunch. Listen, won't you ——"

"It was Saturday night, wasn't it, Mr. Fox?"

"Sure it was Saturday night."

Mr. Fox, who was lavishly decorated with freckles, whose coat was about three inches too tight for him and whose tie was about three shades too green, shifted his chewing gum dexterously to the other cheek and kept a wary eye on Mr. Farr.

"There were a good many cars getting gas at your station on fine Saturday nights in June, weren't there?"

"Sure there were."

"Yet this car and its occupants are indelibly stamped on your memory?"

"If you mean do I remember the both of them, sure I do. They wasn't just getting gas; the dame—the lady—she wanted a drink of water, and it was me what got it for her. That was what made me remember them, see?"

"And all you know is that it was some time after nine, because you didn't come on duty until nine?"

"That's right. I don't never come on until then; and sometimes I'm a couple of minutes late, at that."

"But it might have been two minutes past nine instead of twenty-five minutes past, as Mrs. Ives claims?"

"No, sir, it couldn't have been nothing of the kind. People don't get eight gallons of gas, and pay for it, and get change, and ask for glasses of water and get them, and drink them and get away all in two minutes. It must have been more than ten minutes past, no matter if they were the first ones to come along after I checked in."

Mr. Farr contemplated him with marked disfavor.

"I didn't ask you for a speech, Mr. Fox. The only fact you are able to state to us positively as to the time is that you came on duty at nine o'clock, and that Mrs. Ives and Mr. Bellamy appeared after you had arrived?"

"That's right."

"Then that will be all. You may stand down."

"Call Mr. Patrick Ives," said Mr. Lambert.

"Mr. Patrick Ives!"

From the corner by the window where he had sat, hour after hour and day after day, with his mother's small gloved hand resting lightly and reassuringly on his knee, Patrick Ives rose and moved slowly forward toward the witness box.

How tall he was, thought the red-headed girl—how tall and young, for all the haggard misery and bitterness of that white and reckless face. He stood staring about him for a moment, his black head towering inches above those about them; then, with one swift stride, he was in his place.

"Mr. Ives, will you be good enough to tell us as concisely as possible just what happened on the night of June 19, 1926, from the time that you arrived at your home to the time that you retired for the night?"

"Oh," said Patrick Ives indifferently, "I doubt whether I could do anything along that line at all. I have a notoriously bad memory, and I'd simply be faking a lot of stuff that wouldn't do either of us any good. Besides, most of that ground has been gone over by other witnesses, hasn't it?"

The casual insolence of the conversational tone had had the effect of literally hypnotizing Mr. Lambert, Mr. Farr and the redoubtable Carver himself into a state of stupefied inaction. As the voice ceased, however, all three emerged

from coma into violent energy. It was difficult to tell which of the three was the most profoundly moved, though Mr. Lambert's protestations were the most piercing. Fortified by his gavel, however, Judge Carver managed to batter the rest into silence.

"Let that answer be stricken from the record! It is totally improper, Mr. Ives. This is not a debating society. You will kindly refrain from expressing your opinions on any subject whatsoever, and will confine yourself to the briefest replies possible."

"If Mr. Lambert will put a definite question to me I'll see whether I can give him a definite answer," replied Mr. Ives, looking entirely unchastened and remotely diverted.

"Very well," said Lambert, choking with ill-concealed wrath. "Will you be so kind as to tell us whether anything out of the ordinary occurred during dinner that evening, Mr. Ives?"

"No."

"Before dinner?"

"No."

"After dinner?"

"No."

Mr. Ives flung him the monosyllables like so many very bare bones tossed at a large, hungry, snapping dog.

"Miss Page testified that she met you at the nursery door with a ship model in your hand at about eight o'clock. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"When did you see her again?"

"About a quarter of an hour later."

"Was her testimony as to what followed correct?"

"Oh, it was correct enough as far as it went."

"It went further than she told us?"

"Considerably," said Mr. Ives, a grimly reminiscent smile flitting across his haggard young face.

"In what direction?"

"In the direction of violent hysterics and general lunacy," said Mr. Ives unfeelingly.

"What was the cause of these—er—manifestations?"

"Miss Page," said Mr. Ives with great clarity and precision, "is a high-strung, unbalanced, hysterical little idiot Mrs. Ives had."

"Does Your Honor consider that a responsive reply?" inquired Mr. Farr with mild interest.

"The court has already warned the witness to keep strictly to the question. It repeats that warning. As for the reply, it may be stricken from the record."

"I consider it an absolutely responsive reply," cried Mr. Lambert with some heat. "Mr. Ives was explaining why Miss Page ——"

"You may take your exception and put the question again, Mr. Lambert. The court has ruled on the reply."

"What caused the hysteria that you speak of?" inquired Mr. Lambert through gritted teeth.

"The fact that Mrs. Ives had told her that her services were no longer required, and that she had better make her preparations to leave on Monday. Miss Page wished me to intervene in her behalf, as I had already done on two occasions."

"Did you acquiesce?"

"On the contrary," said Pat Ives—and at the tone of chilled steel in his voice the red-headed girl felt a flash of something like pity for her pet detestation, the flower-faced Miss Page—"I told her that in my opinion Sunday was a better day than Monday, and that I'd send Roberts to help with the packing."

"Why was Miss Page so anxious to stay, Mr. Ives?"

"How should I know? She probably realized that it was a very excellent job that she was losing."

"That is the only explanation that occurs to you?"

"It is the only explanation that it occurs to me to give you," said Mr. Ives gently, a small, dangerous smile playing about the corner of his mouth.

Mr. Lambert eyed him indecisively for a moment, and prudently decided on another tack. "Did that conclude your conversation?"

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Ives, the smile deepening. "That started it."

"Will you give us the rest of it, please?"

"I'm afraid I can't. As I told you, I have a bad memory. If it doesn't betray me, however, I believe that it was largely an elaboration of the two original themes."

"What themes?"

"The themes of her departure and my intervention."

"Miss Page said nothing about a note?"

"A note?" There was a look of genuine surprise in the lifted brows.

"She did not mention having intercepted a note from Mrs. Stephen Bellamy—having abstracted it from a book in the library?"

"I see," said Mr. Ives, the brows relaxing, the smile returning, a little deeper and more dangerous. "No, I don't believe that she mentioned that. It would probably have made an impression on me if she had."

"Had you any reason to believe that Miss Page was jealous of Mrs. Bellamy, Mr. Ives?"

"Jealous of Mrs. Bellamy? Why should Miss Page have been jealous of Mrs. Bellamy?"

"I thought that possibly you might be able to tell us."

"You were in error," said Mr. Ives, leaning a little forward in his chair. "I am totally unable to tell you."

He did not lift his voice, but Mr. Lambert moved back a step somewhat precipitately.

"Yes—exactly. Now, Mr. Ives, Melanie Cordier has testified that you told her that you had not found the note she claims to have placed there. Was that correct?"

"That is what I told her, certainly."

"And it was an accurate statement on your part?"

Mr. Farr rose leisurely to his feet. "Just one moment, please. I'm becoming a little confused from time to time as to whether this is direct or cross examination. It looks as though Mr. Lambert were going to leave me very little to do. Possibly I'm in error, but it sounds to me as though he were impeaching the veracity of his own witness."

"The court is inclined to agree with you. Do you object to the question?"

"I don't particularly object to the question, but it strikes me as totally out of place."

(Continued on Page 68)

"They Were Bonds—Eighty-Five Thousand Liberty, Fifteen Thousand Municipal. I Counted Them Twice to Make Sure"

CRUSADE

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"If You Know, Sir Josselyn, How Weary I am of Secrecy and Lies. I Can See Something Has Happened to Yussuf. Is He in Prison or Dead?"

XIII

HE COULD not but laugh at himself with surprise, and perhaps with a little bitterness, that, prepared by temperament and calling to anything of death, where now a problem of life faced him, he was helpless. He had been brought up to a certain way; sent on a certain mission. Down the marked roadway of his years he had gone unthinking; but now he must, as it were, cross country to no settled point, and he did not know what to do.

One thing was certain: He could stay no longer in Jerusalem, nor in the Holy Land, nor in any place where the Temple stretched its dark shadow. He was utterly a dead man in so far as the Templars were concerned. Ireland he could not go back to. There was nothing in Leinster for him, and the small fighting in the Ulster hills would be ridiculous to him, now he had been a captain in the East. Nor might Dark Hugh have him. A certain dark and passionate Irishness sprang up in him to see himself so lone and deserted now. He thought bitterly: "Why should such a great organization as the Templar order attack a poor captain of foot soldiers, one utterly unimportant?" But he figured shrewdly: "Alive you are unimportant, O'Neill, but dead you are of great value. Then it will be remembered that you were the inner guard of Saint Sepulcher and a grandnephew of the King of Ulster." But he was against the Temple, the Order will hint, and now they would quote: "I shall behold man no more with the inhabitants of the world. Mine age is departed, and is removed from me as a shepherd's tent." At first he had said: "Let them kill me!" And now he said: "I'm damned if they will."

Although he knew Sir Odo could do nothing, that in protecting him the Cornish knight would be risking his mission, he could not forbear from hurting him. When he turned over his command he would accept nothing from the duke's envoy but his exact pay. The burly man's face was white and shamed.

"Miles," Trelawney said, "I am close to our Lord the King, and I have in mind the writing of a letter ——"

"Dear sir," O'Neill said silkily, "if one so close to His Majesty cannot protect his lieutenant, what can the King's Majesty do? Also, Sir Odo, my small military gifts from now on will be directed against your Lord the King." He did not mean that. But he felt an Irish turbulence boil through the gloss of chivalry.

"Miles, I am dreadfully sorry!" The Cornishman's shame was pitiable. But the Irishman was hard and cold.

"I should think you would be."

Josselyn had been the unwilling witness of the interview. He had turned his back and was examining a little Surian chaplet of amber, as though he had never seen anything like it before. Only when the Cornish knight left did he turn around.

"Miles, you know," he said embarrassedly, "the old man can't do anything. And he's broken under it."

"I know," O'Neill said, "and I can't keep my anger down. It's my black heart, Josselyn. My head tells me all this. But I turn bitter within, and the tongue strikes. I can't help it. It really hurts me more than it does him."

"Damn all politics, old captain," Josselyn said. "Now to get you out. What about tonight?"

"No, I won't leave Jerusalem until I've seen the party from Damascus clear on their way home."

"Miles, you're mad. You're alone here, except for me, and they've got all the Mohammedan world to protect them. And every minute counts."

"They'll go in two days. I won't go until they're gone."

"You're mad. You're utterly mad. But you're right," Josselyn grinned.

O'Neill had told the sister of Ali a cock-and-bull story of a monk whom he had ejected from the Sepulcher for quarreling with the Greeks, and who had sworn to kill him, as an explanation for the attack in the Temple. And had later in the day told her, to quiet her fears for him, that the man had been locked up as a madman. Miles knew why she had been attacked. The Templars wanted him to feel that his protection was of no value, and to hurt him before they killed him. Very probably, too, they knew, as they seemed to know everything, that this was no young Arab sheykh, but a girl.

Why had she come to El-Kuds—the Holy? If she weren't in the neighborhood, he would have been well on his way to Cyprus by now, looking up his old chief, De Lacy. And yet, even at the risk of his life he was glad to have seen her again. It was a memory to keep for the black days coming, and he knew there would be black days. And now, she was in danger, too, through him. He sought out the black swordsman, Yussuf, and told him the truth of the attack in the Temple—that it was made on Kothra, not on him. The negro's face was like black stone. When he said he was lucky enough to catch the blow on his shoulder, the African fanatic seized his hand and kissed it. And again the face became like black stone.

"So don't let her out of your sight, Yussuf, and for God's sake, get her back to Es-Shâm at once."

"She shall never leave my sight by day, Sheykh O'Neill," Yussuf es-Senyussi answered, "and at night this old dog shall watch outside her door."

"Remember, soon to Damascus!"

It came to him now with a shock that he was intensely fond of this country he was leaving. Never again to see the sweet proportions of the Noble Dwelling; and the little hills that are about Jerusalem, with their small wild flowers; the absurd gait of camels; the silver olive trees and their presses for oil; the blue hills of Moab, behind which one felt the vast wilderness of Sinai; Galilee of the sunshine and great roach, whose eastern bank was so good for hunting bear, leopard, hyena and an occasional lion; the vast starry skies of Asia, whose great stars were like little lamps in a shrine; the surf breaking at Jaffa; the cotton fields beyond the town; the orchards heavy with apricots! Though he fought in Hungary or High Germany or Spain,

yet it would be only straightforward hacking, and the life would be only existence. There would be no subtlety to it. The men who wrote from right to left in beautiful curves and minute exact points, and had a vast courtesy—he would miss them.

Asia Minor had taken the place of Ireland in his heart, and now was a second exile. The Arab story-tellers were like the Irish ones, the Arab dogs were like the coursing hounds of Ireland, and life, except for passionate gusts of religion and war, as in Ireland, flowed by softly and gently, as in Ireland too. Even the names of places had a significance like the Irish place names. Some of them the Tewkesbury friar who was learned in Hebrew had translated for him, and they were each like little poems—Carmel, the Field of Fruit; Bethlehem, the House of Bread; Bethacherem and Bethphage, the House of Vineyards and the House of Figs; and Beth-haggan, the House of Gardens; Engannim, the Garden of Springs; Nahal-eshcol, the Valley of Grapes. Since he had put Ireland away, Asia had flowered in his heart.

However, there was too much to do to leave time for repining. Once on the deck of some Greek merchant's boat, going to Cyprus for wine, he could think all he liked of his second lost country. But the job in hand was to get aboard alive. While he was making his plans Josselyn dropped in on him.

"I thought I might as well tell you," the Kentish boy smiled, "that a courier of the old man's has just left for England. He is to make arrangements for horses at each stage to be ready on the King of England's business, and for a sloop to be waiting at Jaffa."

"No, Josselyn," O'Neill said, "I won't accept it from the old man."

"It's not from the old man."

"Well, I can't afford it."

"You can well afford to let your old comrades help you. No, it isn't I alone. It's a half dozen of us. We're not going to see you butchered in Jerusalem. Now, listen. You're to go around as if nothing had happened. When you see the Damascus party off across the Jordan ford, I shall escort them with the Welsh archers. When we get back, you slip out that night. You sit down and ride, O'Neill. There's no need to tell you how fast you've got to ride."

O'Neill laughed uncomfortably. "I don't know what to say. I'm ashamed of how I feel. I didn't think, outside yourself, Josselyn, I had a friend in the world."

"You've got hundreds here, so don't be a fool. Now, please do something for me. Young Hugh a' William wants to go with you as squire. He's a good lad. His people are decent Welsh folk and he'd get his knighthood in a few years. You'll like him, O'Neill."

"But I'm the poorest of poor knights, Josselyn. And God knows where I'm going. I'm sorry, but I can't take him."

"You've got to. He's gone with the King's messenger and is waiting for you at Jaffa at the English Hospice. Remember, go around as if nothing had happened. But wear your chain shirt, and if you've got—any of the Damascus visitors with you, keep out of a crowd. For God's sake, keep out of crowds."

She came with the giant African attendant to pay some of her last visits, and O'Neill met her at David's Gate. The Arab grooms held the horses while they dismounted, and they listened awhile to a story-teller who was relating the epic of Taj al-Mulúk and the Princess Dunyá:

"Now when Taj al-Mulúk looked about him at the caravan he saw a handsome youth in neat attire and of shapely make, with flowerlike forehead and moonlike face, save that his beauty was wasted and yellow lines had overspread his cheeks by reason of parting from her he loved, and great was his groaning and moaning, and the tears streamed from his eyelids, and he repeated several couplets of the poem called Longsome is Absence; and when he had ended them he fell down in a fainting fit, and coming to himself he recited the poem Beware Her Glance, and he sobbed a loud sob and swooned away. . . ."

She looked at O'Neill with a puzzled, humorous glance. "Is there love like that among the Nazarenes, O'Neill?"

"No, only among the Arab, sister of Ali."

"Now, God confound you, O'Neill!" she turned on him furiously. "Do you know so little of the Arab as that? Do you think the Companions of the Prophet loved that way? Or Saladin? Or Nureddin? Or Abd el Melik, the Lion? Or Haroun er-Raschid, the Upright? Or Abu Tork the Father of the Bull? Do you think that I should give myself to one melting like a rotten apricot? Ah, but you laugh, O'Neill. You do not mean this thing. But you must not make me angry. Anger is unbecoming in a sheykh, and these are my two last days in this place—today and tomorrow."

"Then you leave for Damascus?"

"We leave Jerusalem for Damascus."

He was about to say "Thank God!" but she was watching him closely, and he uttered some banality of how he would miss her. They walked around the walls, looking toward the hills of the Moabite country, past the great stone houses where once Moslem princes had lived. Only an occasional shambling beggar passed them, or a woman bearing on her head a jar of water from a well. Behind them the vast African trod, with his strange un-African tread—on the balls of his feet, agile as a leopard, light as a cat.

"When are you coming to Damascus to see us, O'Neill?"

"Soon," he said. "Very soon." He was surprised he could lie so well, seeing how heavy his heart was that he would never see the marble city, with its fountains and gardens, any more. Never again see the balls of gold in the glossy orange trees or the almond trees breaking into a foam of beauty.

"You must come soon, O'Neill. For the Beni Iskander hunger to see their friend. Even the slaves of the house ask for you. And my father says: 'If Ali had lived, I should have liked the Sheykh O'Neill to be his friend.' When he mentions Ali, O'Neill, his heart is bare. So that you see how he loves you. Also this: Mohammed and Abdallah, who know the wastes of the desert better than any other chiefs, say that the Khorezmians are massing in the north to come down on Syria and Palestine. They are like the infinite locusts, thick as rain, yellow as locusts. And under their leader El-Waysh, the Beast, they have sworn to leave no Mussulman or Christian alive, and to raze Es-Shâm the Beautiful to the ground. Myself, I do not believe this thing. For has not Damascus seen the beginning of time and will it not see time's end? But the people of the country are afraid of El-Waysh.

"Listen, O'Neill, I will tell you a secret terrible thing. The King of the Assassins, the Sheykh el-Jebel, sent two of his best *fedawi*, or devoted ones, to kill El-Waysh. But the Beast discovered them and lopped their hands and

Continued on Page 187

He Stepped Back and Looked at the Swordsmen. "And Now, Men, When You are Ready." And He Drew Out His Own Long Weapon

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 15, 1927

Shall We Weaken the Johnson Act?

NOTHING could be further from the truth than the belief that the Johnson quota law put an end to our immigration troubles. It is a long step in the right direction, but it is only a step, and not the whole distance. It was too much to hope that the errors of immigration policy persisted in for forty years could be suddenly rectified or wiped out by a single law not enacted until it was a whole generation overdue.

The beneficent effects of the act must not be underestimated. Undesirable immigration has unquestionably been checked. The type of newcomers admitted under the quota is steadily rising. Best of all, the sentiment of the nation has been roused out of the slumber of a century and every able-minded citizen is now aware that cheap foreign labor means cheap domestic breeding stock and a serious deterioration of the American strain. The American people have tardily but unmistakably gone on record in favor of recruiting our population from the clean, strong, able and thrifty for our own national benefit, rather than from the diseased, the weak, the feeble-minded and the criminal for the benefit of the lands which are anxious to cast them out.

In legislation, as in everything else, practice lags a long way behind theory. No sooner had we begun to pat ourselves on the back for having dammed out the on-rushing floods, and for having brought about an economic readjustment by the invention of automatic machinery which fulfills many of the functions of cheap labor at less cost and higher efficiency, than we learned to our dismay that we were getting other low-grade immigrants in place of those that we had formerly received. The nations of the Western Hemisphere are not amenable to the quota law. Cheap Mexican labor has swarmed over the Rio Grande and overrun the Southwest, spreading out like a fan into the North and East. Local chambers of commerce are already loud in their complaints that Mexicans of both sexes are monopolizing their jails, hospitals, poorhouses and other public institutions, and are placing intolerable burdens upon their taxpayers. In certain regions crimes of violence abound and our native tongue has been displaced.

Bootlegging aliens into the country is one of the most flourishing industries to be found on our Southern frontier. What is worse, efforts were made some time ago to beat the devil round the legal stump by legalizing the entry of these smuggled peons. Such efforts, wherever they occur and whoever is responsible for them, should meet with the sternest condemnation. No one knows how many aliens whose presence is unlawful we are harboring. The lowest estimate is one million; a more plausible one is three millions.

The knowledge that we have among us three million foreigners laughing in their sleeves because they were able to flout and defy with impunity the authority of the Federal Government is not pleasing to patriotic Americans. And yet the press teems with propaganda advocating the legalization of the entry of large classes of unlawful and unwelcome visitors.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that the foreign-language press is engaged in such an endeavor when we find responsible government officials advocating modification of the Johnson Act. No less a person than Harry E. Hull, Commissioner General of Immigration, is quoted by the New York Times as being prepared to ask Congress to admit several classes of aliens now excluded and to legalize the unlawful entry of others who are now here.

We do not believe that the Commissioner General of Immigration desires to impair the efficiency of the Johnson Act in any way. But he has doubtless been so moved by cases of individual hardship which have come to his attention that personal sympathy, by no means discreditable to him, has caused him to lose sight of the larger considerations involved.

A perennial criticism of our existing immigration laws is that they leave so little to the discretion of those intrusted with their enforcement. This objection is not without weight; and yet no one knows better than the Commissioner General of Immigration that the greater the amount of discretion placed in the hands of his bureau, the greater will be the political pressure to be brought upon it. This strain is already so near the breaking point that it would seem to an innocent bystander as if any increase of it would put a conscientious official between the tightening jaws of a vise, one of which would be public duty and the other private pressure.

We should far rather see Mr. Hull endeavoring to tighten the bands of the Johnson Act than engaged in loosening them. The sob sisters, the uplift and the foreign-language press and the bootlegged aliens have amply demonstrated their ability to take care of themselves.

Mapless America

FEW persons realize the incompleteness with which these United States have been officially surveyed and mapped or the imperative need for the steady prosecution of this work.

Accurate topographical maps are a prime requisite for studies upon which to base any comprehensive system of flood control. And yet, according to C. H. Birdseye, one of the chief engineers of the Department of the Interior, only 13.5 per cent of the Mississippi Valley has been fully mapped. Without such data engineers will be working in the dark, and there is a very real danger that extensive engineering projects laid out by blindfolded experts will involve a deplorable waste of time and money.

No fewer than ten states in the Mississippi basin have failed to make appropriations for such work and, as a consequence, it is at a standstill. In certain regions the Federal Government has had to do the mapping in states which offered financial coöperation; but according to figures furnished by the Geological Survey only 166,713 square miles out of a total of 1,231,930 in the Mississippi Valley are now covered by standard maps. Some 41 per cent of the total area has been mapped after a fashion, but only the modern maps drawn to standard scales are of much real value. Except in such cases as require large-scale maps it has been the practice of the Government to split expenses fifty-fifty with the states which desire survey. Thirty-one commonwealths are included, either wholly or in part, in the Mississippi basin. Every one of them should be prepared to coöperate with the National Government for the speedy accomplishment of this indispensable work.

For some unexplained reason Americans make far less use of maps than is the case with Europeans. A good map is just as valuable a work of reference as an accurate book in which only the printed word is employed. It is an invaluable supplier of precise information, and the ease with which it can be consulted makes its use a pleasure. As our demand for maps increases, competition will see to it that they become more and more accurate, beautiful and convenient.

Honest Merchandising

IT IS the proud boast of business that salesmanship and the whole process of retail merchandising are on a higher plane than formerly. But there are abuses and excrescences which from time to time prove annoying and burdensome to the buying public as well as to the better merchandising elements.

Our whole system of trade and credit is far too complicated to lay down the hard-and-fast rule that all purchases must be made at home, or to charge the consumer with disloyalty if he or she occasionally makes a purchase through the mails. Yet where quality, price and service are anything like equal, it is a poor citizen who does not give much of his patronage to home industries. Certainly it is a foolish and unthinking consumer who will listen to the blandishments of irresponsible strangers and outsiders with inferior goods to sell.

It never does to say that any one form of merchandising is the best or only appropriate method. The local independent retailer, the chain store, the responsible mail-order house and the manufacturer with local representatives who call upon the housewife, all have their place. The solicitor is, of course, a welcome visitor if his goods are of superior quality. But unfortunately some house-to-house canvassing is cheap imposition. Some canvassers are frauds to begin with, and obtain entrance by misrepresentation.

There is a happy common-sense medium about these matters. A man's or a woman's house is a good deal of a castle and should be treated with respect. Its invasion for business purposes should be under responsible auspices only.

Man and Water

AT FAIRLY regular intervals the newspaper-reading public can count upon a moving recital of how many families, whole villages and a peaceful countryside are shortly to be dispossessed by the grasping city in its search for more water. A few years ago it was New York, now it is Boston, and Los Angeles is almost always in the headlines for the same reason.

Perhaps not intentionally, the cities are pictured as monsters, blotting under many feet of water an idyllic rural life. Somehow the impression is conveyed that the villagers are resigned because they have to be, while the city people are utterly indifferent. If the reader did not know better he might suppose that landowners were not paid for their property, and well paid at that. Possibly the city water authorities are not always tactful in their methods of expansion; we have no first-hand evidence in regard to that. But the great cities insist upon more water, and the courts are here to see that when private property is taken for public use there is proper compensation.

It is said that New York must go much further afield before long, perhaps to the Delaware River, the Adirondack Mountains, or to the St. Lawrence itself. No one likes to see the city encroach indefinitely upon the country. These urban invasions and persistent conquests make us all uneasy and afraid. But if people will insist upon living in cities they must have water above all else, and the power of the great city to get what it wants seems irresistible. Yet if these prodigious communities are wisely led and governed they can materially lessen the costs, human and financial, of their own expansion. In this country today there is no waste quite like that of water. Man needs much of it to be clean and healthy as well as to carry on the business of life. Engineers have achieved mightily in providing water, but there has been no real accomplishment in its economical use. That is one of the many hard lessons which the great cities have yet to learn.

A EUROPEAN GOLD BRICK

By WILL PAYNE

IN BELGIUM this summer one heard very encouraging reports of the situation. The great effort of October, 1926, by which the currency was stabilized on a gold basis seemed to be completely successful. The budget was balanced, thanks to taxation which will amount to $24.25 a head of the population this year. The treasury was in good condition; so were the banks; money for business purposes was plentiful. Although near to 8,000,000 Belgians are crowded on less than 12,000 square miles, there was very little unemployment. Foreign trade was considered fairly satisfactory. Cement, plate glass and several other industries were in a notably flourishing state. An important reduction in taxes was talked of and the government planned extensive public works.

But there was another side to the picture, which I can illustrate by referring to the case of an American manufacturer who had been looking up the chances of selling some goods there. Early in the summer he received an expert report on the concern that would be his chief competitor. That part of the report which is pertinent to the present inquiry ran as follows:

> Skilled labor in this establishment is receiving only thirty-two francs for an eight-hour day. This low wage is made possible by the low cost of living, particularly in regard to rent. A Belgian workman rarely pays more than fifty francs a month rent, whereas before the war he would have paid twenty-five francs a month for the same habitation. But twenty-five prewar francs were equal to 175 francs of the present time. A month's rent before the war cost the workman five days' wages, but at present a month's rent costs him less than two days' wages. Food is not cheap, but the predominance of potatoes and bread in a workman's diet, together with low rent, enables him to live at small cost. However, there seems little chance that this wage rate of thirty-two francs a day will continue, as many industries are already paying forty francs a day, and it is expected that all will follow in time.

Remember that the Belgian franc has been stabilized at the rate of 35.96 francs to the dollar, or a trifle less than 2.8 cents to the franc. Therefore 32 francs means a daily wage of not quite 90 American cents; and 40 francs—to which we may hope these particular workmen have now attained—means $1.12 for an eight-hour day. That sounds low for skilled labor. But see how cheap rent is!

That cheap rent is a fruit of the Belgian workman's political power. According to a census taken in 1920, but not published until recently, 48.95 per cent of Belgian males who had any gainful occupation were employed in industry, and 40.30 per cent of Belgian women. Commerce engaged 18.08 per cent of the population, and agriculture and forestry only 15.25 per cent. Probably a census of the present date would show a still greater lead for industry. It is a country of wage earners; and long before the World War, wage earners, inspired by class-conscious Socialist doctrine, went into politics as a separate party to win benefits for themselves. So, militantly organized for class political action, they have long been a power in government, and many laws have been passed in the supposed interests of workmen. The rent law is one of them.

House owners, generally speaking, belong to the middling sort of investors—the 5 per cent first-mortgage sort. They must, as a rule, be more or less thrifty or they would not own houses and bonds. But politically, in every country, they count for little, having no particular organization and too few votes to be formidable.

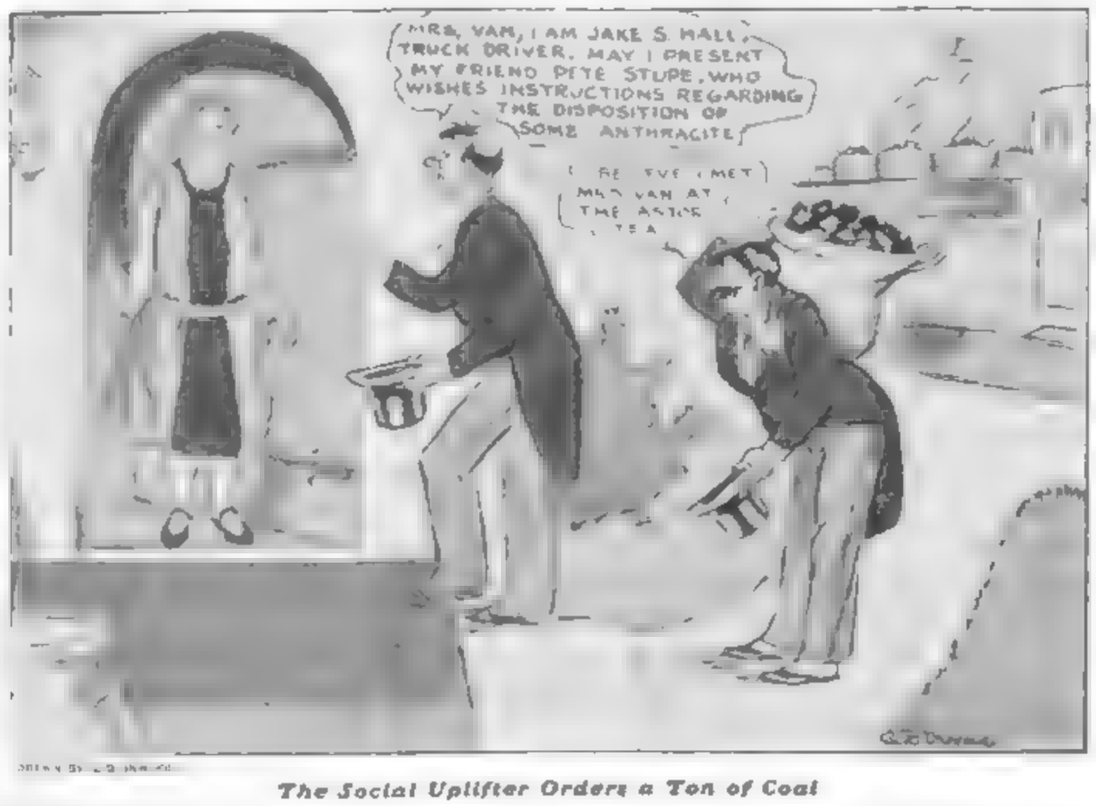
Now postwar conditions put much of Western Europe under a terrific pressure. There was inflation, depreciated currency, multiplied taxes, a fierce struggle to export goods, keep the plants busy and the hands employed. In this pressure the weaker elements, such as householders and investors, got flattened out. The Belgian Government rigorously regulated rents. A new law,

(Continued on Page 80)

THE OLD ROAD

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Man Who Has Never Yet Been Able to Get a Chair in a Hotel Lobby


MRS. VAN, I AM JAKE S. HALL, TRUCK DRIVER. MAY I PRESENT MY FRIEND PETE STUPE, WHO WISHES INSTRUCTIONS REGARDING THE DISPOSITION OF SOME ANTHRACITE

The Social Uplifter Orders a Ton of Coal

Standardized Service

"IS THIS a chain hotel?"

"No, why?"

"I thought the clerk used the same tone as that one I met yesterday when he said 'Nine dollars, please.'"

Not So Steady

"WHAT is Daphne going to do when she leaves Flip?" asked Heloise, head waitress of the rapid-fire restaurant.

"Get married again, as soon as possible, she says," responded Claudine, of the same establishment.

"Huh! Marriage don't seem to be the steady job it used to be, does it?"

THE SMITHS AND THE JONESES DO EUROPE

1. London—Mrs. Smith Bids Five Hearts, Doubled and Redoubled and Makes It. 2. Stratford-on-Avon—The Joneses Make Three Successive Grand Slams. 3. Paris—Mr. Jones Trumps Mrs. Jones' Ace. 4. Venice—Mr. Smith Holds Twelve Diamonds. 5. Capri—Mr. Jones Bids One No Trump, Doubled and Redoubled and Makes It. 6. The Return—As Mrs. Smith is Experiencing a Slight Malaise, Mr. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Jones Play Dummy the Whole Voyage

All in the Family

THE shaggy old goat had just won the mountain climb held under the direction of the Goat-Getters Union.

"I have nothing to say," he said as he solemnly nibbled a little shrubbery, "except that I did it for the kiddies."

Fra Lippo Lippi and Filippino Lippi

OF THE golden Renaissance
Here's a brief memento,
Of a pair of painters who
Graced the Quattrocento.

Fra Lippo Lippi was

(Continued on Page 194)

McNAB AND HIS NEIGHBORS

"That Big Bone is Safely Buried and I Believe I Was Unobserved"

"Unobserved, Did Ye Say, McNab? Aye, Except for Me—

"An' Now, Me Man, What Were You So Carefully Buryin'?"

"Buryin' Naething. I Find I'm Gainin' Weight, So I'm Doin' a Daily Dozen"

Tempting vegetables! Hearty beef! No wonder this soup is a favorite!

Are you serving it regularly?

12 cents a can

SOUP

Ask yourself these helpful questions:

1. Why the "mock" in Mock Turtle Soup?

Because the calves' head meat used in this soup bears a close resemblance to turtle meat and the entire soup partakes of the characteristics of the much more expensive green turtle soup.

2. What famous soup of old Colonial Philadelphia is now available in canned condensed form?

Pepper Pot. A real Philadelphia delicacy that was early vended by picturesque cooks through the quaint streets of old Colonial Philadelphia. It is now becoming a national favorite.

3. What is the difference between Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup and Campbell's Vegetable Soup?

Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup is for people who like solid pieces of meat in their vegetable soup. Campbell's Vegetable Soup contains beef broth but in place of the solid pieces of meat are additional tempting vegetables.

4. What soup is called the Chicken Soup of the Orient? Why?

Mulligatawny Soup. Because chicken and rice are the base of this oriental soup. With these ingredients are blended East India chutney, citron, cocoanut, apples, curry powder and other delicious ingredients.

5. How many different ingredients are there in Campbell's Vegetable Soup? How many different vegetables?

Thirty-two ingredients of which fifteen are fine garden vegetables.

6. How many different kinds of Campbell's Soups are now available? Are these listed on every Campbell's Soup label?

21 kinds. Yes, they are listed on every Campbell's Soup label

7. Name the four clear soups made in Campbell's famous kitchens. When is it especially appropriate to serve them?

Consomme, Printanier, Julienne, Bouillon. Especially appropriate when a formal or heavy dinner is to follow

8. Name the four purely vegetable soups made by Campbell's.

Campbell's Tomato Soup, Pea Soup, Celery Soup and Asparagus Soup.

9. What Campbell's Soup is also widely used as a sauce?

Campbell's Tomato Soup.

10. What is a cream soup? Which Campbell's Soups can be served as cream soups?

A soup prepared with cream or milk. Campbell's Tomato Soup, Pea Soup, Celery Soup and Asparagus Soup are especially delicious when served as cream soups, according to the simple directions on the label.

11. How many ounces of soup are in one can of Campbell's Soup? How much soup in ounces does this make when ready for serving?

Ten and one-half ounces, making double the quantity of soup, or twenty-one ounces for your table.

12. What Campbell's Soup can be served as a jellied soup by merely placing an unopened can in the refrigerator over night?

Campbell's Printanier Soup

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

RESTOCKING THE COVERTS

By Hal G. Evarts

THE great American romance is the drama of business. The great majority of individuals, probably in the proportion of three thousand to one, follow only the beaten trails of the recognized occupations. Here and there, tucked away in some obscure corner, we find the odd one, wrestling with some new and untried venture. It is fitting that the three thousand should remain upon the main-traveled highways of business and apply the principles revealed by former experiment, so that the world may reap the benefits to the full. However, it is to the experimenter, the pioneer along new trails of thought and endeavor, primarily, to whom the human race owes every minute step in its rise from savagery. It is somewhat unfortunate, therefore, that the three thousand should view the efforts of the one, if not with open derision—which is usually the case—then at best with amused tolerance. There seems to be an almost universal conviction that the fact that a thing has not been done before automatically proves its accomplishment impossible in advance. The one in three thousand is from Missouri; but the path of the experimenter is ever beset with derision.

Even in so commonplace a field as the raising of birds and animals, and despite the fact that new creatures are being brought under domestication constantly, the attempt to domesticate or to raise in captivity any new variety of creature is looked upon as a brain storm and the one whose efforts are engaged in it as a visionary sap. Before condemning such an experiment as impossible, one should recall the fact that save for some experimenting primitive who, in the dim dark ages before the dawn of history, conceived the weird notion that by domesticating a wild dog he could devote that animal's talents in the chase to his own advantage, the lady would not now have her Pomeranian or the man his Great Dane.

From Humming Bird to Hippo

IN THE light either of history or of reason, it does not require a great prophet to predict in all confidence that in the future man's ingenuity will enable him to domesticate, or at least to rear in captivity, practically any wild creature on the face of the earth—from the humming bird to the hippopotamus and all things in between—that happens to suit his purpose. In fact, he has domesticated the bee for untold centuries, as he has the elephant, so we may even extend the prophecy a bit at either end.

The man who engages in raising hogs, cattle, sheep, turkeys or Plymouth Rocks will be viewed as a normal citizen and given encouragement as one more vertebra to strengthen the backbone of the nation—and fittingly so. But let an individual engage, let us say, in trying to raise a few anteaters, birds of paradise or Guinea baboons, and the three thousand immediately view him as a fit candidate for the booby hatch.

Nevertheless, the domestication of any given creature, far from being an impractical and visionary dream, will result in each instance from just one source—the prospect of or hope for ultimate commercial success. There will be, of course, a certain amount of such experimentation indulged in as a hobby by men of independent means. One can conceive of some wealthy bird fancier rearing our flashy cardinals, indigo buntings, scarlet tanagers, goldfinches and Baltimore orioles in his private aviary for no other reason than that their beauty delights his eye. But if one should chance across a man tucked away in some bit of woodland with a few pens of Tasmanian devils or Mongolian bustards, it is a safe bet that he has not engaged in the experiment merely because he has contracted a hopeless passion for bustards or Tasmanian devils, but for the reason that he is hoping that the venture will result in commercial success.

High-Bred Black Foxes Being Mothered by a Cat at the Rosebank Fur Farms, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Canada. At Left—Dr. Frank, a Fox Farmer of Charlottetown, With Some of His Pups

A Lion Farm

BUT how? Who wants bustards or devils? It would be difficult to say, offhand; but rest assured that the man who has those creatures in his pens did not secure them and put them there before he knew to a certainty that if he should succeed in raising them in captivity he would have a market that would snap up at fancy prices far more than his entire prospective output. All of which brings us down to the question of markets. Ask the raiser of any odd creature, bird or beast, where he intends to dispose of his prospective increase. He will tell you of outlets for so many times his greatest possible output and at such prices that it will cause you to believe that there is a rage for flamingos or wart hogs. Who has engineered the corner in harlequin ducks? But it is none of these; just a steady demand at good prices for almost any relatively rare variety of live creature.

I have seen many successful enterprises of that nature, varying from Arctic blue foxes raised in the Shumagin Islands and silver-fox farms near the Arctic Circle in Alaska to an alligator farm in Florida and an ostrich farm and a lion farm in California. And that is just touching the corners, so to speak, for there are literally scores of allied ventures in progress at the present time.

The millions who stream annually through zoölogical gardens or the menagerie tents of circuses, if they think of the birds and animals in terms of business at all, probably conjure up some vague picture of a lone white adventurer invading the ice floes of the Arctic, the blazing desert or the stewing jungles of the tropics, where, with native helpers, he braves danger and hardship and desperate adventure to snare savage wild beasts to the end that they may be exhibited to the wondering multitude—all of which is true. One sees pet stores in the cities and wonders vaguely how the proprietors meet the rent. It seems

(Continued on Page 40)

A Flock of Ostriches on an Ostrich Farm in South Africa

Sweet Potatoes en Surprise

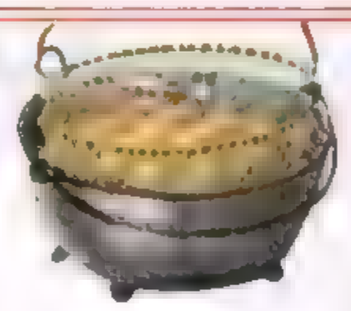
To 2 cups mashed baked sweet potatoes add 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 beaten egg, enough milk to make consistency to handle. Mold into oblong shapes, roll in bread crumbs, then in egg, and again in bread crumbs. Fry a few at a time in deep fat, one-fourth kettle of "Silverleaf," 350°—400° F. (hot enough to brown a small piece of bread in 40 seconds). Drain on brown paper.

A tempting touch can be added by making a hole in each croquette, before breading, filling with chopped nuts and shredded pineapple or stewed apples, and then closing with potato.

Irish potatoes, carrots and rice also are delicious cooked this way.

* * *

With a basket, *as shown below, deep frying is much easier and simpler.*



Vegetables cooked this way, bring new pleasure to your table

—an extra, mellow richness, so much appreciated and now so easy to obtain

What a problem it often is to give your family vegetable dishes that are new and appetizing! Yet, variety is so easy to obtain when you know the tempting richness that can be added to vegetables by deep frying. Potatoes, sweet or Irish, rice, carrots—old stand-bys, made into croquettes and cooked this way—appear as new luxuries, provided the fat is just right to give them that mellowness your family likes.

Good housekeepers, trying new recipes, confidently use Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard to make certain of that extra goodness which "Silverleaf" adds to their frying and baking. Rendered exceptionally sweet and pure from choice pork fat, "Silverleaf" gives just the appetizing richness which you want.

And because it is so pure, "Silverleaf" heats with unusual evenness and fries thoroughly to the very center, underneath a crust of golden brown.

Time and effort are saved, too, by "Silverleaf's" exclusive self-measuring carton. It does away with all the old bother of packing measuring cups and spoons!

You can put new goodness into your cooking with "Silverleaf." Ask for it by name, for both your frying and your baking. It comes in the one and two pound self-measuring cartons, also in 2, 4 and 8 pound pails.

Swift & Company

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

No more bother *with packing measuring spoons and cups when you use the exclusive "Silverleaf" carton! No more inaccuracy and waste! You just score the top of the lard as shown on the flap of the carton and in a twinkling, cut the exact amount needed.*

"Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

(Continued from Page 38

someway incredible that there should be enough potential customers for gaudily colored birds, queer small beasts and lizards to develop any great volume of business. But most pet stores handle dogs, guinea pigs, pigeons, rabbits, white mice and Persian cats, so perhaps the main volume of business is done in those staples, and the queer things are merely handled as a side line? Well, perhaps; I am not intimately posted on pet stores. But I do know there is a definite market for almost any live bird or animal.

Not long ago a friend asked me what the man who was raising lions on a farm near Los Angeles expected to do with them. He understood that the proprietor would not sell any lions. Shortly thereafter I took occasion to visit the lion farm. There were ninety-nine lions in the animal houses and the runways, including a great many very young cubs. During the half hour that I spent there, more than 100 people strolled through at fifty cents a head. One lion roared and the others took it up; for a space of five minutes the coughing roars rolled over the countryside in deafening volume. One could close his eyes and imagine himself in the jungle primeval. These outbreaks were repeated at frequent intervals. It attracted the attention of swarms of passing motorists, who parked their cars and entered. Still, I knew that this admission fee, though apparently a lucrative source of income, could not be the sole purpose of the lion farm. The proprietor was away. His wife extracted a toddling baby lion from its cage and fed it by bottle. The tiny youngster glued itself to the nipple until the last drop was gone, then licked the lady's ear joyously.

A Trio of Three-Weeks-Old Lion Cubs in Joyland Park, Miami, Where They Were Taken From Montgomery, Alabama, to Dodge the Cooler Climate. At Right—Young Red Deer on a Ranch at Blackwood, New Jersey

Farming With No Surplus Problem

"MADE his first appearance in public two days ago," she announced. "He went over to a movie studio for two hours and came back with a check for fifty dollars. Not bad for a six-weeks-old lion."

So there was another avenue of profit—renting lions to the studios. I have no knowledge of the extent of receipts from either admissions or rental sources, though they must be large. Primarily, the thing I most wished to learn was the extent of the lion market. I made inquiry of the young woman who was handling affairs in the office.

There was a steady market in the United States for approximately 200 lions annually, she informed me, and the reason why the proprietor declined to sell any at present was because he wished to put his business on a production basis of 100 lions annually before beginning to market them. Mature untrained lions brought from $700 to $1000 on the market, she explained. Partially trained lions commanded far greater sums and they were in excellent demand. The proprietor trains all his own lions from infancy. One perfect male, trained to a hair, was valued at $50,000. Others ranged from that price down. Not a bad business; yet when that man first started in with a few lions his neighbors probably thought that he had more bats in his belfry than he would ever have lions in his pens.

One large animal dealer, when I made inquiry as to the number and variety of birds and animals for which he could find a market, answered:

"Any variety. Get any live specimen from a goldfinch to a rhinoceros and I'll find a ready market for it. There's an occasional excess in some variety or other when the shipments have been heavy, but in the main there's a fairly ready outlet for almost any kind of wild creature."

Of course that is to be more or less expected. One can readily see that there must be a demand of sorts for rare birds and beasts to be placed on exhibition. But what of our native birds and animals? And not only those that are rare but those commonplace varieties known to every youngster—what of them? Surprising as it may seem, the demand for them at fancy prices is so far in excess of the supply that there is little likelihood that the gap will narrow appreciably for a great many years. On the contrary, it seems fairly certain that the demand will continue to increase, while the supply will steadily diminish in proportion. There are several phases of this business that are known to but a very limited percentage of the public. One usually considers the matter from the angle of the business previously outlined—that of capturing birds and animals in the wild to display them in captivity. How many know that in the case of numerous varieties of our native birds and animals matters have experienced a transition to the point where now many species are reared in captivity for the purpose of liberating them in order that they may revert to the wild? And that the annual demand ranges from three to twenty times the supply?

Some years ago I visited Horne's Zoölogical Arena at Independence, Missouri. A shipment of 2000 quail had just arrived from Mexico. They were not the Mexican bobwhite. As I recall it now, they were the scaled partridge.

"I wish those were regular quail," Horne told me.

"How many bobwhites could you market in a year if you could get them?" I asked.

"I couldn't begin to estimate the number," Horne said. "But I'll guarantee to book orders for 200,000 quail in the next six months, if you'll agree to deliver a quarter that many in the next two years."

The Prospect of Profit

ON THE face of it, that seemed like an exaggeration. I don't believe that it was. The quail is much more highly esteemed than the cottontail rabbit, and its numbers have been depleted to a far greater extent in most parts of the nation. Cottontails are still abundant in most sections. Yet a few years later, during the course of a conversation with Seth Gordon, who was at that time executive secretary of the Pennsylvania State Game Commission, he announced that he would like to purchase 100,000 live cottontails the following winter for restocking purposes. In view of that demand from one state for the lowly cottontail, Horne's estimate as to the number of live quail he could market in the United States does not seem excessive. In fact, plentiful as cottontails are, Pennsylvania could not secure all that she desired to purchase the following year.

The raising of native fur-bearing animals in captivity has come into such prominence in recent years that it needs but little comment here, except to illustrate the point that it is the prospect of commercial success, more than all other factors combined, that has led in the past and will lead in the future to the domestication of new species of birds and animals. The silver fox was the most valuable American fur-bearing animal, therefore raising it in captivity offered the best opportunity for profit.

(Continued on Page 128)

Elk on a Middleboro, Massachusetts, Ranch Being Nursed Carefully Till They are Self-Supporting

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IN THE WHEAT PIT

By James A. Patten

In Collaboration With Boyden Sparkes

I HAVE had an interesting life in one way or another, and it is a source of deep satisfaction to me that I have kept the respect of everyone in the grain trade. I have known intimately bankers, lawyers, politicians, doctors, merchants of every sort, and I know that I am most nearly contented when my routine permits me to pass between my home and that frontier in Chicago where the farm products of the great plains of America are met by the buying power of the cities of the world.

Because of that unique market for farm products in Chicago, a farmer in Texas or Nebraska or Wisconsin on any day in the year may haul a wagon or a truckload of grain a few miles to a country elevator and get a price for it that represents the world's appetite, backed by the gold of banks in cities everywhere. No other farmers have had such a market as that which turns into cash the crops of the United States. Yet few of the farmers seem to understand this, and fewer to appreciate it.

P. & A. PHOTO

Where the Price of Wheat Is Fixed Daily by Traders From All Over the World

One day in the year of the Columbian Exposition there was a tragic occurrence when the galleries of the Board of Trade were crowded with the visitors trying to get some meaning from the strident clamor and tensed hands in the pits below them. This was on a day in September in 1893. The galleries had been filled every week day during the exposition with visitors drawn from all parts of the world. Few of them, perhaps, had any great understanding of that strange auction scene, but all of them seemed to sense its great significance. The galleries hang above the floor like choir lofts in a cathedral, and are shrouded in gloom. Suddenly that morning there sounded above the roar of buying and selling the report of a pistol shot, and then another.

When Terror Reigned

A MAN in one of the galleries was shooting down into the swarm of traders, messengers and telegraph operators on the floor. The trading noise died away so that for a moment there was a terrible silence followed by more shots, the reports of which were amplified in the dim spaces up among the dusty girders and trusses of the ceiling.

Panic seized the bewildered visitors in the galleries. They fled for the stairways. Many were knocked down and trampled on. On the floor there was a wild rush for cover under the galleries and beneath the heavy marble tops of the cash-grain tables. Only a few remained out there in exposed positions among that queer furniture we know as pits. Those few were the wounded, the victims of that crazy firing from the gallery.

A few men thought clearly in that situation and acted courageously. One of them was a bootblack named Henry Hudlum; another was Thomas Barrett. Those two ran up the stairs to the gallery, leaped upon the man standing there with the smoking revolver in his hands, and disarmed him.

Three of his bullets had found living targets. One lead slug shattered the jaw of C. W. Roswell, assistant chief operator for the Western Union; A. M. Bennett, who was secretary of the Board of Trade Mutual Benefit Association, was wounded in the neck and a third ball had pierced the side of a woman, Mrs. C. W. Lewis. Thoroughly angered by the mad attack, many of the brokers who had been but a few moments before crying "Sell fifty Deece" or "Buy ——" now were yelling with greater frenzy, "Fling him over the railing," "Lynch him," "Kill him." They behaved as any crowd of undisciplined men might be expected to act under such circumstances. But soon the discipline of the Board of Trade asserted itself.

The president of the board, Charles D. Hamil, and the vice president, Reuben Grigsby Chandler, sternly demanded that the wretched captive be surrendered to the authorities. Others joined with them in pleas to save the board from the disgrace of a lynching. There was real danger of a lynching for a time, because someone had found a rope and half a hundred men were eager to use it. There was a struggle for the possession of the captive, and in the confusion a trader who was mistaken for the guilty man was struck several times before he identified himself in the semidarkness of the corridor.

When the assassin had been taken to a police station it was discovered that he was not a man who had any real grievance against the traders, nor was he even a crank. He was an insane man and it had been known before his outbreak of violence that he should have been confined. No attempt was made to punish him. Instead, this maniac was sent to an asylum.

During the brief period when his shots were being fired and the traders fled from the pits no grain was bought and sold in Chicago. Economically the interruption had no importance, but suppose it had continued? Who would have suffered most, farmers or traders or buyers of bread? There have been many attempts to write laws designed to interfere with the trading in the Chicago grain market, but in my mind some of them are classed with that crazy shooting of the lunatic.

PHOTO BY A. D. TOLOFF

James A. Patten

Slim Profit

THERE are some things a politician ought to know before he undertakes to regulate a business, but I suppose it is only in the perfect state that politicians will also be sound economists. Out of experience mankind has found ways of sustaining the lives of myriads of people. The chain of operations whereby factory workers produce machines to be sent to the farms to assist farm workers to produce more foodstuffs which feed the factory workers as well as the farmers represents an accumulation of experience that may not easily be improved. Attempts to do so usually are nothing more than tampering. There has been a steady, sound development of the mechanism which moves grain from producer to consumer, but the improvements have been made by the men in the business.

About the time Harding became President the Federal Trade Commission sent some investigators to our brokerage firm to go over the books. It seemed that we were suspected of making money.

"Just what do you fellows want to learn?" the investigators were asked.

"We want to know what your profits are on the grain that is handled in your elevators."

"Well," was the reply, "it is not much."

"We've heard rumors," retorted the investigators.

"I don't think the average profits are three-quarters of a cent a bushel."

The investigators were incredulous. They were full of figures and statistics. They knew that a car of corn sold by a farmer, for, say, forty-two cents a bushel in Ireton, Iowa, might be expected to sell to a consumer in Chicago for sixty-two cents a bushel. If those investigators had been as old as I they might have recalled that some of that spread in price represented payment by the farmer for that service my grandfather used to be required to give with his grain. My grandfather, along with the other pioneers of his day, had to haul his grain from Sandwich, Illinois, to Chicago in his own wagon, feeding himself and his team on the way, and there fling the load into the hold of a schooner with his scoop shovel. Then he had to drive back to Sandwich,

Continued on Page 45

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OLDSMOBILE SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 42

staying at inns along the way. It was no wonder that he counted himself lucky to get home still owning the wagon, team and shovel.

Those Federal Trade Commission investigators worked on the books of our firm for five weeks. They were shoulder to shoulder with our bookkeepers and had complete access to all information. To their astonishment they discovered, and so reported, that the profit was seventy-two one-hundredths of a cent a bushel.

Freight is the heaviest item of expense in the total of marketing costs. It is larger by far than all the other costs combined—country-elevator profits, commission merchant, car inspection, grain inspection, weighing and several smaller items such as war tax on freight.

The freight charges are the heaviest item, and properly so. The engineer, the fireman, the brakemen, the trackwalkers, switchmen, telegraph operators and myriads of other railroad workers who help to carry the stream of grain to market are as important factors in changing corn into cash as the farm hands who guide the plows.

Could the people of France afford to eat white bread made of Dakota wheat if that wheat was hauled to market in the fashion of my grandfather's grain? It is machinery, railroads, ships, and a fine credit mechanism that make those distant plains farms a part of civilization. Without the machinery farmers might live out there, but they would live primitively.

The system whereby, with ingenuity and economy of effort, hundreds of millions of bushels of grain are brought every year from millions of farms to some 20,000 country elevators, then concentrated in the larger elevators, and then fanned out once more in a distribution system that leads to tens of millions of kitchens and kitchenettes, constitutes one of the fundamentals of our civilization. If the world were suddenly deprived of its service many soft-handed people would have to begin grubbing in the ground for the means of satisfying their hunger. It would be that or starvation.

Yet it is a novelty that has developed within fifty years, a thing that explains how America has grown. You may see this miracle of a nation flowering in Canada today. There the grain crop has been multiplied seven times in twenty years, while the population has barely doubled. Their grain must find a market overseas, but in the United States the national appetite grows larger with each year and will continue to grow until, I predict, there will be no surplus to export. So long as there is a surplus, though, no man is going to be able to control the market.

The Patten Residence in Chicago. In Insert—Mrs. James A. Patten

The Machinery of the Grain Elevator

THERE are two main currents into which the grain raised in America may flow after it reaches the big terminal elevators: One leads into the domestic market; the other goes overseas. But first it all travels a similar way from the farm in a wagon or truck. In such vehicles it is hauled to the nearest of our 20,000 country elevators, or stations, that stand beside the tracks of railroads in all our grain-growing states. Those receiving houses act as valves to adjust the flow of grain brought in by farmers to the speed with which railway cars are obtained to take it away. They are ugly structures, a typical one being a rectangular tower seventy-five feet high and covering a ground space thirty by thirty. The bins, usually about nine in number, occupy most of the space in the building and are from thirty to fifty feet deep. The farmers drive their wagons up an incline into the building, and, after their loads have been weighed, halt over the dumping sticks by means of which the front of the wagon is raised and the rear depressed so that the grain falls out of the back of the wagon through a trap in the floor into a hopper leading to the boot of an elevator leg.

The leg is a device used in all grain elevators, but it has been applied to many forms of American activity, until we have come to think of it as a synonym for quantity production. Its principle is to be seen in the packing plants at the Chicago Stockyards, where hosts of workers only slightly skilled individually perform highly skilled work in the mass with incredible speed as endless conveyors move their tasks before them. It is found in the automobile factories at Detroit. It has taken on a hundred forms and positions, but it is still the leg of the grain elevators. There it consists essentially of two pulleys, one in the boot and the other in the head, over which runs a belt that is usually made of rubber. Fastened at regular intervals along the belt are metal cups that scoop up the grain from the boot and carry it high into the elevator, where it is turned out into a spout through which it may be diverted into any one of the bins, or, in the larger elevators, onto a horizontal moving belt and then into the processing machines with which mixed grains, and dirty, are sorted and cleaned with superhuman speed and accuracy.

In one of the country stations the leg will lift 1000 bushels an hour, but in the great elevators in Chicago there are gigantic legs that will lift about twenty-five times as much. In some of those big terminal elevators freight cars are emptied of grain as if they were toys; the bins in which their grain is stored are as deep as the elevator shafts in moderate-sized office buildings; but in all elevators, large and small, the essential operations are the same, so that the grain is lifted up by power and then brought down by gravity.

In the great terminal elevators the grain is conveyed to the various bins by horizontal rubber belts that carry a yellow stream either backward or forward along the floor that is formed by the bin covers high up in the gaunt structures beneath the shoulders of the roof. Comparatively few men work in those huge terminal elevators because of the excellence of the machinery they control.

Sometimes they have as many as eighty grades of grain in separate bins of the elevators. White as clowns from the starch dust that adheres to their faces and clothing, they understand all that intricate machinery that has been designed to meet the need for removing impurities from grain; and the farmer benefits because they transform his product into a thing that can be sold. For example, the government standards allow only 4 per cent of rye in wheat to be ground into flour. Some that comes to market has considerably more than that amount. Seeds are stubborn guardians of the life they contain.

The Standard

RYE that is sown one year to rest a field that has previously produced wheat springs to life again and again through the years when the farmer has sown only wheat. Birds flying above the fields drop the seeds of other grain that sprouts, matures and is reaped along with the crop the field was intended to produce. Then, too, some farmers sow wheat that has rye seeds in it. It has just as much nutriment.

It would be an impossible task for human fingers to sort out the smaller rye grains from the wheat, but by passing the mixed grain through a series of sieves the wheat is made to pass out through one spout, the rye through another, the corn, picked up in transit, through another, and bits of brier, weed stems and other impurities through yet another. Dirty wheat that contains chaff and even some soil can be screened until it is first-class material for millers. The rules also require that wheat shall not have more than 13 per cent of moisture. All this shows the necessity of proper equipment in the big elevators.

Sometimes, though, wheat comes to market with less than the allowable content of rye. It has become the practice in elevators to increase the quantity of their wheat by adding as much rye—a cheaper grain—as the law allows. In a dry harvest, wheat—which is permitted to have 13 per cent of moisture—may reach the elevators containing only 11 per cent. From another section where it has been wet comes wheat that contains, say, 15 per cent of moisture. At the elevators the extremely dry and the extremely wet wheat are mixed so that all make the grade. Mixing has been developed by the elevator men into a fine art, an expert process necessary to the business.

There are certain practices that I regard as evils, but my years of experience offer me plenty of evidence upon which to base an opinion that these evils will be corrected by the men in the trade. I recite all this because for a proper understanding it is necessary to know that the grain that is exported and the grain that is sold to millers is by no means simply the stuff that farmers shovel into their carts and haul to the nearest country elevator.

During the war, when Europe's fear of famine was a tragic thing to behold, a grain firm of this country exported very poor stuff as wheat. They even threw in, besides off-grade wheat, bits of trash the trade knows as screenings. Europe was so desperate for food it dared not refuse to take

(Continued on Page 104)

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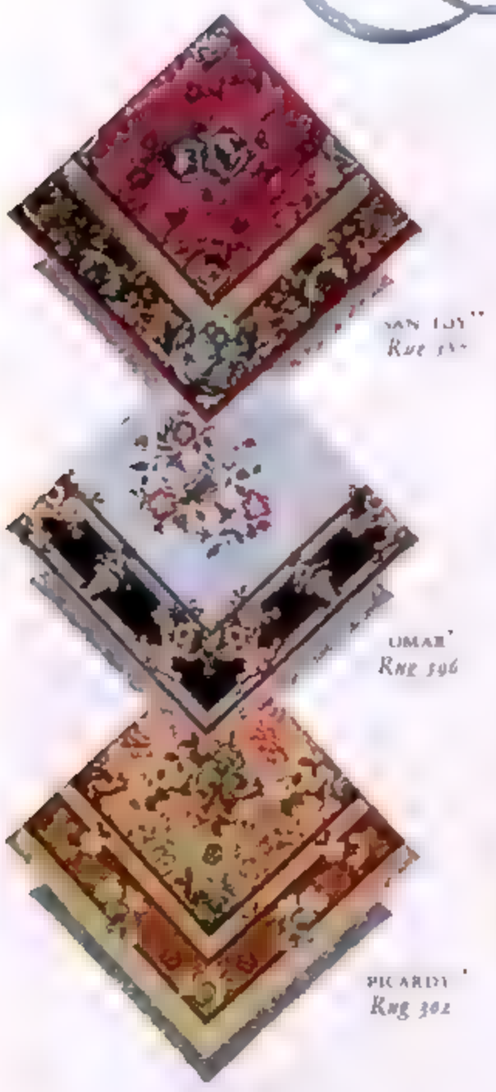

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THE COOKED GOOSE

In the Living Room Again, Over the Coffee, the Group Revived Again Enough to Welcome the Bridge

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

THEY spoke of him with that respectful regret and acceptance of fate and finality which are apt to mark men's comments at the funerals of their friends. There was soberness in their manner, for in some circles the difference between political suicide and bodily self-destruction is largely negligible. A dozen times that afternoon little groups of two or three, stopping for a moment to talk, in or out of the Senate Chamber, shook their heads and commented as Cantler did.

"His goose is cooked," said Senator Cantler, his fat neck rummaging for comfort in the confines of his collar. "Poor old Al. You know I feel kind of sorry too. Say what you like, he was an awful pleasant fellow to have around. Of course, he's always done exactly what they told him to, but he did it without getting in anyone's way any more than he could help, and he never got ugly. That's a pretty good record when you come to think of it."

"But can you figure out why he did it?" asked Hickson curiously. "That's what got me. He couldn't have anything to gain by it. The other crowd hasn't anything to offer him. And there he was, voting against his own backers, kicking them right in the face. If he was a drinking man, I'd have said ——"

"He's not," said Jim Warren. "If there's any drinking in his family, he's not the one who does it. Did you hear that story about the party at the St. Regis and Mrs. Marbury?"

Warren looked like a man who would hear about a smart and interesting party without having been an eyewitness. He was called the best dressed man in the Senate by the newspaper reporters, but he was a little too well matched in ties and socks, a trifle too obviously dressed for good taste or easy custom. The other men did not bother about his gossip in hand.

Cantler cut him off. "I wonder what she'll have to say to this," he speculated, his wise old mind trailing off into consequences.

"She was a Gulick, wasn't she?"

Warren started to reply to Hickson's question, but Senator Cantler took the words out of his mouth, as if this were not gossip but history and must be told by one who knew.

"Sure," he said; "and I can remember the day when nothing was done around the Capitol—the old Capitol, that was—without Ed Gulick saying whether it could be or not. Al Marbury was only a young fellow who'd just hung out his shingle, I guess—or maybe he was in the district attorney's office—I forget. But anyway he married one of the Gulick girls and they flew pretty high for a while, until the old man died busted and didn't leave anything except a general I O U. They say he was signing another one when his heart gave out." He chuckled reminiscently at that joke of fate and went on: "The other sister married Ham Leonard, so that cleared up things more or less. It's Leonard who's been putting up for Al all these years—him and his crowd. They had to take care of him some way, so they ran him into the Senate. In between sessions he does their smaller law work. He's been good. He's looked after that bunch of Leonard interests. As a matter of fact, they couldn't have found a man who'd have made less enemies with the particular kind of mean work he had to do."

"He won't have any more of it to do now."

"I wonder what bit him," meditated Cantler, and went into reverie, his heavy shoes cocked high on the desk in his committee room.

Into the Senate Chamber, from the long leaded casement windows between the marble panels, the sun of a late April afternoon drifted in shining rays. It rested with delight on the opal marble with its strange pink glow and ancient traceries. The Senate Chamber was one of the most beautiful rooms in the world. Someone had designed it for imperishable dignity and the quarries of many countries had been searched before the marble for those walls was chosen. Beneath the gravity of the presiding officer's chair and platform ranged the wide desks of the senators, piled with books and papers, with all the materials of lawmaking; and as the room grew more and more empty after the day's adjournment, there came back to it the appearance of wisdom that had been dissipated by the crowded session.

Senator Marbury remained at his desk a little longer than usual. He was working on a small and unimportant matter which could have waited over until the next day. But he was aware of the spread of silence around him, and he knew, too, that he was undoubtedly being discussed by his friends and colleagues. That was why he occupied himself with formal duties. He had learned many ways to save people embarrassment. Often enough that had been his main job.

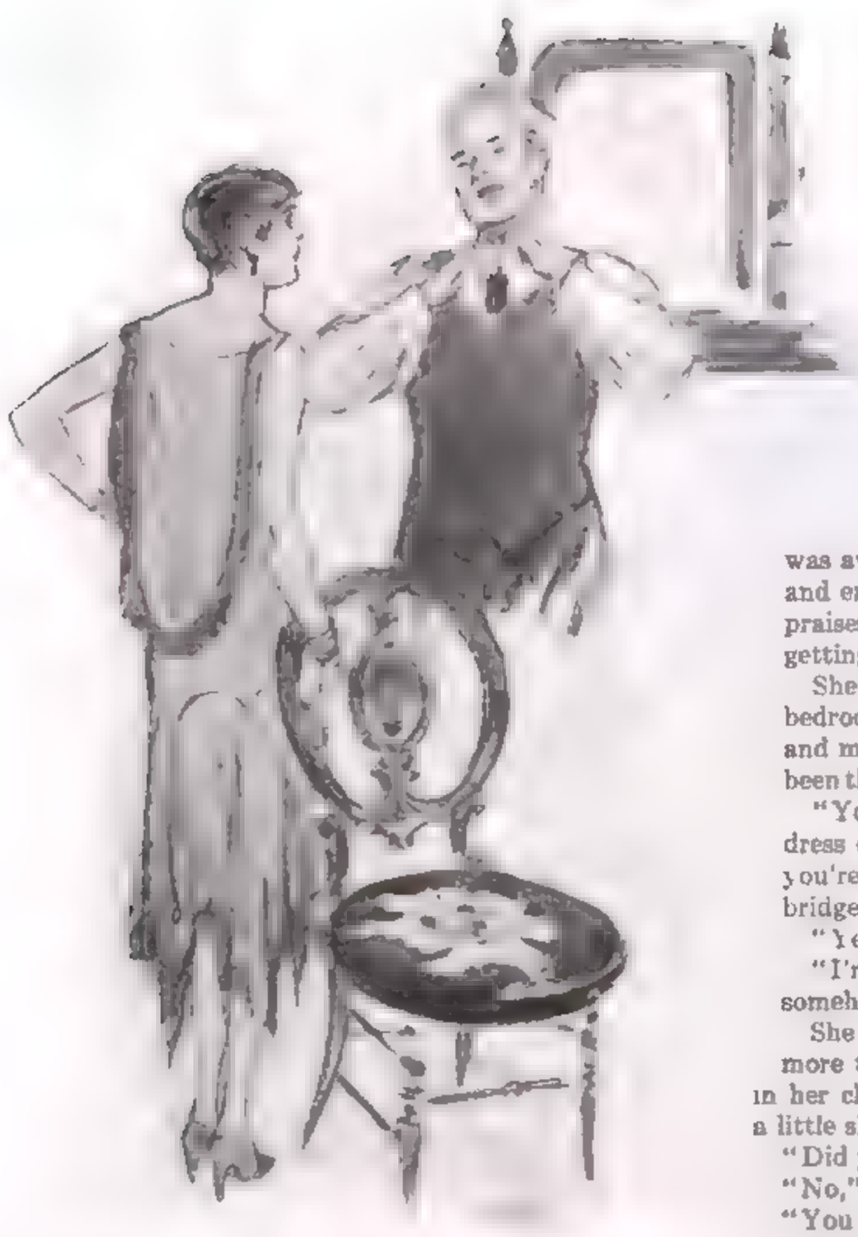
He was a tall thin man of perhaps forty-five, with a tired, unexpectant, self-contained face. It was not the face of a scholar or a sportsman or a man about town or a business man, and yet with a little more accent it might have been any one of them. That he had been a handsome youth there was still no doubt. It showed in his figure, even though he carried himself with a slight stoop, and in his clear gray eyes and well-shaped mouth. Looking at his mouth, it was easy to see why even a hard man like Cantler felt some regret at his political death. Senator Marbury's face did not have a cruel line in it, but neither did his eyes have a trace of illusion, and the combination somehow made him negative. He was a man whom people that met him once had difficulty in placing when they saw him a second time.

Arranging his papers in order at last, he looked at his watch and a neat memorandum which he kept in his pocket. It was time to go, and the chamber was practically deserted except for a stenographer who was doing some filing at one of the desks. Marbury got up reluctantly. The curious state of peace he had been in all afternoon could be prolonged no longer. He looked about him with regret at the opal walls to which he had grown so accustomed in the past sixteen years. He had thought many things during those years as he watched them. He had grown fond and proud of them, appreciating their rare beauty with a connoisseur's taste. Also he had become very kindly and very hopeless as he steered his way through session after session, always mindful of the fact that his big job was to protect the Leonard interests and incidentally to do nothing that would make enemies except in protecting those affairs. He had learned to keep his hands off things that were not his business, and to make a friend cheaply and use him expensively.

In this one afternoon he had vitiated all he had learned and he knew well enough that the music was waiting for him. He'd have to face it. He went out slowly and gravely, sought his hat and coat and made his way down those immensely broad flights of white steps which led up to the Capitol. On those steps all men were dwarfed to unimportance. Failing or successful, ambitious or thwarted, they went up and down them all day long, and only the architect had solved the question of each man's significance by the proportions of the steps.

Louise Marbury was giving a dinner, as her husband's memorandum had reminded him. He had forgotten it in the excitement of the day, but now he went over his duties with meticulous care. He must stop for cigars, and Louise

(Continued on Page 48)



"It Was a Bad Bill, Louise, a Rotten Bill—Sixty Thousand Dollars Sunk for Nothing"

(Continued from Page 47)

had told him to pick up some bridge scores and cards at the club—they were short on monogrammed ones. There was also the usual problem in regard to liquor. Somehow they must give the appearance of lavishness without being lavish and make their guests sufficiently riotous at the least possible expense.

Marbury had gone over what stock he had on hand that morning. It might be made to do. He knew how passionately Louise wanted her parties to be a success, and she had been working hard on this one. She was not in a position to be dogmatic in regard to her guest list. It had to be carefully woven so that she could pay off some debts and flatter some people by being asked with others, and also get the group together as the important ones would like it. It took an expert hand.

Marbury was not sorry that the dinner was tonight. It would postpone the time when Louise would find out what he had done, unless there was someone at the dinner who brought it up. But that was unlikely. No one would have quite such bad taste as that. Marbury wondered who was coming tonight. He hadn't asked Louise and she had not bothered to tell him.

Their house was a frame one, ugly and old, standing in the middle of a block of important residences. It stood there because no one had yet wanted to go to the trouble of tearing it down and rebuilding on the rather narrow site it afforded. That was good luck for the Marburys, who had been able to rent it for twenty-two years. There were times when Albert Marbury felt he belonged to that house or it to him from sheer habit, much as he felt about the opal marble walls of the Senate Chamber.

He had never grown to hate this house as Louise did. He always felt a kind of obligation toward it for sheltering his daughter as she was growing up, and for having been home to the boy who had died. But to Louise the house was the manifestation of everything she had been denied, the ghost walk of every economy and makeshift that had been humiliating her for years. Tonight she would feel that keenly. She would hold her head high and carelessly and make jokes about being poor, and even call attention to the more flagrant shabbiness. But after the guests had gone she would be bitter. That was the way it always was. Her husband knew.

The house was prepared for guests. Marbury recognized the preparations as he entered. Louise had a genius for a certain kind of decorating which always gave her parties distinction. A flood of tulips of some warm red color overflowed the old brass basket on the hall table, and the candelabra on either side only waited for lighting. In the awkwardly shaped living room, which Louise had contrived by making their landlord knock down a partition between a small sitting room and formal parlor, the curtains were drawn, the fire beautifully laid, and on the small tables cigarette boxes were filled and ready. Lilies and irises stood in the tall Venetian vase, decking out the old ebony piano.

Marbury looked into the dining room as he passed. The lace which Louise complained would not stand another cleaning was on the table, the candles flared there also, and the air was sweet with bunches of freesia and violets at each woman's place. There was no centerpiece except the twisted-glass arrangement which held the candles, but the room was light and fresh and charming. Marbury was aware of that, but he knew he had no right to stop and enjoy it, and also that Louise would not care for his praises. Often she hated to be reminded of her skill in getting good effects without spending much money.

She heard his step on the stair and called him into her bedroom. She had made it her own in the past few years and moved his bed and bureau into what had formerly been the official sewing room and before that the nursery.

"You're dreadfully late," she said. "You'll have to dress quickly, for the bathroom must be cleaned after you're through. Did you remember the cigarettes and bridge scores?"

"Yes."

"I'm going to play with Lewis Chatham tonight, somehow or other. He's wonderful. He never loses."

She was rouging skillfully. Her skin seemed to need more than it used to, although she was still handsome in her clear, defined, blond way, which was now getting a little sharper and more artificial every year.

"Did you bring home any gin?"

"No," said Marbury, "I didn't, dear."

"You should have. We're going to need it dreadfully. This crowd isn't a near-beer one, you know."

"That gin at the club is dubious—and very expensive. They've raised the price on it again."

She gave him an exasperated glance. It was so hard to have patience with a man who had to be niggardly about the price of liquor. "Well, you'd better go down and mix some cocktails with what you can find. I told Clara to have everything ready. It's disgusting to be so short. Of course, the Leonards may bring some."

"The table looks beautiful," he said placatingly.

That failed, as he had known it would. Louise would labor for hours over an effect like that and then be insulted by having him compliment it.

"Twenty-five-cent bunches of violets," she answered, bitterness in every word. "I get so sick of it. It looks like a banquet in a convent."

The telephone rang and she crossed the room to answer it. He heard her talking as he went on to his improvised room down the hall, and then her quick, light footsteps followed him down the hall.

"They drive me mad," she cried. "At this hour! They think they own the earth!"

"What's the matter?"

"It was Betty on the telephone. Ham isn't coming!"

"He isn't?"

"No—and he doesn't even bother with an excuse. I had to beg Betty to come by herself. The Tracys are coming especially to meet Ham and Betty, and then at the last minute he acts like this. Ham Leonard thinks he can get away with anything. He hasn't any regard for anybody. It's always just what he wants. What does he think he is anyway? Call him up, can't you?"

"I?"

"Can't you fake some political stuff that has to be talked over tonight? Ham likes to talk politics. Tell him you have to advise with him on something. Try. This is perfectly unbearable. Even if Betty comes, we're stuck with an extra woman. And if she doesn't, it looks terrible. Everybody knows they're in town. Call him up, Al, quick."

"I guess we'd better let it go," said Marbury slowly. "He probably has some good reason."

"But I was counting on his bringing something. He always brings me cordials or cognac or something. We need it. This party'll simply die, that's all. You've got to call him!"

Marbury shook his head. "No," he repeated, "better let it go, dear. It'll be all right."

Louise seemed to hear something ominous in that refusal. She looked sharply at her husband's face. "There hasn't been any trouble?" she asked. "You haven't done anything to displease Ham?"

The whole political body of the state knew what Marbury's position had been, but his wife still had power to insult him by a reference to it. In all these years, while Louise was wincing at the shabbiness and incompleteness of her house, the paucity of her possessions, Marbury had also winced at his relation to the Leonards. He had never allowed himself to show it. Some element of justice told him that as long as he ate bread so earned he had no right to complain of the way he got it. But, now, even with Louise's taut, panicky face before him, he found a certain satisfaction in telling what he had meant to hide.

"Yes," he said, his voice touched with irony, "I guess I did displease Ham—that's about the size of it."

"But don't you know better? You know how vicious he gets lately when people cross him. Even Betty watches her step. Don't you know you've got to be careful?"

"Not any more," answered Marbury—"not any more, I don't."

"What do you mean? What's happened?"

"Nothing of any importance. Better finish dressing, Louise. There isn't any too much time."

"There's got to be time," she said harshly, "for you to tell me what you've done."

"Why, it was something that came up in the Senate, dear, that's all. Don't bother now. I'll tell you about it later."

"No, I want to know now. It wasn't the bill for selling the old Edgewood estate to the state—you didn't bungle that?"

"It didn't seem so to me."

"Did it come up for passage? Was it lost?"

He nodded, and Louise set her teeth with a breathless gasp of dismay.

"No wonder Ham's sore! That was worth a lot of money to him, wasn't it?"

"The sale would have been."

"He's been carrying that property for years. He's always kicking about it."

"I know," said Marbury. "I guess that was pretty generally known. It wasn't any place to have a sanitarium anyway. They're planning to sell the adjoining piece of property to an automobile plant. It's all very unattractive property."

"But I thought it was fixed. I heard him say so to you. Why does he blame it on you? Could you have prevented it?"

Marbury looked past his wife as if he saw back into the scene of the afternoon. The roll call, familiar names attached to yeas and nays exactly as everyone expected, his own name and the incredulous looks and whispers following his vote. "I voted against the bill," he said, in the same quiet tone with which he had cast his vote that day.

Louise stood staring at him. She looked as if he had struck her. He could almost follow the rush of things through her mind—fear, disbelief, consequences, her unsubstantial house of dependence falling in ruins about her.

"Please, Louise, don't worry about it."

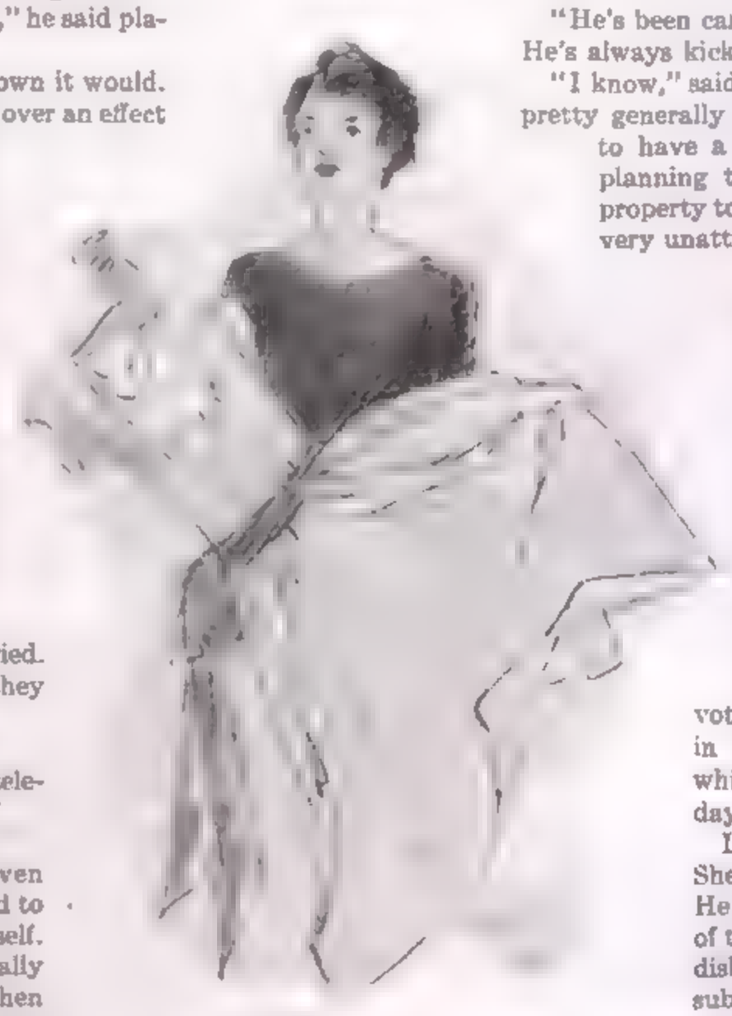
"Have you lost your mind?" she cried. "He'll ruin you."

He slipped off his coat and started to unbutton his collar. "I must hurry if I'm to be dressed."

"But why should you do a mad, crazy thing like that?"

"It was a bad bill, Louise, a rotten bill—sixty thousand dollars sunk for nothing."

"You're not always so squeamish," she scoffed. "What do you care? You know what things are put over in politics all the time. What's back of this?"



"Cherry's All Right. She Has a Job of Her Own"

(Continued on Page 98)

THE NEW "52" $725 to $875

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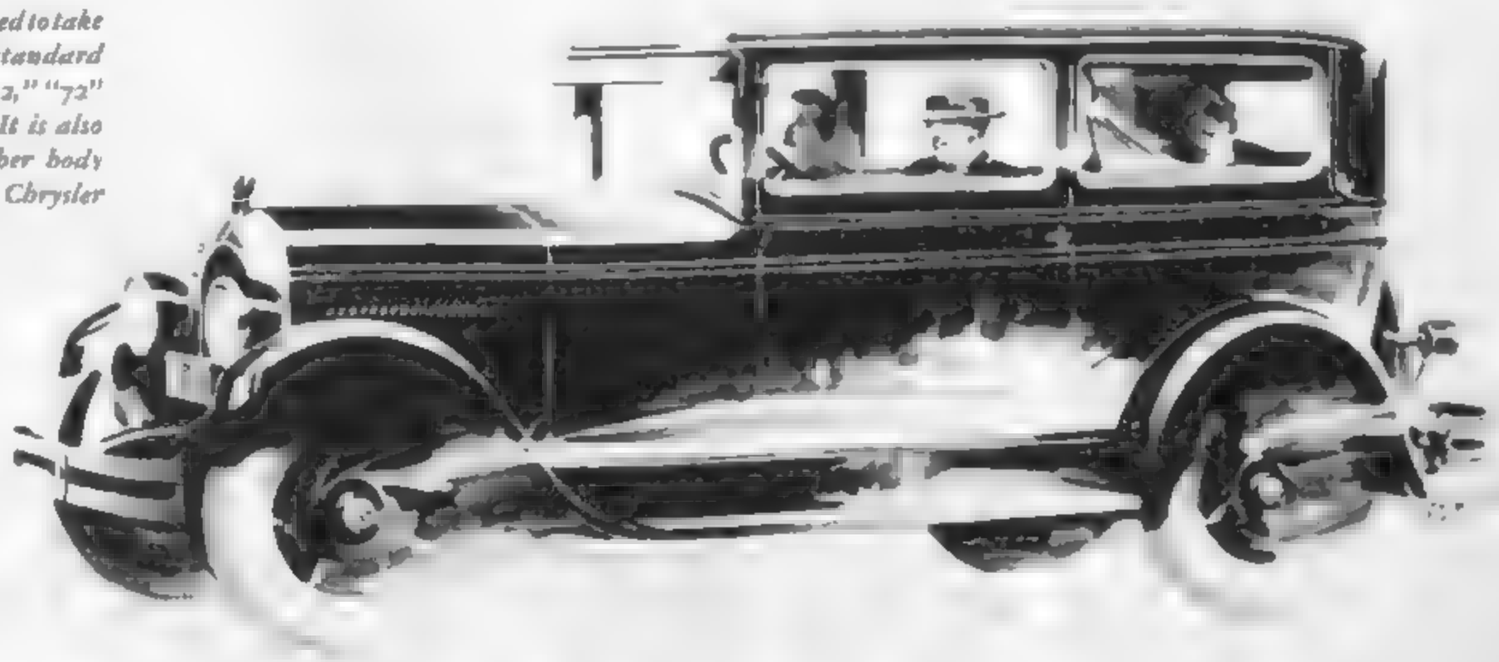

GREAT NEW CHRYSLER "62"—2-door Sedan (illustrated), $1145. Other "62" prices—Touring Car, $1095; Business Coupe, $1125; Roadster (with rumble seat), $1175; Coupe (with rumble seat), $1245; 4-door Sedan, $1245; Landau Sedan, $1295. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax. Chrysler dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

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CLEANING UP

By JOHN GOLDEN

In Collaboration With Viola Brothers Shore

PICKING UP STARS

ONE of the greatest joys of being a play producer is picking up stars. And that means locating those who have not yet found their place in the theatrical firmament and providing them with the vehicle for reaching it. Or it means recalling a name once famous, but for some reason suffering a temporary eclipse, and bringing it back into electric lights.

As I look back today, it thrills me to note that in nearly every production with which I have been associated, some new or half-forgotten actor has been brought out of the shadow into the spotlight. Probably the greatest find of them all was Frank Bacon, and the way I found him was through his play, A House Divided. Winchell Smith liked the play and thought there was star-making stuff in the author, who had once played the old druggist in the Western company of The Fortune Hunter. He suggested to me that we make a star out of Frank Bacon, and we did.

Another star—a little girl—also happened into my fold by means of a play brought to me to read. One day into my office there came a sweet-faced, middle-aged lady who wished to submit a play she had written—all about family life. She had been an actress for years, her husband was an actor, too, and she was the mother of several children, also on the stage. So she felt she had all the requisites for the job. Would I read her play?

I have always been susceptible to mothers, ever since Turn to the Right, and she was "the type," as we managers put it, so what could a hard-hearted producer do but agree to take a look at it?

She sent it to me, and it was all about the suffering and troubles we mothers have in making a home. It was a true-to-life little picture—full of ironing boards and cooking utensils and quarreling kids—but dramatically uninteresting. So I returned it with regret and a rubber-stamped rejection, assuming that would end the episode. But the little lady wasn't to be put off so easily, insisting that the values were not apparent in the script, but if she could have a chance to play it, I would see she had a fine drama.

I didn't know how she could have that chance, since I didn't care to go to the expense of a production. But, more resourceful than I, she suggested that if I would let her have the stage of a theater for an hour, she would bring her own actors and all her own properties. And because she was so earnest, in spite of my own conviction of its futility, I made an appointment for one Wednesday morning to see her play.

Making Her Short and Sweet

WHEN I reached the theater, Richard Bennett was rehearsing a company, and there was a rather unpleasant moment between Bennett's stage manager and my authoress. I finally settled it as referee by inducing Bennett to sit with me and watch them go through their play.

They had brought to the theater, heaven knows how, all the washboards, ironing paraphernalia, clothes lines, kitchen utensils, lares and penates of their own kitchen. Mr. Westman, a good actor, was the father. Mrs. Westman was the mother. Theodore was the jolly red-headed boy. Nydia and sundry other little Westmans were the girls. They were all delightful, funny, tousled, red-headed kids—little acting fiends. As they finished the first act of their play and looked expectantly out into the darkened auditorium, I tried to avoid looking at those faces peering over the footlights, waiting for the verdict which meant so much to them. I knew just how much it did mean.

"I won't do your play," I said finally, "but you are a corking lot of actors; and to prove that I mean what I am saying, I will give three of you jobs right now."

That more or less took the sting out of the failure of their play. Mr. Westman could not at the moment take my offer. But Theodore went into Thank-U, where he played the young red-headed kid so cleverly for more than a season in New York, and Nydia was put in the Lightnin' company playing week and three-night stands.

One day Milton Nobles remarked to me that that youngster was one of the best daughters he had ever known, sending three-quarters of her salary to her folks and living on a pittance on the road. Nydia Westman doesn't know that it was what I heard from Milton Nobles and Barney Gilmore—of the veteran team of Gilmore and Leonard, of Hogan's Alley fame—and what Bessie Bacon told me about this hard-working, money-saving kid which convinced me that here was a little girl who deserved anything anybody could do for her, and I wanted to be the one to do it.

Secretary of Labor James J. Davis, John Golden, J. C. Firestone and James J. Davis, Jr., From a Snapshot Taken in Florida

A short time later Winchell Smith and I produced Monica, featuring Grace La Rue and Hale Hamilton, but containing also an important kid part. I saw that little Nydia got it. What is more, little Nydia made good, although the play didn't. So Nydia went patiently back to the sticks to wait for her next chance. When the script of Pigs came along, Nydia had her chance. The day after the opening the papers said: "The hit of the evening." "Booth Tarkington would have been delighted with Miss Nydia." "Barrie twenty years ago would have made a star of her."

Nydia Westman, now in her tenth month on Broadway in Two Girls Wanted, has realized all we expected of her. Although she is still a very young girl with a great deal of work ahead of her, she will never have to go out and see managers. Managers will send for her. She will never have to seek parts. Parts will seek her. And that is what I mean by picking up a star.

Lucy Cotton was a beautiful young girl from Texas who came to see me one day, seeking a job. In her enormous picture hat with its sweeping plumes and her furs, she was quite the grande dame. We were about to produce Turn to the Right, which called for a sweet little country girl. I had searched far and wide to satisfy Winchell Smith in a selection for this part and had told several girls to report at rehearsal so that Smith might look them over.

Miss Cotton in her fashionable finery, although she really was a country girl, didn't look as if she had ever been any nearer the country than the flower shop at the Astor. And she certainly wasn't little. However, the beauty of her face and the sweetness of her personality made me certain she would be perfect for the part if she were just a bit shorter. Not that she was taller than average, but Smith, Hazzard and I always had in mind a particular picture of a little girl.

"I am going to produce a play," I said, "but the script calls for a sweet little country girl."

"You want me to look like a little country girl?" asked Miss Cotton. "All right."

I was doubtful, but I told her, "Come tomorrow to the Gaiety Theater at ten o'clock, dressed simply. And," I added as an afterthought, "wear the flattest heels you have."

The next morning standing among the applicants at the theater was a sweet little girl. I shall always believe that under her skirts—they wore long ones in those days—she had her knees bent. Winchell Smith seized my arm excitedly.

"Look!" he cried, pointing to Lucy Cotton "There's the girl we want! Isn't she perfect?" And thrusting the script at her, "You're engaged!" he announced.

Miss Cotton was really delightful in the part. Though there were dozens of others who played it subsequently, nobody ever realized the sweetness and youth of the young girl who married the crook as did Lucy Cotton—today Mrs. E. R. Thomas, widow of the late publisher.

I suppose, after a while, Miss Cotton stopped bending at the knees, because, after a month or so, sitting in Parson's Theater in Hartford, Smith said to me one day, "I don't know what's happened to Lucy Cotton. She must have been very young when we hired her, because, hang it all, she's still growing."

I really was in a way partly responsible for John Barrymore's first entrance into legitimate comedy on Broadway. Perhaps because I was so discontented with the way he sang my Honey Bunch song in the Candy Shop, I thought he ought to get out of musical comedy and into somebody else's plays. At any rate, when Smith wrote The Fortune Hunter and they needed a man for the leading rôle, I recommended him. After we had Harris' permission to try and get him for the part, Smith and I tried to get him. It was not easy. We finally had to break into his bedroom at the hotel. After that nothing stood between us and Barrymore's signature except a couple of hours of hard, fast talking by Winchell Smith, with an occasional speech from me whenever Smith ran out of words. That job was the beginning of Barrymore's real Broadway career.

Stars in Other Firmaments

I THINK back with a great deal of pleasure to a star I once picked who, while twinkling in a neighboring firmament, is today twinkling with great brilliancy and success. He has been hailed as a pioneer and a genius among American composers. But at the time he first crossed my path there was nothing to suggest the high place he would one day carve for himself. It seems only a few weeks ago that I was on a committee with John Philip Sousa, Victor Herbert, Irving Berlin, and others appointed by William Randolph Hearst to judge a prize-song contest. The committee met in one of the music rooms of T. B. Harms, and so many compositions were submitted that they tired out not only the committee but two or three piano players and, I don't doubt, the entire Harms organization.

By the time we reached the final reading we had heard thousands of compositions—which may sound like exaggeration, but seemed like sheer understatement to us—and had even exhausted the seemingly inexhaustible stack of offerings. Still nothing eligible for a prize had appeared.

"Here's one you haven't heard," said the boy at the piano, picking up one of the few remaining numbers.

When he had finished, "That's it," cried the committee, making it not only unanimous but simultaneous.

"Who wrote it? What's his name?" we inquired.

"George Gershwin," said the boy at the piano.

Edward Marshall, Texas ranger and brilliant ex-editor of Mr. Bennett's New York Herald, is responsible for recalling another twinkler in still another firmament. It was in The Dear Old Days of Newspaper Row and Lipton's Café and Free Lunch Palace that Marshall; Charley Trevathan, who wrote May Irwin's New Bully; Acton Davies, then dramatic critic of the Sun; Charley Michaelson; that fine old painter, Ripley Osgood Anthony, and I were asked to listen to a young man who was doing a bit of writing here and there. The youngster, an anæmic creature, caught us in one of those little lunching stalls in Lipton's that many an old-time newspaperman will remember.

He read us some verses that he'd just finished. I believe they were the first of what was afterward, for a while, known as Verse Libre.

It made no great impression on the other fellows, but Ed Marshall and I, enthralled, cheered him on.

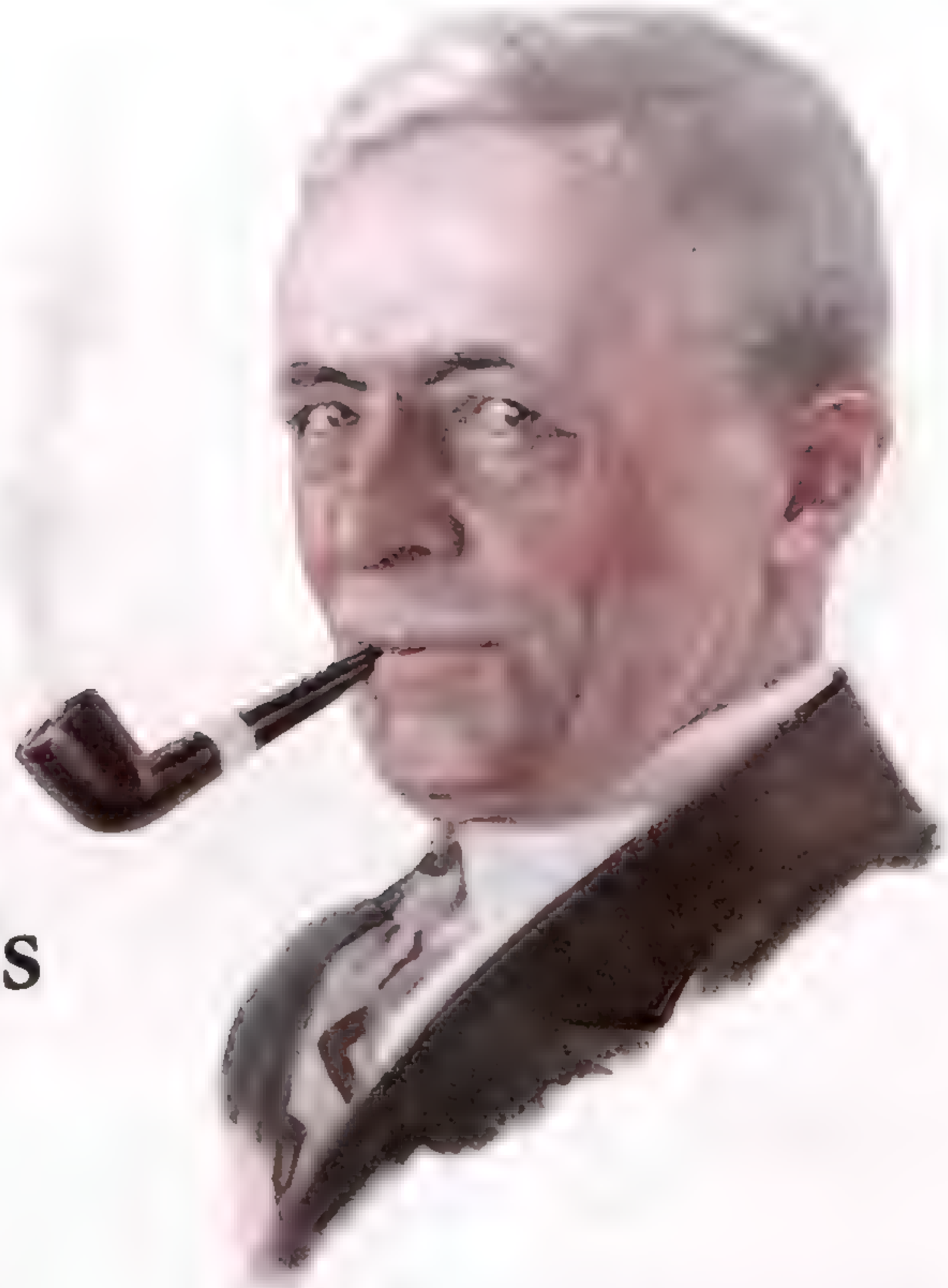
We felt that we were in at the birth of a great genius and we were, for that boy's name was Stephen Crane.

One day a good-looking young actor named Hale Hamilton walked into my office and announced that he wished to read me a play he had written with Luther Reed, the now famous motion-picture director.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I can't listen to your play."

"I'm sorry," said Hamilton, "but I'm afraid you'll have to. I took the precaution of turning the key in the lock and

(Continued on Page 53)



P. A. never wears out its welcome

I'LL say this for P.A.—the longer you stay with it, the better you like it. One of those cases where familiarity breeds *content,* if you'll permit this little twist of an old saying. You can smoke it from morning to midnight, seven days running, and never tire of it.

I had a feeling that P. A. and I were going to become fast friends the first time I got a full breath of its fragrance. That was years ago, but I remember it as though it were yesterday. And the taste more than matched the aroma. I had never experienced anything like it.

Cool and comforting, like a breeze on a summer's day. Sweet and refreshing, like a little girl all dressed for Sunday-school. Mellow and mild, like a soft answer, but with a full, rich, satisfying tobacco-body. Prince Albert never bites the tongue or parches the throat.

I get so much genuine joy and satisfaction out of this long-burning tobacco, I feel like telling every man I meet. One thing certain, if you have never smoked P. A., you can't have any idea what a lot of fun you can get out of that old jimmy-pipe of yours. Take me up on this!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

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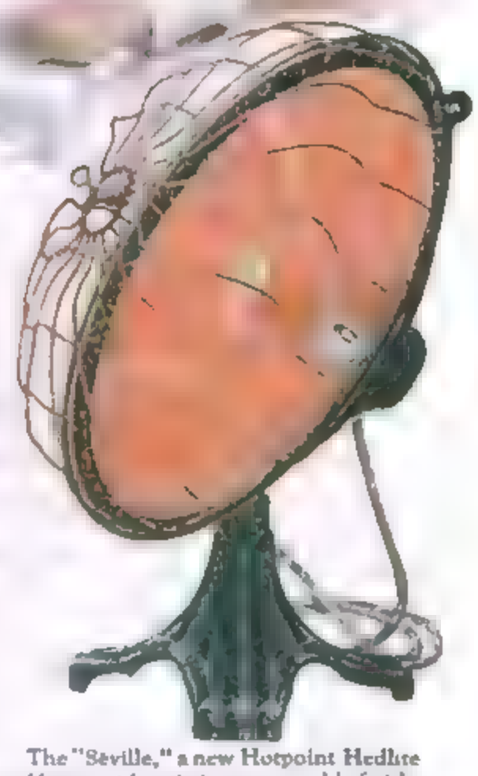
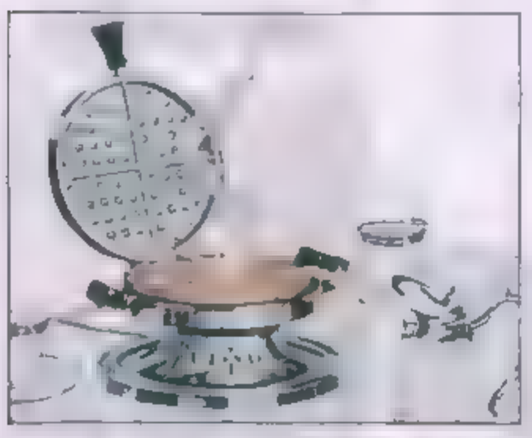
Hotpoint Hedlite Heaters are made in various styles and are finished in beautiful, distinctive colors to harmonize with home decorations. Priced from $5.00 to $10.00.



The "Seville," a new Hotpoint Hedlite Heater with artistic green crackle finish. Large 14-in. reflector. Priced $10.00.



Know the delight of golden-brown waffles made right at the table for breakfast or Sunday night supper. Hotpoint Waffle Irons bake crisp, delicious waffles without fuss or muss. No grease, smoke or odor. The Hotpoint Waffle Iron is finished in highly polished nickel and makes an attractive table appointment. Priced $10.50 and $15.00.

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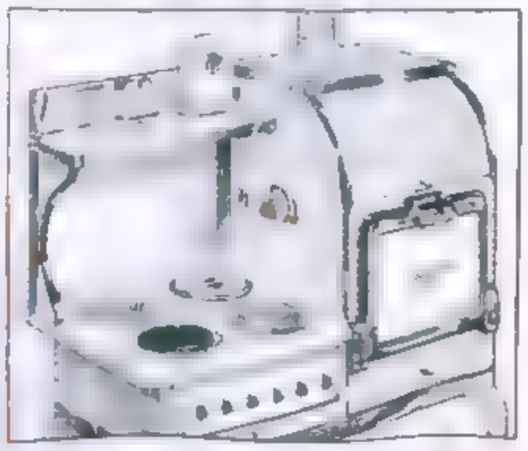

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(Continued from Page 50)

it's now in my pocket, so the quicker we get down to business the quicker we'll both be out of this room"—with which he sat himself in the chair and commenced to read a play called Dear Me. As Hamilton is a large, muscular, purposeful man, I thought it would save time if I listened. And before he rose I had said the fatal words that made it mine.

"Good," said Hamilton. "But of course you know I wrote the part of April for Grace La Rue and she must play it."

"Grace La Rue!" I cried incredulously. Of course I didn't know then that there was a violent love affair going on which later ended in their marriage. "I know Miss La Rue is an artist; a woman who has attained and deserved success as a singer. But the principal part in your play is a poor little waif, and I'm afraid Miss La Rue isn't the type. I like your play, but if you insist on that condition, I must refuse it."

I thought the matter ended there, but I didn't reckon on the remarkable woman I had to deal with—a woman who had made a high place for herself in the theater and meant to go even higher.

One day she called, planted herself firmly in a chair and began: "You don't think I can act."

"Don't say that, Miss La Rue," I replied. "I just don't know. I have seen you in vaudeville and I know you are great. But, like many another timorous manager, I hate to take a chance, and if I am to do Mr. Hamilton's play, I'll pick what I think is the right cast, or I won't do it at all."

"You don't think I can act," she repeated.

"I've said no such thing," I pointed out. "You might just as well say I didn't think you could play golf. You may be able to, but if I wanted a good golf player, I'd hire Gene Sarazen."

"Still, you don't think I can play the part of April well enough to engage me," she persisted.

I finally had to admit that I did have a doubt that she could do justice to the part of the poor little waif in Dear Me.

"Let me tell you something about me," she said, and she talked fast, looking me square in the eye, keeping right after her point. "When I was a kid I wanted to buck and wing. My folks thought I couldn't dance, but I made up my mind that I could, and when I quit dancing I was getting $500 a week. And Ned Wayburn will tell you that I was the best buck-and-wing dancer in America."

"I know he'll tell it to me," said I, "because I've heard him say so."

"You didn't hear him say," she challenged, "that because I could use my feet, my voice wasn't better, and that I couldn't sing, did you?"

"No," I replied weakly.

"I knew it was," said she, "and I made up my mind to sing. People said I couldn't. My own best friends advised me not to give up dancing, where I was getting big money, for something they were sure I couldn't do. But I said 'I'm going to sing.' So I went to Europe and spent the last dollar of my savings on vocal lessons. I'm singing at the Palace this week, and here's my contract. Put on your glasses and you will see it says $1750 for every week that I sing. That is fair enough proof that I did learn. Now I want to act. John Golden says I can't because I'm a singer. I say I can. And you're going to let me. I'm going to play that part and you are going to produce the show. You just book it for one week and you needn't pay me one cent. At the end of that week—out of town where nobody will know how stupid you were to put a girl like Grace La Rue in that part—if I don't satisfy you, fire me."

"You mean," said I, "you will give me $1750 worth of services for nothing?"

"That's exactly what I mean, unless you feel that they're worth something at the end of the week."

Down Where the Blue Grass Grows

SHE shamed me into giving her that part. I was so certain she wasn't the type—that she was a grand, successful artist who could not possibly play the poor little waif, April—that I never went near a rehearsal, leaving the entire job of directing to Hale Hamilton. He couldn't understand why I kept away, but I said I could get a clearer idea of the play as a whole if I didn't come to rehearsals.

On the opening night I went to Atlantic City, took a seat in the third row on the aisle and for the first time sat through a performance of my production. When it was over I went straight to Grace La Rue's dressing room and apologized. Furthermore, I admitted she was entitled to the salary Albee was paying her, and as much more as she thought she could get out of her new manager.

When I needed a leading woman for the most important rôle in Three Wise Fools, I had under consideration several established stars, and had about determined on one of them, when Mrs. Austin Strong, wife of the author, spoke to me about a girl, still a child, who was playing in Parlor, Bedroom and Bath. She came to our rehearsal studio with Austin Strong to read over the part of Sidney Fairchild. When they were ready, Strong sent for me to come to the studio to hear this girl.

As I listened, something strange happened inside me—an awed conviction that I was in the presence of genius. Before she left I had given her not only the part but a contract for three years.

De Wolf Hopper once came into my office and greeted her joyfully as the little five-year-old who had sat on his knee not so many years before. This youngster had grown up in the theater, supporting her father and mother, both deaf and dumb. Perhaps her great pantomimic ability has been the silver lining to that misfortune.

She made a sensational success in Three Wise Fools, which ran more than a year in New York. Later, Strong wrote another play—Seventh Heaven—which was an even greater success. And so, too, was this girl—a sensational, epoch-making delineator of a character that will be remembered for many years to come. She played Diane in Seventh Heaven and the American stage now knows Helen Menken as one of its finest emotional actresses.

PHOTO, BY WIDE WORLD STUDIO

Three of the Westman Youngsters. Nydia, Star of "Pigs" and "Two Girls Wanted," in the Center

While we were casting A Holy Terror, George Abbott, author and shooting star of the piece, came into my office one day in sore travail.

"I'm having the worst time finding somebody to play that raw-boned mountaineer with the proper Southern dialect. I'm beginning to think he can't be found."

"Nonsense," I twitted him, "I could cast that part in a minute."

"I'd like to see you do it," Abbott retorted.

I hadn't expected him to take me up so promptly, but I opened my office door and there were a dozen or more actors and actresses outside. "There's your man," said I at a venture, pointing to one who looked the type—a tall, thin, raw-boned fellow with a good head and a fine face.

"Why," said Abbott, "do you know him?"

"Never saw him in my life. But I just want to show you how easy it is." I beckoned our raw-boned friend into the office. "What's your name?"

"Albert Smith. Ah've been sent hyah bah the agent."

Abbott turned to me. "Are you kidding me or is he kidding us?"

I turned to Mr. Smith. "Are you an actor, Mr. Smith?"

"Cose Ah am," he replied.

"I see," said I. "You heard there was a part of a Southern mountaineer and you're showing me your dialect. I don't think it's very good. It sounds phony."

"Wal, really, sah, Ah cain't understan' whah it should. Cause it's sho 'nough fastened on me."

I shook my head. "No good," I said.

"Wal, suh, it's the way we toke down in Kaintuckah weah Ah come from."

"Kentucky, eh?" I asked pleasantly. "By the way, who's the governor down there now?"

I had just received my commission as colonel on Governor Morrow's staff, so I knew. But, thought I, if you didn't really come from Kentucky you wouldn't be likely to know the name of the governor.

"Govnah Morruh," replied Smith promptly. "A good fraind of mah famileh."

In a few minutes both Abbott and I were convinced that a lot of things happen in real life which are much too improbable to use in a show. The critics acclaimed Smith one of the finds of the year.

In Training for a Swedish Opera

I SHOULD not get away from Abbott until I tell how he came into my solar system. Managers' doors which today are wide open to the coauthor and director of Broadway, were in those days far less hospitable and, as I recall it, the credit for having gathered this star into my firmament should go to Helen, the sweet-voiced little lady who sits at the head of the golden stairs, with orders to keep people from seeing me when the desire is not mutual.

Helen first came to me during the war, when telephone operators were just as scarce as any other trained workers.

I thought she looked rather young, but she told me she was sixteen. She has been in my office ten years and I have just learned that she is now not quite twenty-three.

I need scarcely point out that this young woman would not permit herself to be too much constrained by any laws of mine. I have found these lapses most frequent in the case of young men whom Helen considers too handsome or appealing for me to overlook. I suppose Helen must have found young George Abbott handsome, because one day a long, lank wide-eyed blond youngster came in and asked for a job. His experience was limited to one short engagement somewhere, but what won me to him first was his telling me that he had just come back from a little job in a Swedish restaurant, dish wrestling, as he put it, because he had been offered a part in some play that required a Swede.

"It was a great experience," said Abbott. "It will help me act and make it easy if I ever want to write a restaurant or dish-washing scene in any kind of a Swedish opera."

"Oh, going to write too?" I inquired patronizingly.

"I think so," said Abbott quietly.

"Well," I said, really interested in him. "How would you like to try it here? I'll give you a lot of paper and a few dollars a week, but, needless to say, more paper than dollars. And you read some of these things that come into the office and see what you can do with any of them, if you get a chance."

I know that Austin Strong doesn't mind my telling that when we were working on Three Wise Fools, young George Abbott made many suggestions, a few of which stuck and are still in the script of that play.

But Abbott, hungry for work on the stage and for lessons in stage direction under that master director, Winchell Smith, took a job in the tryout performances of Lightnin'. The job wasn't much and the salary about the same. Abbott, as a bus man, came in and cracked his whip and brought onstage Jane Oaker, Jessie Pringle and some of the others in the piece.

Such was the humble start of one of the most sought-after authors and directors on Broadway today.

There is an Equity ruling that if an actor does not satisfy a manager within seven days, he may be discharged. I have spoken to the Equity, and though they haven't agreed with me, I still feel it would be fair to adjust their laws so that if the actor himself, not the manager, asked for an extension of this probationary period it might be conceded to him. Many a performer, if he had a little longer to show what he could do, might keep his place. Particularly the nervous player is never at his best at rehearsals but, given an audience, will often come through like a well-trained fire horse at a blaze. America's greatest character actor, David Warfield, has told me that if his engagements had been dependent upon his rehearsals he never would have had a job, because he never was any good until he knew not only what his part was all about but what the whole play meant.

I can remember once I came into a rehearsal of Three Wise Fools just as an actor playing the butler stumbled with the tray containing the apples which the Three Wise Fools ate every night. The stage manager berated him for his clumsiness. I felt sorry for the poor fellow, and

(Continued on Page 145)

Blood Brothers Ain't Relations

"Yo' Means Does Dey Look Lak Dey Was Kinfolks, Jedge Allen?" Daddy Ike Asked

By Roger Daniels

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

IT WAS at noon and the squad line was at rest. The chain gang was at lunch—side meat, yellow yams and rice—plain fare but plenty, and Chinkapin sat on a decayed cypress knee while Bulldog sprawled out in the hot sun beside him. The big convict's own lunch had been gorged in a dozen gulps, and his mouth watered as he watched Chinkapin.

"Heah, han'ful!" he barked suddenly, as the little negro half turned and started to toss a half-eaten portion of meat into the palmetto scrub. "Han's me dat side meat, an' lak mah ol' man Poonce useter say, let dem eats what kin eat!"

Chinkapin's hand stopped in mid-air and he grinned. "Big boy, yo' suttinly ——"

The speech was never finished. Bulldog had sensed rather than seen the movement in the palmetto scrub just an arm's length beyond the base of the cypress. He had sensed rather than heard the faint and ominous crackle that came from the palmetto scrub. Chinkapin's face grayed and his eyes bulged. He, too, sensed the danger and was paralyzed with fear.

Then Bulldog's foot shot out, caught the little negro squarely and sent him rolling, over and over, half a dozen yards away. At almost the precise instant that Chinkapin's body was hurtled from the cypress knee the vengeful head of a diamond-backed rattler lunged against Bulldog's heavy boot. As the snake attempted to coil again the grinning giant slashed it in two with a shovel. He kicked the writhing head back into the palmetto scrub whence it had come. He severed the rattles from the tail with another chop of the shovel.

"Fo'teen," he grinned, counting them. "Heah, li'l' boy, dat's yo' lucky number!" He tossed the souvenir to Chinkapin and, as it struck the ground near him, the little negro gasped, turned over on his side and was deathly sick to his stomach.

Bulldog looked at him for a moment in dismay, his lower lip stuck out as it always did when he was perplexed. Then his eye caught sight of Chinkapin's half-finished lunch still intact in front of the cypress stump. Bulldog pounced on the food without another word.

The colder weather had set in before Chinkapin went back to the squad line. Captain Jim saw plainly that the little negro's fear was genuine and found work enough for him to do around camp. And in the devotion, almost dog-like it was, that the diminutive one paid to the giant convict, Captain Jim saw a most commendable human trait. Even when the inroads made into the gin supply were marked, he held his tongue. He knew Bulldog's weakness along that line, and if Chinkapin would steal to pay just rewards Captain Jim half admired him for it, provided the inroads did not go too far.

The week after Chinkapin was relieved from squad-line duty Bulldog came romping one night to the back door of the bungalow to lay a goodly sized package on the steps. Before Chinkapin's wondering eyes the giant ripped off the paper and several cartons of cigarettes and many plugs of tobacco tumbled out.

"Boy," Bulldog chortled with glee, "ain' dat Jedge Barringer de mos' kin' heartedes' man in de worl'? Mebbe he gibs us six months on de chain gang, but look at what he sends us down! Chinkapin, helps yo' self!"

If Judge Barringer felt that he owed the giant a debt that was hard for him to repay, it was Bulldog alone who could twist magnanimity so that Chinkapin was equally included. Chinkapin could not grasp why he had been included in the offering by the judge. "Sends us?" he asked doubtfully. "What yo' means, big boy—sends us?"

"Han'ful, yo' suttingly is dumb," Bulldog chided. "If yo' hadn' lie' to me 'bout dat Washin'ton nigger dyin' Ah wouldn' o' bus' loose fum de chain gang. An' if Ah hadn' bus' loose Ah wouldn' o' foun' Jedge Barringer in de swamp. An' if Ah hadn' foun' Jedge Barringer in de swamp we wouldn' be gittin' dese heah gif's. Didn' Ah fixes up yo' haid fo' lyin' to me?"

"Ah raickon Ah got off light," Chinkapin admitted

"Mebbe de nex' time yo' won'," Bulldog warned with a grin. "But nev' min' dat until it gits heah. Now Ah fixes yo' up wiv de gif's yo' lyin' gits us. Li'l' boy, yo' steps up an' takes half," Bulldog declared magnanimously. Then he chuckled. "Han'ful, if we had snow Ah'd say it was Chris'mus! De nex' time us gits offen de chain gang, Chinkapin, yo' gits raidy to lie some mo'!"

"Big boy," Chinkapin burst out warmly, "yo' mos' suttingly an' sho is white!"

Bulldog guffawed. "Dat's it, han'ful, begins yo' lyin' right now. Yo' sho is got to hol' up yo' end!"

Chinkapin grinned broadly. "Yo' means, big boy, dat Ah baits de hook an' yo' pulls in de fish!"

"Dat's it, han'ful!" the giant chortled. Then he went through the motions of hauling in a hand line. At the end of the pantomine he spat with disgust. "Looka dat, han'ful, an' weeps yo' teahs! Dat's a sucker!"

"Yo' is on, big boy!" Chinkapin cheered.

"Yo' tells 'em Ah's on, han'ful! Baits yo' de hook again! Dis time Ah craves gin!"

Recklessly Chinkapin brought out Captain Jim's gin and poured a triple allowance in a mug and handed it to the giant.

"Big boy," he beamed, "drinks yo' heaif!"

If for a moment, when Bulldog downed the gin at a gulp, the diminutive negro's face was a picture of despair, he rallied bravely. What if he had purloined all the gin he dared for them both? The giant was leaning back against the door jamb with a long-drawn sigh of seraphic bliss, and the sight made Chinkapin glad.

"Bulldog, boy," he said from the bottom of his heart, "yo' an' me is blood brothers!"

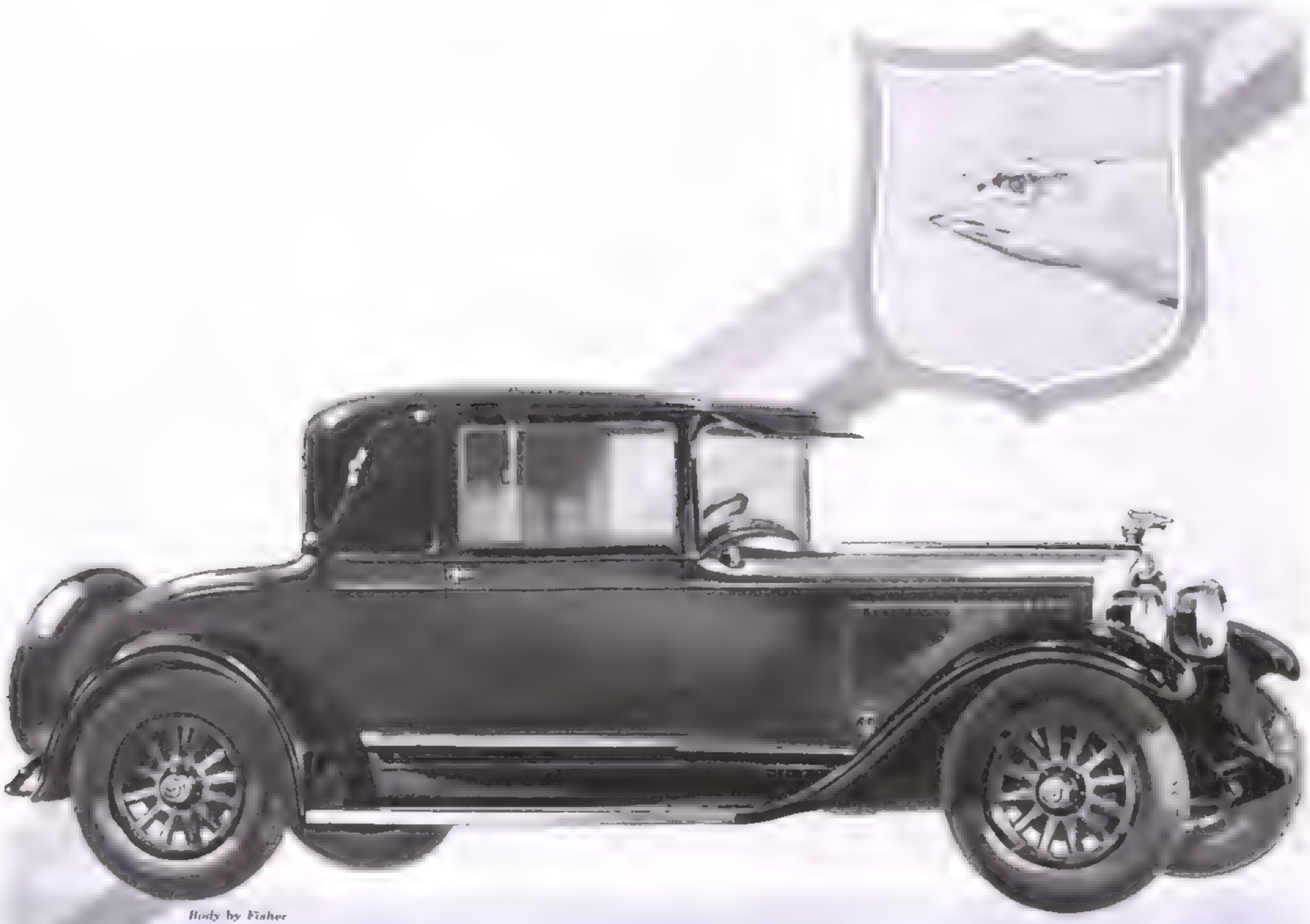
Then something must have gone wrong. The giant's sigh ended abruptly. "Us is which? What yo' means, han'ful? Yo' ain' no kin to me!" His lower lip was stuck out; so was his lower jaw.

"Yo' don' git me what Ah means," Chinkapin explained hurriedly. "Ain' yo' gib me half de cigarettes what Jedge Barringer sends yo' down? Don' Ah slips yo' de gin when Ah mixes de rickeys fo' Cap'n Jim's frien's?"

"Ah ain' ax yo' 'bout dat," Bulldog interrupted. "'Splains yo'self what yo' means 'bout dis crazy kinfolks' business, an' speaks fas' befo' Ah gits me nach'elly rile'!" Bulldog had a method of his own that settled all arguments quickly.

"Dat's 'zac'ly what Ah means, big boy!" Chinkapin chirped bravely, wondering what he had said that caused

(Continued on Page 56)



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(Continued from Page 54)

the giant's ire. "Yo' divides de cigarettes an' Ah divides de gin. We is blood brothers, big boy; we divides what we gits!"

"Den blood brothers ain' got no business at all wiv no kinfolks an' relations?" The giant's lower lip still protruded.

"Mos' suttinly dey has not, big boy," Chinkapin declared emphatically. "Blood brothers ain' no relations no how. Dat's jes' a quality word means fifty-fifty. Jes' lak"—Chinkapin sought another phrase to make his meaning explicit—"jes' lak one an' two is ace-deuce!"

Bulldog relaxed slowly and the scowl disappeared. But he was still skeptical. "Yo' means we is blood brothers jes' lak one an' two is ace-deuce? Li'l' boy, who's shootin' dese dices?"

"We shoots fifty-fifty."

Then Bulldog's face spread in a slow grin. Chinkapin drew the first natural breath he had drawn in several minutes and endeavored to remove all doubt from the giant's head.

"Yo' sho is funny," he said easily. "How come yo' go thinkin' a biggotty li'l' nigger lak me try to go puttin' on style an' shinin' up lak he was kinfolks to a gres' big standin'-up nigger lak what yo' is? Answer me dat one, big boy, how come?"

"Sho Ah answers yo', han'ful," Bulldog said soberly. "Jes' yo' sees yo' dat yo' don' go makin' up no kinfolks' relationships wiv me, dat's all." He shrugged, as though the matter were thus definitely settled. But he was not one to remain long in a submerged mood. "Jes' yo' 'members to baits de hook, li'l' boy," he grinned. "Yo' leaves it to me to pulls in de fish!" The blood brothership was a fact.

Winter came and passed, the spring floods tested out the new canal and found it a job well done. Then came the warmer days, and the time of Chinkapin's and Bulldog's release was at hand. That last week dragged for both of them. Bulldog always looked forward to his freedom, although he well knew he would be back on the chain gang in a few days, a week or two at most. He was too big, it seemed, to keep out of trouble. Chinkapin looked forward hopefully to release with half a dozen schemes hatching in his nimble mind. With his brains and Bulldog's strength, life would be worth the living, now that they were going out into the world again as blood brothers.

The last Sunday arrived, and on this particular evening Captain Jim was having his old friends—Judge Shelby Allen, Judge Nathan Bedford Barringer and Dr. Rafe Kirby—down for a quiet game of draw poker. Doctor Kirby was the first to appear.

Captain Jim, in snug-fitting khaki shirt and riding breeches of the indiscriminate color khaki takes after several trips to the washtub, was sitting on the edge of the bungalow porch watching the sunset as Doctor Kirby approached.

"What's the matter, Rafe?" he said by way of greeting. "You look warm."

"Warm?" Kirby exploded. "I'm boiled. And you sit there and grin at me like a Buddha in the sun. Damn me, Jim, you look tougher than you did back in '98."

"Thanks, Rafe, you're partly to blame," Captain Jim answered and, significantly tapping his chest, added, "I've almost forgotten anything was ever there. If this fracas on the other side ever gets to us you'll see me in France. You're not thirsty, Rafe?"

"Would it interest you if I were?" Doctor Kirby said, wetting his lips.

"Chinkapin! Boy!" Captain Jim called, and in answer to his summons the diminutive negro, his chain-gang apparel scrubbed until it was spotless, appeared in the bungalow doorway. His mouth opened from ear to ear in a smile that showed all his teeth.

"Ev'nin', Misto' Doc Kirby! Yo' call me, Cap'n Jim?"

"Chinkapin, you fix up something tall and cool for Doctor Rafe. I'll have a glass of milk. Did Bulldog bring that ice?"

"Yas-suh, Cap'n Jim, Bulldog he jes' come," Chinkapin answered and vanished. In a minute he had returned with a tray and vanished again. He had pressing business at the rear of the bungalow, where Bulldog was proving himself to be an unwilling victim of suspense.

"Lay offen dem hyfalutin' fussin's, li'l' boy, an' han's me mah gin natch'el. Ah craves to feel it go down!" the black giant chuckled, and Chinkapin dumped a liberal portion into a mug.

"Big boy," he apologized, "yo' knows dat was a new bottle an' Ah couldn' pull de co'k until Cap'n Jim's frien's come. Yo' knows Ah's sorry to keep yo' waitin'!"

"Is yo' sorry, dat makes it all right wiv me," Bulldog grinned. "Time's de cheapes' thing Ah's got," he chortled as the gin warmed his throat. "Ah's jes' been settin' heah swappin' de minutes wiv de Jim Crow Pressin' & Cleanin' Club," he chuckled, pointing to a crow perched on the woodpile just outside the door, its feathers iridescent in the rays of the setting sun. "Boy, dat crow bird's spittin' an' shinin' up lak a nigger gwine to see his bes' gal."

"Yeah," Chinkapin mumbled absently. "An' us gits loose fum de chain gang in de mawnin'."

"Speaks de truf, han'ful," Bulldog chided. "Us gits loose fum eatin' reg'la' in de mawnin'."

Chinkapin grinned and felt wholly at ease. He had never quite overcome his fear of the giant, but he always felt a sense of security when the big fellow was in good humor.

"Us gits loose in de mawnin', big boy, drinks yo' healf on dat." He poured out another liberal libation.

Bulldog downed it with the usual gulp and smacked his lips. "Mo', li'l' boy. Now we drinks yo' healf!"

It was the dinner bell at the mess shanty that called a halt on the giant's demands. One second Bulldog stood hesitant. The bell won the decision. He was gone. Chinkapin breathed relief. The scraping of chairs being pulled up to the table in the front room told him that the evening's festivities were about to begin. He hastened to make himself useful.

"Jim," Judge Shelby Allen was saying as Chinkapin entered, "where would a truck-patch nigger get twenty thousand dollars without a soul knowing a thing about it?"

"Why pick on me, Shelby?" Captain Jim laughed. "I never worked a truck patch and I never expect to have even half of twenty thousand dollars in a lump."

Chinkapin pricked up his ears. But two bits in the hand meant more to him just then than a million elsewhere. According to the things he heard Judge Allen say, someone was going to get that twenty thousand dollars, but he had already counted on three quarters he expected to get in the next five minutes. He knew just where to place the cuspidor. He knew that old Doc Kirby liked to have a palmetto-leaf fan. He knew that Judge Barringer was not comfortable until there was an extra chair for his left leg.

"Thank yo', Misto Doc Kirby, thank yo'. . . . Yas-suh, Jedge Barringer, yo' honor, thank yo', suh."

The four white men never realized he was there. Not that it mattered whether he was there or not, but simply that he passed unnoticed. Suffice it that Chinkapin had his innings when Captain Jim's friends came.

(Continued on Page 59

"Den Blood Brothers Ain' Got No Business at All Wiv No Kinfolks an' Relations?" "Mos' Suttinly Dey Has Not, Big Boy," Chinkapin Declared Emphatically

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(Continued from Page 56)

"Yes, sir, old Lucinda died intestate and there's twenty thousand dollars going begging," Judge Allen continued. "Lucinda's mother was old Virgie. Her father was old Poonce. A slave's common-law wife was the woman he actually lived with. Any other paternity on his score was a matter of his master's whim—there could be no claim against the slave. Virgie was sold to a Colonel Spotswood of South Carolina. Then Poonce settled down with an old blue-gum nigger named Aunt Sylvie that every other nigger on the place was afraid of. There the record ends. Major Depford went away to war and never came back. The heritage line of those last years on the Depford plantation is lost"

Judge Allen sighed. He was an authority on old slave laws and was just beginning to warm up to his subject. Doctor Kirby and Judge Barringer had their heads together in whispered hilarity. Captain Jim had to bear the brunt of Judge Allen's discourse. But Captain Jim was not Judge Allen's only hearer. Glued in a corner stood Chinkapin, like one fascinated, all ears.

"And now," Judge Allen went on, "Aunt Lucy, who never had chick nor child, dies and leaves twenty thousand dollars intestate, and it is up to the Court of Ordinary to find out if Poonce and Aunt Sylvie had issue. If they had, that line can inherit. But the case is so involved ——"

"Let's get down to real cases, Shelby," Captain Jim interrupted. "You cut for deal."

"That's right, Jim," Judge Barringer seconded, to shut his fellow jurist off. "Give Shelby his head on nigger law and he'll talk all night," he added, and sliding the extra chair forward a mite, got his left leg comfortably settled.

Chinkapin used the general commotion caused by the scraping of chairs being pulled up to the table as a chance to retire discreetly to the rear of the bungalow. The things he had heard retired with him. But there was something gigantic about twenty thousand dollars that required time for even his nimble mind to grasp. That was certainly a wagonload of money.

"Dat mus' be ol' Aunt Lucy out to de Isle o' Hope," he mumbled to himself. "An' dat nigger Poonce, seems lak Ah ought to know him. An' Jedge Allen didn' gibs me mah two bits ——"

The telephone rang and he got up to answer it. "Jedge Shelby Allen? Yas-suh, jes' a minute an' Ah fin's out is he heah. . . . No, suh, Ah didn' say he was heah. Ah say yo' hol's de phone an' Ah fin's out is Jedge Shelby Allen heah."

Having accomplished that much of his duty he turned from the telephone to poke his head in the front room. "Jedge Shelby Allen, please, suh, is yo' heah? De Mawnin' News dey ax to know. An' Ah don' tells 'em yo' is o' yo' ain' until Ah fin's out fum yo' yo'self!"

The four white men laughed and Judge Allen, who had just succeeded in filling that rarest of poker hands—a straight flush—was in splendid humor. "That's Gene after that legacy story that none of you would listen to," he said to the room at large. "Tell him I'll be there in a minute, boy."

"Yas-suh, Jedge Allen," said Chinkapin hopefully. He went back to the telephone well pleased with himself. "Mawnin' News? . . . Dat yo', Misto' Gene? . . . Yas-suh, Jedge Allen say he's heah. He speaks to yo' in a minute."

For the next quarter of an hour Chinkapin got a much clearer idea of Aunt Lucy's legacy. She was the daughter of Poonce and Virgie, two slaves on the old Depford plantation. She was an only child. Poonce had lived with a woman named Aunt Sylvie after Virgie went to South Carolina. Under the old law any children of Poonce and Aunt Sylvie could inherit Aunt Lucy's twenty thousand dollars. But old Poonce had been the father of many children who could not inherit, and there was no record that Poonce and Aunt Sylvia had had any children. In the event no heirs were found the Superior Court would decide what disposition was to be made of the money. It was the history back of the case that made the story interesting to the paper.

"And, Gene, don't mention the fact that I am getting in touch with old Daddy Ike," Judge Allen cautioned, just before he hung up the receiver.

Chinkapin was waiting for him when he turned around. "Ah wasn' sayin' yo' was heah until Ah knowed yo' was yo' ownself, Jedge Shelby Allen, yo' honor."

"That's right, boy," Judge Allen said with a smile, and tossed him his quarter.

"Yas-suh, Jedge Shelby Allen, yo' honor, thank yo', suh—thank yo', suh."

With his last two bits pocketed and all personal monetary matters relieved from his mind, he could now give Aunt Lucy's twenty thousand dollars free rein. This he proceeded to do with dispatch. Judge Allen was going to see Daddy Ike. Chinkapin knew Daddy Ike well. Everybody knew Daddy Ike. He was an old Depford-plantation negro who still lived in one of the ramshackle huts at the rear of the deserted and decaying mansion house. Daddy Ike remembered the December day that Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman rode into Savannah. And now he was to be called upon to shed light on the offspring of Poonce and Aunt Sylvia.

"Seems lak Ah ought to know dat ol' nigger Poonce," Chinkapin grumbled to himself, and racked his brain. "Somebody is suttinly gwine to hab luck standin' right on de fron' do'step axin' to come in. Ah sho do wish dat somebody was me!" he intoned confidingly to the moon.

Shadows had begun to creep around the world. The palmetto fronds cut jagged arcs against the silver sky. From a neighborly live oak a night bird loosed a lilting stream of melody. Far away a hound bayed his loneliness. Chinkapin shivered. "Hush up, yo' houn'," he muttered. "Dis heah ain' no time to die." Abruptly he broke into song to shake off the allusion.

"Yaller gal ride in a' automo-bile,
Brown gal ride in a train,
Black gal walk jes' on her feet,
An' she git theah jes' de same,
All night long,
Ah said all ——"

"'Magine dat ol' dead Lucy nev' sayin' nothin' to nobody, not ev'n to Jedge Shelby Allen, 'bout all dat money," the singer interrupted himself. "An' mebbe now nobody gits it, de ol' fool nigger. . . . An' when Ah says money Ah means money. . . . Chinkapin, boy, yo' could buy yo' a ship on de ocean wiv all dat money. Jes' 'magine dat ol' dead Lucy nigger wiv all dat money nev' say nothin' to nobody. . . . Seems lak Ah mus' know dat ol' Poonce nigger. . . . Who is crazy now?" He sighed mournfully. . . . "An' heah Ah is wiv six bits!"

Around the corner of the bungalow loomed a living shadow.

"Is yo' seein' things, han'ful, o' is yo' jes' holdin' out on yo' po' li'l' blood brother?" In the moonlight Bulldog looked even more huge than he did by day. His shadow covered the whole side of the bungalow

"Who say Ah'm holdin' out? How yo' go fifty-fifty on six bits?" Chinkapin parried.

"Han'ful, dat's easy!" Long practice had taught Bulldog a rough and ready knowledge of that kind of arithmetic. "Dat's two bits fo' yo', dat's two bits fo' me', dat's two bits yo' flicks in de air, li'l' boy, an' Ah says, 'haids!'"

Rather reluctantly Chinkapin handed over a quarter and flipped a second one. Both of them bent over it, and in the light from the doorway Chinkapin saw that he had lost. Bulldog picked up the coin and this time he flipped it.

"Haids once mo'!" said Chinkapin.

"Says tails," Bulldog chortled as he picked it up. "Heah Ah is wiv six bits!"

"Dat ain' no money," Chinkapin said scornfully. "Is yo' relations to ol' Poonce down on de Depfo'd ——"

"What yo' means, nigger?" Bulldog snapped. "What yo' means is Ah relations to Poonce?"

Chinkapin shrank back. "Ah ain' sayin' yo' is," he stammered, "ah's sayin', is yo'?" Then he remembered why the name had sounded familiar to him. Bulldog had told him that Poonce was his old man. The little negro quivered. "Ah means yo' is relations to Poonce," he blurted out. "An' yo' mammy, big boy, yo' mam ——"

Bulldog's hand shot out and caught Chinkapin's tunic. He lifted the little negro clear off the ground as he bellowed, "Yo' go castin' up at me, yo' peanut, an' Ah shakes yo' eyeballs loose. If yo' was man size Ah'd wring yo' neck!"

"L-L-Listens, big boy," Chinkapin pleaded. "All Ah was axin' yo' was yo' mam——"

"Axes me dat once mo' an' Ah slaps yo' cold an' yo' lays cold. An' Ah's 'sinuatin' fo' yo' special ben'fit dat Ah comes fum de bestes' black blood in de county. Yo' is chestnut, ginge'cake, punkin seed an' mud yaller an' not mo'n half o' dat. An' Ah's black—all black—Ah's a befo' Gawd nigger an' Ah's proud. De nextes' time yo' says relations to me Ah bus' yo' wide open!"

Chinkapin landed in a heap on the steps with a clatter that brought Captain Jim from the front room. Bulldog had disappeared into the shadows.

"What's going on out here!" Captain Jim exploded.

"'Scuse me, Cap'n Jim—'scuse me," Chinkapin whined. "Befo' Gawd an' kiss de Book, Ah fell ovah dat damn broom!"

Captain Jim, apparently satisfied that the little negro was telling the truth, went back to his cards.

Several minutes passed before Chinkapin managed to pull himself together. It took several more for him to convince himself that he had no broken bones. "Ziggetty damn!" he intoned quietly. "Ah hopes dat big nigger nev' gits pow'ful mad at me. Ah sho gits me a fun'al invite when he does!"

From the night bird in the live oak came another up-and-down-the-scale trill. The moon shone just as brightly as before.

"Sing's yo' haid off," Chinkapin mused. "Mebbe dat ol' Lucy nigger ain' so much a fool anyway. Dat big nigger takes mah six bits an' gits mad when Ah tries to tell him he's a millionaire! If Poonce was his ol' man den me an' Daddy Ike gits together befo' Judge Allen sen's fo' him, an' we makes dat blue-gum nigger Aunt Sylvie his mammy an' counts de money. Ah shows dat big nigger which blood brother has de brains."

Chinkapin was as good as his word. The sun was not noon high the next morning when he beached a boat at the old Depford plantation. Daddy Ike had seen him coming and was on hand to meet him.

"Boy, yo' pulls on dem oars lak yo' was tryin' to bus' 'em," the old negro said. "Wheah yo' gwine so fas', Chinkapin?"

"'Tain' wheah Ah's gwine, Daddy Ike," Chinkapin answered glibly. "It's wheah Ah's gwine fum!"

"What yo' been an' done dis time?" Daddy Ike asked reprovingly.

"'Tain' what Ah's done, it's what dey hangs on me if Ah gits caught," Chinkapin said truthfully. "An', Daddy Ike, if yo' has fried fish, Ah's hongry." He cast an eye toward the old whitewashed stone hut that Daddy Ike still called home. Chinkapin had most important business to transact before Judge Shelby Allen's messenger should arrive.

"Huh!" the old negro grunted, leading the way. "So dat's it. De las' chain-gang nigger dat come down disaway says dat an' den eats me into de po'house!"

"Yo' soun's lak Bulldog?"

"Ah don' soun's lak nobody else!" the old man chuckled.

Chinkapin grinned to see him in good humor. "Daddy Ike, yo' don' needs to tell me, Ah believes yo' anyway. Cap'n Jim, he say dat big nigger take to food lak a Coas' Line freight takin' coal on a grade.

MARGARITA FISCHER

As "Eliza"

in *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"*

There is probably no heroine in American history better known than "Eliza" who crossed the ice to escape the bloodhounds, carrying her little one in her arms in the midst of a terrific snow-storm. MARGARITA FISCHER takes the part of "Eliza" in Universal's magnificent production of ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin,"*** and her work in this trying role has been enthusiastically praised by noted critics.

Unless I am badly mistaken, this picture will score a great triumph in entertainment. That's what it was made for and every character in the long cast is a star well known to all movie-fans. It is a Harry Pollard Production, and the cast also includes ARTHUR EDMUND CAREW, LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD, VIVIAN OAKLAND and JAMES B. LOWE.

LAURA LA PLANTE in the mystery play ***"The Cat and the Canary"*** is adding vastly to her laurels. Some critics have gone so far as to say that this is the best thing she has ever done. The director is likewise praised for his wonderful settings and groupings. The picture is a Paul Leni Production, from John Willard's play, with a cast including ARTHUR EDMUND CAREW and many stars.

If you will ask the manager of your favorite theatre to secure Universal pictures, you will enjoy many sterling productions which you might otherwise miss. The manager of any movie-theatre is grateful for suggestions.

Meantime, please write me a letter about the Universal pictures you have seen and give me your unbiased opinion of plays and stars.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next month)

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

De mo' yo' passes in de mo' he bu'ns it up. Dey ought to feed dat big boy hay!"

But presently, when a split whiting, rolled in corn meal, began to sizzle in the pan, Chinkapin's mouth watered and he acquired a real appetite of his own.

"Hot fish and fried yams! Brown' on bofe sides, white in de middle! Hoe cake an' de long sweetnin'!" he chanted and smacked his lips. "Daddy Ike, Ah hopes yo' lives to be a hunder' yeahs ol'!"

"Hush up dat fool talk, boy," the old negro retorted querulously. "Ah's mos' dat now an' Ah's jes' begun to grow!"

"Dat yo' is!" Chinkapin chirped. "Heah, reads yo' de Mawnin' News while Ah slays de vittels!"

Covertly he watched the old man and grinned with satisfaction as Daddy Ike turned the paper over a couple of times, peered at it blankly, and then laid it back on the table.

"What's de trouble—lose yo' specs?" he offered. He had banked on the old negro's inability to read. Few of the old-time negroes could.

"No," Daddy Ike said. "Dem specs done git bus'."

"Den Ah reads it to yo'," said Chinkapin with alacrity, although the only thing he could read was his own name.

"Says rain," he began with a chuckle. "Dat's one dey missed."

"Mos' always do," Daddy Ike interpolated.

"New canal raidy—dat ain' no news to me. . . . Sto'm hit New Yawk . . . fo'teen lose dey lives . . . husban's an' wives an' chilluns. . . . Ol' Aunt Lucy daid at de Isle o' Hope ——"

"How come it say dat?" Daddy Ike queried. "Dat Lucy been daid, waked an' bu'ied mo'n two weeks by de Daughters ob Mercy an' de Sisters ob Jerus'lem. Didn' Ah goes to de fun'al an' ride in de ca'iage wiv de white hawses. Boy, dat ain' news, dat's hist'ry," the old negro ended with a chuckle.

"Sho nuff," Chinkapin agreed. "Dat's funny, dis heah mus' be a ol' Mawnin' News. . . . What's dis? . . . It say ol' Lucy had money. . . . Lawd mercy an' all de aingells!"

"What's dat?" Daddy Ike asked, leaning forward.

"It say ol' Lucy lef' twen'y thousan' dollahs!" Chinkapin burst out. "Don' yo' believes me yo' reads fo' yo'self!" he offered.

"Didn' Ah done tells yo' Ah bus' mah specs?" Daddy Ike said indignantly. "Quit steppin' in yo'self an' reads some mo'. Wheah Aunt Lucy git all dat money?"

"Don' say wheah she gits it. . . . Jedge Shelby Allen has de money now. De on'y one dat gits it away fum him has to prove dey is relations wiv a ol' nigger name' Poonce an' ol' Aunt Sylvie down on de ol' Depfo'd plantation."

"Reads dat again, boy?" Daddy Ike asked wide-eyed.

"Jedge Shelby Allen say dat unless dey proves relations wiv ol' Poonce an' Aunt Sylvie dey don' gits de money."

"Den who gits it den?"

"Don' say. . . . Wait a minute"—Chinkapin grasped for an adequate answer. "In de case no relations is prove' de co't gibs de money to de county po-lice fo' new shotguns an' 'quipments! Now ain' dat hell?"

"Don' believes it! Dey cain' do dat wiv ol' Lucy's money!" Daddy Ike said heatedly.

"Reads fo' yo'self, ol' man, don' tells me!" Chinkapin disparaged. "If dey ain' no relationships prove' de county po-lice gits dese heah mule-shootin' shotguns an'——" Chinkapin broke off suddenly and bounced up in the air.

"Dey has got to prove relationships to Poonce! Heah dat, Daddy Ike? To Poonce!" The little negro worked himself into a frenzy of maudlin delight. "Is yo' relations to Poonce an' Aunt Sylvie yo' gits de money! Bless' be de meek, fo' dey shall inherit de worl'."

"What's de matter wiv yo', boy; is yo' gwine loose in de haid?" Daddy Ike exclaimed nervously.

"Mos' suttinly Ah is!" Chinkapin declared, and did a double shuffle to prove it. "Don' yo' know who gits dat money, ol' man?"

"How come Ah know who gits it?"

"Den, Daddy Ike, Ah tells yo'. Dat wagonload ob money is gwine to de nigger what spec's it de leas'. An' he don' know what to do wiv it when he gits it! Dat's wheah yo' an' me steps in an' helps him spen's de kale!"

"Is yo' gone crazy sho nuff?" Daddy Ike had got up himself.

"Sho Ah is, ol' man. Don' de Mawnin' News say yo' proves de relationships yo' gits de money? Den de res' jes' natch'elly follows yo' an' me lak a stray hawg follows a nigger wiv a sack ob goobers. Bulldog gits dat money and yo' an' me—dat's us—we is his guardeens! Dat nigger Poonce was Bulldog's ol' man."

Daddy Ike stepped back. "Boy, yo' is crazy," he said slowly.

"What yo' mean?" Chinkapin asked.

"Fo' dat yo' raises dis ruckus!" The old man's tone had become scornful. "Chinkapin, yo' haid ain' wuth no mo' to yo' dan a sun-dried shin bone is to a hongry houn'. He can chew, but he don' git no meat. Yo' talks a mile an' says nothin'. Dat nigger Poonce was daid not less 'n twenty yeahs befo' even Bulldog was bawn!"

"Who say dat?" Chinkapin's face fell.

"Don' yo' heah me?" answered the now-indignant Daddy Ike. "Is yo' deaf as yo' is lakwise dumb?"

But Chinkapin had heard only too well, and before his eyes all the golden dreams he had had for himself and Bulldog during the past twelve hours were blown to shreds like cloud wrack before a gale. To add to his misery, Daddy Ike kept up his ridicule:

"Jes' 'case yo' young niggers reads de Mawnin' News an' weahs uppity clo'es an' takes de kinks out ob yo' haids, yo' thinks yo' knows ev'thing. Yo' takes de kinks out ob de brains at de same time. When Ah was a young buck nigger de young folks had sense enuf to set roun' an' listen to what de ol' folks tells 'em ——"

Chinkapin grew too mournful to hear. "Den de county po-lice gits de shotguns," he grieved, accepting that there might be truth even in that invention of his own mind.

"Boy," Daddy Ike's tone changed, "dat ain't right. Ol' Lucy tu'n a flip-flop in de grave if she know dat!"

Never had Chinkapin's ears been quicker in relaying hope to his active brain. "Daddy Ike," he burst out, picking up the paper once more, "yo' sho' tol' de whole truf dat time. Dat's de meanes' thing in de worl' dey could do, an' when Ah says meanes' Ah says de lowes' down in de mud! An' dat's jes' what it says heah. . . . What's dis? . . . Dey's mo'. . . . Ol' man, Ah nev' saw dis heah befo'!"

"Don' talks so much, reads," Daddy Ike urged, catching the new note in Chinkapin's voice.

"It say dat Jedge Shelby Allen been losin' sleep an' cain' fin' no relationships. . . . In de lastes' reso't he is sendin' down to de ol' Depfo'd plantation fo' de oldes' an' mos' bes' belov' ol' nigger in de county an' ——"

"Dat's me, boy!" Daddy Ike interrupted tremulously. "Is yo' readin' dis time, o' is yo' makin' up?"

"'Co'se Ah's readin'! Jedge Allen is sendin' down fo' yo'!"

"Ah ain' mix in nothin'," the old man said. "Why fo' is dey sendin' down fo' me?"

"Yo' is de lastes' reso't," Chinkapin beamed. "Don' yo' goes out back befo' de slaves was free? Dey sen's fo' yo' to ax yo' what yo' knows. An' de on'y thing in de worl' dat stan's between Aunt Lucy's money and de county po-lice gittin' dem shotguns is what yo' tells Jedge Allen."

It was sink or swim now. Chinkapin forgot any fear he might have for the chain gang, as he conjured up in his mind a million things he and Bulldog could do once they got that money.

"Daddy Ike," he said boldly, "does us gits us together on dis heah relationship o' does de county po-lice git de mule-shootin' shotguns?"

For a full minute they eyed each other, and it was Daddy Ike's glance that wavered first. He went stealthily to the door to look across the stretch of water that separated the island plantation from the mainland. Satisfied that no one was lurking within sight or sound, he closed the door and came back to his stool.

"Chinkapin, boy," he said with the air of an avenger, "speaks yo' mind."

Chinkapin needed no urging. "Us proves dat Bulldog is relations wiv Poonce and dat ol' blue-gum nigger Aunt Sylvie. It mus' be dey was two Poonces—we calls 'em ol' Poonce an' young Poonce. If young Poonce was Bulldog's ol' man den dat makes ol' Poonce his gran'pappy. Yo' tu'n come nex', Daddy Ike. How we 'splains what happen to young Poonce dat nobody know where he is at?"

The old man snapped out the answer as though he had seen just what had happened. "Flood time young Poonce got drown' in de big swamp!"

Chinkapin beamed joyfully. "What could be mo' sweet? Daddy Ike, yo' makes me proud!"

They went at it as though it were a game, after that. Any loopholes that Chinkapin could find, and he had heard all that Judge Allen had to say, Daddy Ike quickly plugged. When they had the story complete they went over it again and again and made it air-tight.

It was someone calling from the river that finally broke up the game. Daddy Ike, for all his years, sprang to the door. He saw two men in a boat pulling up to the beach.

The fawn-colored stetsons and belted uniforms told him they were the county constabulary. He conveyed the news to Chinkapin.

"Yo' goes down to de boat, Daddy Ike," said the little negro, "an' Ah lays me low. If dey takes yo' back wiv 'em, yo'll fin' me heah waitin' fo' yo' mos' fastes' retu'n. Ah wishes yo' luck!"

"Why de jedge sen's down de po-lice?" the old man complained as he clambered into his best coat. "Yo'd think Ah done sumpin!"

But he arrived on the beach, despite his age, just as the first county constable was climbing ashore. "Ev'nin', Misto' Sam Jones," he said cheerily, as he recognized the constable.

"Hello, Daddy Ike," the constable answered. "What are you doing with Ed Daffin's boat?"

Daddy Ike, out of the corner of his eye, saw that the constable was looking at the boat Chinkapin had come in. "Is dat Misto' Ed Daffin's boat?" he asked innocently. "Ah jes' knowed somebody be lookin' fo' dat boat. Come downstream dis mawnin' all by itself. If Ah hadn' pull out an' cotch it dat boat be clar out de ocean."

"I'll tell Ed Daffin that," the constable said. "He thought some nigger must have stolen it. Guess it must have come loose. Can you read, old man?" he asked with a grin. "Here's a subpœna."

Daddy Ike took the paper. "Why fo' yo' gib me dis heah? Ah ain' done nothin' a-tall!"

The constable laughed. "That ain't a warrant, old man; that's a subpœna to be a witness. You be there in the mornin' at nine o'clock at Judge Shelby Allen's office. Know where that is?"

"At de big yaller co't house? Sho Ah knows," Daddy Ike said. "Why fo' dey want me to be a witness?"

"You'll find out when you get there. Nine o'clock, and don't forget it, the judge wants to see you. Take Ed Daffin's boat back to him on your way up."

"Misto' Sam Jones," Daddy Ike said shrewdly. "If Misto' Ed Daffin think his boat is stole, de bes' thing is to git dat boat back quick. Why cain' yo'-all tow it on behin'?"

"All right, old man," Constable Jones grinned. "You know how to keep out of trouble. We'll take it back and tell him you found it."

"Don' yo' tells him nothin' lak dat," Daddy Ike answered quickly. "Tells him if it wasn' fo' me mebbe dat boat be out on de ocean right now. Mebbe he fix it up wiv me de nex' time Ah goes up fo' mah rations."

Both constables laughed. Daddy Ike remained at the beach until they were out of sight around a bend. Then he hurried back to the hut.

"Boy, Ah done save yo' life dat time. Dat's ol' man Daffin's boat yo' come down in. Yo' suttinly was in a rush to git heah. Now yo' stays until Ah gits back. De county po-lice took dat boat, an' yo' don' git offen de islan' unless yo' swims off."

"Ah cain' swim, Daddy Ike," Chinkapin blurted out.

"Ah knows yo' cain', boy! Dat's why fo' Ah tol' de county po-lice to take dat boat back. If what yo' raid in de Mawnin' News ain' so Ah knows wheah at yo' kin be foun'."

"What yo' mean?" Chinkapin looked troubled.

"Ah means dat Ah is mos' a hunder' yeahs ol', Chinkapin, boy, an' Ah's nev' been in de jail house yit. Does yo' git me, boy?"

"Mos' suttinly Ah does," Chinkapin answered automatically.

If Judge Shelby Allen of the Court of Ordinary expected to secure any real help through Daddy Ike in the baffling search for an heir to Aunt Lucinda's legacy, he never expected the convincing story the old man told him the next morning. Though Judge Allen cross-questioned the old negro for more than an hour, he could not uncover any except minor discrepancies in the tale Daddy Ike unfolded.

The old man made it plain that Bulldog was the rightful heir Judge Allen sought. Judge Allen was unreasonably certain that Bulldog wasn't the one he sought. Had Daddy Ike seen the giant recently? Daddy Ike had not. Where was Bulldog now?

"'Deed Ah don' know, Jedge Shelby Allen, yo' honor, but mos' lakly dat big nigger's on de chain gang."

Judge Allen was stumped. The old negro sat in a chair by his desk, and the look on Daddy Ike's face was confidingly frank. Probably, had Daddy Ike been halting in his replies, the unreasonable doubt never would have entered Judge Allen's head. But Daddy Ike never faltered and so Judge Allen didn't believe he was telling the truth.

"All right, Daddy Ike," he said at length. "Now you go out into the other room and wait a few minutes. I think I'll want to talk to you again."

"Yas-suh, Jedge Shelby Allen, Ah waits jes' so long as yo' needs me, suh."

The moment the door had closed on the old negro, Judge Allen got his friend Judge Barringer on the telephone. "Shelby, Nate. I have old Daddy Ike up from the Depford plantation, and you'd never guess who that old rascal says gets Aunt Lucy's twenty thousand dollars. Your old friend Bulldog!"

"What? That old hypocrite is stringing you, Shelby."

"No, he just thinks he is. But the deuce of it is I can't shake his story. He knows it by heart."

"Wait half an hour and I'll come over. Bulldog is out at my place doing some work around the house. I'll get him down here and bring him with me."

"Fine, Nate."

Judge Barringer did not keep him waiting long.

Bulldog, in a checkered cotton jumper and overalls, stood perplexed in a corner while the two judges put their heads together. Judge Allen went over the ground he had covered with Daddy Ike.

(Continued on Page 141)

Stoop! Bend! Reach! Stretch!

. . . . *this underwear springs back into shape—instantly!*

It always fits perfectly . . . for the *patented* spring needle knitting process prevents bulging or gaping at the knee, seat or elbow

HERE is an entirely different kind of underwear. You'll note the difference the minute you step into a suit. The way it molds to your body without a wrinkle. The utter freedom and comfort it allows.

But the greatest difference will only become apparent *after* you have worn this underwear several times. Then you will find that it *continues* to fit as well as it did the first time you put it on.

This lasting fit and comfort is due to the *patented* spring needle knitting process. (It actually takes a mile more yarn per garment this way.) That's why it stretches so readily when you stoop, bend, reach or stretch—*but always springs back into shape instantly.* Always fits perfectly.

Allen-A underwear has many other features which make for comfort. It has military shoulders which give 4 to 6 inches extra stretch when you bend or stoop—prevents binding or catching in the crotch or under the arms. It has flat seams which don't rub or chafe. It has a one-thickness, 1-button closed crotch which never bunches.

Just try one suit. The utter freedom and lasting fit will win you to Allen-A underwear for life. If your dealer doesn't carry this underwear, send us his name. We will see that you are supplied at once.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

This photograph shows the remarkable elasticity of the webbing of this spring needle knit garment. Why this specially made underwear has a sleek, comfortable fit. Why it stretches freely when you stretch—but always springs back into shape. Always fits. Allen-A underwear is made in a wide range of styles, weights and fabrics. Ranging in price from $1.50 to $6.50.

Stoop—and the military shoulders give 4 to 6 inches extra stretch—prevent binding or catching in the crotch.

Bend—and the elastic webbing allows ample "play." That stiff, bulky feeling is entirely absent.

Reach—and there's no tugging or pulling under the arms or around the neck. Just perfect freedom.

Stretch—and the entire garment stretches with you. You're utterly unconscious that you have underwear on

UNDERWEAR
Spring needle knit and athletic type—for men and boys only

Allen A

HOSIERY
for men, women and children

Smart Styles in Men's Hosiery
These good looking hose are pure worsted. In vertical stripes, diamond patterns, horizontal stripes, cross stripes and plaids. Priced, $1.00 per pair.

No Difference

When Supremacy is

HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Standard Models
(118 inch wheelbase)

Coach	$1175
Sedan	1285

(127 inch wheelbase)

Coach	$1285
Sedan	1385

Custom-Built Models
(127 inch wheelbase)

Brougham	$1575
7-Passenger Phaeton	1600
7-Passenger Sedan	1850

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax

In its repertoire of brilliant abilities, the New Hudson Super-Six asserts its supremacy in vivid performance facts that stand free and clear of opinion or debate.

Here is a new power in motordom—totally different in development and expression—totally new in range and efficiency—the smooth and mighty power of the steam engine delivered with silky ease and vivacity.

HUDSON

"Difference of opinion makes horse-racing," is the immemorial proverb and auspice of the sport of kings. Yet, for Man O'War who was indifferent to all but the victorious goal, king and stable boy rise to agree there was *no difference of opinion* when that super-horse faced the barrier.

# of Opinion —

so Outstanding

From standing start the New Hudson Super-Six takes the full shot of power, with no suggestion of lurch or stagger, mounting to high speed with greater smoothness and rapidity than any stock car we know, regardless of size, number of cylinders or price.

The basis of this great Hudson capacity is a new companion invention to the Super-Six principle which turns waste heat to power. Together they combine the highest efficiency in power generation and transmission ever achieved within our knowledge. It makes Hudson the most economical car per pound weight in the world.

In the new Hudson motor, spark knock heretofore characteristic of the high-compression motor is eliminated.

Ordinary gasoline gives the performance results sought through special and higher-priced fuels. By Hudson's method of vaporizing raw gasoline that enters the combustion chamber, oil dilution is prevented, and heat formerly wasted through the exhaust becomes useful power.

It is receiving the greatest public reception in Hudson history, because in all ways it is the greatest Hudson Super-Six ever built.

Super-Six

Don't wonder how *they* did it!

Find out how *you* can have the home you want!

ALL these people who own lovely homes—homes you admire and envy—many earn no more than you; they are not luckier or smarter than you. There is NO reason why they own their homes and you do not, *except*—They ACTED!

Do you realize how much help you can get? More people will help you own your home than to do any other thing: your employer, your banker, your contractor, builder and your realtor.

We have just published a *free book* that shows you the secret of getting this help. Written with the co-operation of eminent building authorities, this new book tells you facts that will surprise you about how easy it is to finance your home on a basis that will protect your investment. It will help you select your contractor or judge a house already built.

You can have a* better *home than you hoped for

Moreover, this book will tell you about the amazing 5-point material that brings new comfort and cuts one of your biggest items of upkeep cost by a third

This material is Celotex. It adds little or nothing to the cost of building; because the broad, strong Celotex boards *replace* other materials in the walls and roof and *save money* in the radiation and heating plant.

Home comfort is raised to a new high standard. Fuel bills can be cut by a third, year after year. For Celotex makes homes (1) stronger, (2) cooler in summer, (3) quieter, (4) warmer in winter, (5) less costly to heat. Such homes are the kind that modern home seekers demand.

***Send for this book* NOW**

Every man who is renting owes it to himself and to his family to read this book. It is showing thousands who have simply *wished* for a home how easy it is to actually *own* one.

All you have to do to get the facts is to mail the coupon below. This valuable book will be sent *free*. Send for your copy right now!

FOR OLD HOMES, TOO

IN *houses already built, Celotex lines attics. Here it will make your home cooler in summer; warmer in winter; add an attractive extra room; and save more fuel money than it costs. It is also used to line basements, garages, and for remodeling work.*

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The sign of a well-built house

—comfortable in any weather, low in upkeep cost and high in re-sale value.

This book is FREE

This book clears up scores of questions. Look at these chapter headings: "Can I Afford It?—Where Shall We Live?—Help Ready For You—Getting The Money—Building It Right." These facts are invaluable to anyone who wants to build or buy. Fill in the coupon and mail it right now.

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S. E. P.—10-15-27

☐ Please send the book, "You *Can* Own That Home," and the Celotex Building Book.

Name .....

Address .....

☐ I am interested in buying or building a Celotex house

Approximate price..... Location.....

☐ I am interested in using Celotex in my present home.

GARY AND THE PUBLIC STAKE

(Continued from Page 8)

had never been demonstrated to his satisfaction that producing capacity in the United States was greater than the country's power to consume.

The third evolution of thought with respect to business which Judge Gary had in mind related to the national political point of view. In common with others he had noted the contradiction between the attitude of the country toward big business as reflected by employe and customer ownership of securities, for example, and the political attacks on large business enterprises. He saw this, too, as the lingering effect of a cause that no longer existed. It was his conviction that this contradiction was becoming nationally visible, and that the public reaction had reached the point where it was no longer necessary for business men to be on the defensive.

A defensive attitude, he held, served chiefly to perpetuate the ancient suspicion that business motives must be concealed. By way of illustrating how he had acted on this conviction, Judge Gary told me he had repeatedly withheld criticisms he had been requested to make of various proposals for legislative or regulatory actions prejudicial to business interests. He believed that the time had come when in most instances more could be gained by leaving such questions to the common sense of the country.

For Public Consumption

Since Judge Gary had frequently stated his belief that this series of changes in economic thought traced back to the vision of industrial pioneers, many of whom had been pilloried as public enemies during their lifetime, it was only natural that he should have been urged to write his personal recollections of these men. He had always refused, chiefly because of a lack of time, but also because he was convinced that history would do justice to them. When finally he consented to have me prepare certain articles in collaboration with him, if time permitted, it was solely with the idea that he could help to develop the new conception of business which he saw forming in the United States.

The article entitled The Senior Morgan, which appeared last March in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, was the first of this series. Judge Gary found himself so busy thereafter with the affairs of the Steel Corporation that he was compelled to abandon the idea of a long series, but he had determined to prepare an article on John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and he hoped later to review the business life of William Deering, whom he had served as counsel for more than thirty years. Others who had been originally considered included Andrew Carnegie, James J. Hill, Edward H. Harriman and H. H. Rogers.

President Calvin Coolidge also was discussed at considerable length by Judge Gary, and an article containing an estimate of the President's contribution to prosperity and the new economic vision of the country was in course of preparation at the time of Judge Gary's death. The remarkable strength of the President with the people was regarded by Judge Gary as conclusive evidence of the change taking place in the national political point of view toward business enterprises. He thought this was emphasized by Mr. Coolidge's unbroken record of political success. He considered the present Administration, in fact, as a sort of turning point in the economic history of the country. A few months before his death Judge Gary made a statement before the Iron and Steel Institute indicating this, and also carrying his idea that business men should avoid unnecessary contact with and criticism of the Government.

"Since I have known anything about the iron-and-steel business," he said, "there has never before been a time when the governmental Administration was honestly, sincerely and actively so much interested as at present in the prosperity of the people of this country, and the whole people. You have often heard me mention the Administration in Washington during the past few years. Personally I know very little about them; I seldom see any of them or have any conversation with them, but I have watched very carefully and very closely the disposition shown by the actions of the different members of that exalted group in Washington.

"I would rather have a President and cabinet that say nothing to us or about us that is favorable than have an Administration that is always doing something to hurt us, yet at the same time professing to do everything that is possible to have done. I challenge any honest, well-thinking man to say that he thinks there is anything in the action of the present Administration that is unfavorable to the business interests of this country or to anyone who is interested in the affairs and success of the nation.

"I have seen President Coolidge only twice since he was elected to a position in Washington; the last time a long while ago. I have never had a word of conversation with him about business. I think it is better for him, his Administration and for the business men generally if, while he is doing the right thing, they keep away from him. If we wish to make friends of the President or any of his cabinet, let us show by our business, by our conduct, by our everyday life, that we stand for the things that are right and just. In that way we will secure their respect, their confidence and their assistance when it is asked and deserved."

While Judge Gary was preparing the address from which this statement is taken he expressed to me the opinion that four more years of Mr. Coolidge would put the country forty years ahead in its economic understanding. He had observed that many of the political attacks on business were not really designed to correct abuses, but were made in the belief that the people expected this sort of thing and it would further the political fortunes of the attackers. The fallacy of this was quite plain to everyone not in politics, Judge Gary held, so much so that the phrase "for public consumption" had become synonymous with exaggeration, or even outright misstatement. In spite of this the tradition persisted that the public interest had no identity with the aim of business in political matters, and even men of large business interests who went into politics were often influenced by this tradition to say things containing at least implied criticism for which there was no basis.

The Government Policy

In Judge Gary's opinion Mr. Coolidge was the first American in politics of national stature to challenge the political wisdom, as well as the patriotism, of this course. He was the first to recognize that the people saw through unreasoning attacks, and even when they were led astray at first, soon reached their own judgments on the facts.

Beyond all this question of political expediency, Judge Gary also believed that Mr. Coolidge had been guided throughout his career by a determination to retain his self-respect regardless of political consequences. This was even more evident in the things he had refrained from doing which might have been regarded as good politics than in what he had actually done, although Judge Gary saw no dearth of achievement. He believed the record of prosperity that had marked the past three years could be traced more to the tradition of sincerity and common sense which the President had earned than to any specific act or series of acts relating to business.

An even more important contribution of the President, Judge Gary believed, was the strengthening of the Government's hand in all its relations with business. The disposition to be fair and reasonable, he contended, had encouraged the growing sense of national responsibility among business men. They were becoming more and more inclined to coöperate with the law, so that combinations or acts not in the public interest could be controlled before any damage had been done. With that state of mind prevailing in the councils of business, Judge Gary felt that the need for governmental watchfulness was constantly diminishing.

In his discussions of such pioneers as Carnegie and Harriman, Judge Gary was always careful to point out that their work had been done in a mental environment wholly unlike that existing today. He had reference not only to the public spirit of suspicion and distrust of motives but also to the half-concealed admiration of methods that accompanied it. He believed, in other words, that the strongest and most dominant men are influenced by the thought of their times, and it was his opinion that a great deal of the ruthless competition of earlier days was due to the exaggeration of press accounts, leading one group to attempt things in self-defense that ordinarily would not have been considered.

The Lion's Share

The conception of business merely as a means to a fortune and the publicity given this conception also were regarded by Judge Gary as unfortunate. He believed it had limited or diverted the efforts of many great industrialists. Carnegie was one of those whom he regarded as having been largely influenced by the idea of competition as a battle. It was not until after he had sold the great business he had built that the world began to learn anything of his human qualities and of the vision that had inspired him. Other men whom he thought had been limited by conditions of their times over which they had no control were Hill and Harriman. But he believed that both had contributed to the beginning of the thought cycles that led to an entirely new conception of competition.

Judge Gary's ideas on this point were widely circulated in the iron-and-steel industry as a result of his quarter century as president of the institute, but they were not so well known elsewhere. In his last address he summed up his views in the statement that there can be perfect competition and at the same time perfect cooperation. He believed that every business man knew what constituted his fair share of a market, and that when he sought to get more than this he delayed progress. He based this statement on the obvious fact that there is always more to be done than has already been accomplished or what may be in sight at any given time. To struggle over the business in sight blinds the participants in the struggle to the bigger business of the future.

In line with this thought, Judge Gary had come to the conclusion that it was not good business to run an industrial machine, particularly a large one, at maximum speed all the time. He believed that plants as well as men should work always with something in reserve for emergencies. This, he contended, made it possible to maintain equipment in first-class condition and to keep pace with changes in business methods and with inventions of new machinery. Operating at top speed invited breakdowns, and emergency repairs ate into earnings, he held, far more than maintenance work performed at the proper time.

Judge Gary's references to the rather frequent reports that he was preparing to resign, in my interviews with him, threw a great deal of light on his own conception of business. He told me on several occasions that he had been prepared to quit for five years at a word from his associates on the board of directors. He had asked them to be the judges of his usefulness.

EAST-WEST, HOME-MADE Candy's Best*

So say all the folks who love Oh Henry!—the candy made the home-made way. They *know* Oh Henry's good, 'cause they know what we put in it. See:

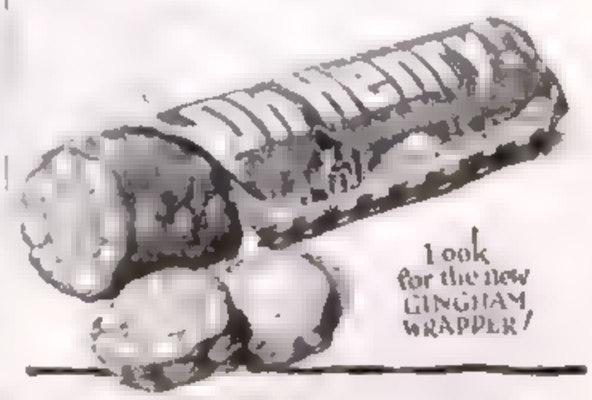
FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar, ½ teaspoon creamery butter, 1 cup rich, full cream milk, 1 cup corn syrup, white of one egg

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1½ cups corn syrup, 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ¼ teaspoon salt.

PLANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed)

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate

Just the home things, such as come out of your own ice box and cupboard. Oh Henry! began in a little two-by-four home kitchen. The kitchen has grown many thousands of times—but Oh Henry! is still that rough-hewn, generous, homelike candy that home folks love. Say, "Oh Henry!" at any candy counter.



Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

Wholesome . . . Appetizing *and* Clean!

CELLOPHANE-WRAPPED fruit is free from dust and dirt, completely protected from indiscriminate handling.

Not only dried fruits, but candies, cookies, meats, perfumery, soap and many other items, are now offered you in this new, glistening, protective wrapping.

Cellophane is your guarantee that these products are delivered to you just as they left the producer's hands.

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"I probably could learn to play, or find other interests," he said at one time, "but I am not convinced that I could find anything to do which would serve as useful a purpose as what I am doing here and now. Naturally, since I want to do what I am doing, I am aware that my viewpoint as to my usefulness is prejudiced. It would be only human to place a higher value on my services than they deserve. Therefore I have put the decision squarely up to my associates. They are my judges. If in their opinion the time comes when I am no longer of value here, I shall step out. But until that time I do not believe I have any right to resign."

It was indicated also by Judge Gary that he had discussed this question at considerable length with friends when the suggestion was made that his resignation would widen the field of opportunity for others. He had no patience with the view that opportunity lay in existing jobs and that the progress of younger men depended on the retirement of older ones. This view, in his opinion, was another instance of nearsighted business. It was his contention that a man who is serving a useful purpose in business is constantly making opportunities for others. He believed also that men who are capable of expanding an enterprise make their own opportunities, finding them in the discovery of new work rather than in old jobs.

In recent years Judge Gary had been visited by a more or less constant stream of industrialists, bankers, economists and sociologists from England and various Continental countries who had come to the United States seeking the secrets of prosperity.

He told me he had expressed the opinion to each of these groups or individuals that they could never hope for continued good business until they had grasped the American idea of the universal stake in the national industry and had begun to build from the bottom up.

Higher wages, in his opinion, were the first essential in this program. This, he held, was more than an obligation to the workers of a particular plant; it was the contribution of that plant to the national welfare. He was asked on several occasions how one employer or a small group in a large industry could expect to put such a program into effect and still compete with the rest of the industry. Admitting that this presented a problem in management, Judge Gary pointed out that the experience of the United States had proved that the first unit of a low-wage industry to increase wages enjoyed a distinct advantage, not only in public approval and the business-getting value of goodwill but in the reduced operating costs made possible by a lower turnover of labor. Above all this, an adequate wage, he believed, was almost invariably marked by higher productive capacity per man.

Misplaced Welfare

It was Judge Gary's opinion that even in this country many mistakes had been made by industry in the handling of labor before the economic importance of high wages had been discovered. One of these mistakes was in welfare work. He was a firm believer in its value, but only after the wage standard had been made adequate, and then only to the extent of furnishing certain services and recreations not obtainable directly by the workers. Any effort at welfare offered to employes who were underpaid, he believed, actually stirred up hostility. It was also his idea that when the wage standard had been brought up to its proper level and welfare programs were undertaken, they should be planned with community or national civic aims in mind and not merely as adjuncts to an industry, even though their use were to be limited to employes of that industry. The work done by the Steel Corporation at various points, and particularly at Gary, illustrates how this idea was carried out.

Although Judge Gary issued frequent warnings to his associates that they must be prepared to meet foreign competition, he saw no conflict between this and his own efforts to aid Europeans to bring their industries more nearly up to the American standard of wages and working conditions. Recognizing that their success in this endeavor would improve their potential capacity to compete with American industries, he argued that development of their home markets would take a great deal of the pressure out of their competitive effort abroad. He held to the idea that the United States, having taken over the economic leadership of the world, was under the obligation of doing for civilization in this field what it had already done by force of example in the field of political liberty. He believed, too, that the path to international amity and good will lay through economic understanding, and he considered it the duty of American business men to cultivate international friendships.

Cultivating Friends

A favorite topic of Judge Gary in all his discussions was the making of friends. He told me at one time that most of the men who had been his associates in the early days of the Steel Corporation, and before that in the formative period of the Federal Steel Company, did not like him at first, and he had had to study the reasons for this and cultivate their friendships before he could make any progress in obtaining their cooperation. He said that this was true even when he had been asked to aid men who conceded that he had a high order of ability and were not disposed to criticize his judgment on points of law or public opinion.

Even when they had agreed to follow a program based on this judgment, he found, its administration was certain to be lacking in essential elements without a clear understanding of motives.

The late H. H. Rogers was one of the men whose friendship Judge Gary had had to cultivate. It was not until the dissolution suit started by the Government against the Steel Corporation that Judge Gary won his unqualified support. Judge Gary stated in his article on business cycles that many of his associates on the board of the Steel Corporation were opposed to his plan of publicly favoring governmental regulation at that time. It was Mr. Rogers' vote, he told me, that gave him the authorization to make this statement in the name of the corporation. Later they became intimate friends. Judge Gary considered him the ablest man in Standard Oil during the period of his service.

It was Judge Gary's opinion that society had not caught more than an inkling, so far, of the services to civilization of John D. Rockefeller, Sr. In the Morgan article he had made the point that association of J. Pierpont Morgan's name with money had to a certain extent overshadowed his contributions to the industrial upbuilding of the nation. He believed this was even more true of Mr. Rockefeller. It was his conviction that Mr. Rockefeller had visualized to a greater extent than any other notable American industrialist the chain of benefits—particularly the educational development—that must follow illumination. The jump from candles to kerosene, in Judge Gary's opinion, was one of the longest and most rapid forward steps taken in the history of civilization. Mr. Rockefeller's methods of doing business were also of tremendous influence on the economic history of the country, Judge Gary believed. He regarded the oil magnate as the outstanding denial of the tradition that business was a gamble with only a limited amount at stake.

The ancient craft of fine leather-working found expression in the seventeenth century in the cavalier's equipment.

IN leather selection and upholstery work Packard standards are as high and exacting as in the precision manufacture of motor parts.

These requirements prevail in the studios and shops of America's foremost body builders who make a complete selection of custom bodies for both the Packard Six and Packard Eight.

Each body is truly custom-made in the strictest sense of the word. Each bears the name plate of its distinguished maker, signifying that in beauty, comfort and distinction it is one of his masterpieces.

The All-Weather Town Car is one of the most interesting offerings. This may be readily converted from closed to open use by removing the driver's compartment roof and folding back the leather top and quarters.

Custom body builders have long preferred to design creations for Packard chassis. No others afford the slender lines so necessary for yacht-like beauty.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

THE BELLAMY TRIAL

(Continued from Page 31)

"Very well. You need not reply to that question, Mr. Ives."

"Thanks—with Your Honor's permission, I prefer to. I'm sure that Mr. Lambert will be glad to know that my reply to Melanie Cordier was entirely accurate."

"How many of these notes had you received previously?" inquired Mr. Lambert, and the expression that inflamed his countenance was not one of gratitude.

"Six or eight, possibly."

"Over what period?"

"Over a period of about two months."

"Are you aware that Miss Cordier testified that she had placed possibly twenty there over a much more extended period?"

"Well, if she testified that," said Patrick Ives indifferently, "she lied."

"What was the tenor of these notes?"

"They were largely suggesting appointments at the cottage."

"How often were these appointments carried through?"

"Twice."

"Only twice?"

At the flat incredulity of Lambert's face something flared in Patrick Ives' heavy blue eyes.

"Twice, I said—twice."

"Will you give us the dates?"

"I'm afraid I can't—once in the latter part of May, again about a week before the murder. That's about the best that I can do."

"Mr. Ives, there has been some talk here of this knife, State Exhibit 6. Miss Page has identified it as belonging to you. Is that correct?"

"Quite."

"Will you tell us when you last saw it?"

"The last time that I remember seeing it before it was produced here in court was on the afternoon of my wife's arrest—Monday the twenty-first."

"Have you any idea where it was on the night of June nineteenth at half-past nine?"

"I have a very definite and distinct idea," said Patrick Ives, and for the first time since he had mounted the stand the haggard restlessness of his face relaxed to something curiously approaching gayety. "It was in my right-hand trousers pocket."

Mr. Lambert's exultant countenance was turned squarely to the jury. "How did it come to be there?"

"It was there because that's where I stuck it when I took the boat upstairs to Pete at eight o'clock that evening, and it stayed there until I put it back on the desk Sunday morning after breakfast."

"No chance of an error on that?"

"Not a chance."

"No possibility of its being in the possession of Mrs. Ives at any time that evening?"

"Not a possibility."

"Mr. Ives, where were you that evening at 9:30 o'clock?"

The careless gayety departed abruptly from Patrick Ives' face. For a long moment he sat staring at Lambert, coolly and speculatively. His eyes, still speculating, shifted briefly to the hundreds of eager countenances straining toward his, and at the sight of their frantic attention his mouth twisted somewhat mirthlessly. "Unkind, isn't it," mocked his eyes, "to keep you waiting!"

"I was at home," said Patrick Ives.

"What were you doing?"

"Smoking a pipe and looking through a magazine, I think, though I shouldn't like to swear to the exact time. I wasn't using a stop watch."

"In what room?"

"Well, I'm afraid that I can't help you there much either. I moved about from one room to another, you see. I did a little more work on the boat, smoked, read. I didn't follow any set program. I wasn't aware at the time that it would have been judicious to do so."

"You are aware now, however, that Melanie Cordier said that you were not in any of the lower rooms when she made her rounds at ten?"

"Then I must have been in one of the upper rooms," said Patrick Ives gently.

"You are also aware that Mrs. Daniel Ives has told us that you didn't bring her her fruit that night because you were not in the house?"

"Well," said Pat Ives more gently still, "this is probably the first time in her life that she was ever mistaken. I was in the house."

"What caused you to change your mind as to attending the poker party, Mr. Ives?"

"Circumstances arose that made it impossible." The inscrutability of Mr. Ives' countenance suggested that he would be a formidable addition to any poker party.

"What circumstances?"

"Circumstances," said Mr. Ives, "that I shouldn't dream of discussing either here or elsewhere. I am able to assure you, however, that they were not even remotely connected with the murder."

"What circumstances?" repeated Mr. Lambert, with passionate insistence.

"Now what," inquired Mr. Farr with languid pathos, "I again inquire, is my distinguished adversary leaving for a mere prosecutor to do?"

"Mr. Lambert," said Judge Carver austerely, "it strikes the court that you are most certainly pressing the witness unduly in view of the fact that this is direct examination, and you are therefore bound to abide by his answer. The court ——"

"He has refused to give me an answer," replied Mr. Lambert, with some degree of justice and a larger degree of heat. "I may state to Your Honor that I regard the witness' manner as distinctly hostile and ——"

"The court fails to see wherein he has proved hostile," remarked Judge Carver critically, "and it therefore requests you to bear in mind henceforth that you are dealing with your own witness. You may proceed with the examination."

Mr. Lambert turned his richly suffused countenance back to his own witness, avoiding Sue Ives' eye, which for the last half hour had not once wavered from the look of passionate indignation that she had directed toward him at the outset of his maneuvers.

"Mr. Ives, you heard Miss Roberts testify that she believed that it was your voice that she heard as she tried the door to the day nursery, did you not?"

"Yes, I heard her testify to that effect."

"Was she mistaken?"

"No," said Patrick Ives, spacing his words with cool deliberation, "she was not mistaken."

"Was she mistaken in believing that the door was locked?"

"No, she was not mistaken."

"Which of you locked the door, Mr. Ives?"

"If you will tell me what that has to do with the murder of Mimi Bellamy," said Mr. Ives with even greater deliberation, "I will tell you who locked the door."

"You refuse to answer my question?"

"Most assuredly I refuse to answer your question."

"Your Honor ——" choked the frenzied Lambert.

"The court also fails to see what the question has to do with the case," said Judge Carver, in a tone by no means propitiatory. "It is excluded. Proceed."

"It is being made practically impossible for me to proceed in any direction," remarked Lambert in a voice unsteady with indignation. "Impossible! Mr. Ives, all that any occupant of that room had to do in order to get out of the house was to unlock that door and go, wasn't it?"

"Absolutely all," acquiesced the hostile witness cordially.

"No one would have been likely to see either one or the other or both depart, would they?"

"I think it highly unlikely."

"No one saw either you or Miss Page in the house between nine and ten, did they?"

"Not a soul—not a single solitary soul," said Mr. Ives, and his voice was almost blithe.

"How long would it take to get from your house to the cottage at the Orchards?"

"On foot?"

"On foot, yes."

"Oh, ten-fifteen minutes perhaps. There's a short cut across the fields behind the house that comes out close to there."

"The one that Miss Page used to take the children to the playhouse?"

"That's the one, yes."

"She knew of this path?"

"Well, obviously." The grim smile flashed for a moment to open mockery.

"And you knew of it?"

"And I knew of it."

"How?"

"My mother had told me that Miss Page was taking the children there, and I'd requested her not to do so, as I knew Sue's feeling about the place."

"Mr. Ives, were your relations with your wife happy?"

For a moment Patrick Ives sat perfectly still, fighting back the surge of crimson that flooded his pale mockery. When he spoke, his voice, for all its clearness, sounded as though it had traveled back from a great distance.

"Yes," he said, "they were happy."

"In so far as you know, she was unaware that you had ceased to care for her?"

"She could hardly have been aware of it," said Patrick Ives. "From the moment that I first saw her I have loved her passionately—and devotedly—and entirely."

After a long, astounded silence, Lambert's voice asked heavily, "You expect us to believe, in the face of the evidence that has been presented to us here, that you have been faithful to Mrs. Ives?"

"It's a matter of supreme indifference to me what you believe," said Patrick Ives. "I don't regard fidelity to Sue as particularly creditable. The fool of the world would have enough sense for that."

"You are saying that you never ceased to love her?"

"I am saying that since I met her I've never given another woman two thoughts except to wish to God that she were somewhere else."

"That was why you went to meet Madeleine Bellamy at the gardener's cottage?"

"That," said Mr. Ives imperturbably, "is precisely why I went to meet Madeleine Bellamy at the gardener's cottage."

Before the cool indifference of his eye the ugly sneer on Lambert's countenance wavered for a moment, deepened. "You deny that you wrote these letters?"

Pat Ives bent on the small packet flourished beneath his eye a careless glance. "Not for a moment."

"Were they or were they not written after rendezvous had taken place between you and Mrs. Bellamy?"

"Two of them were written after what you are pleased to describe as rendezvous had taken place—one before."

"And where, Mr. Ives, was your wife at the time of these meetings—on June eighth, June ninth and May twenty-second?"

"I don't know."

"She was in New York, wasn't she?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. I'd never met her, you see."

Lambert goggled at him above his sagging jaw. "You'd never met her?"

The court room throng blinked, shivered, stared wildly into one another's eyes. No, no, that wasn't what he had said—that couldn't be what he had said. Or perhaps he was going mad before their eyes, sitting there with those reckless eyes dark in his white face. . . .

"No; those letters were written in 1916. I didn't meet Sue until the spring of 1919."

"Ha!" exhaled Lambert in a great breath of contemptuous relief. "Written in 1916, eh? And may I ask why Mrs. Bellamy was carrying them around in her bag in 1926?"

"You may ask," Pat Ives assured him, "and what's more, I'll tell you. She was selling them to me."

"Selling them to you? What for?"

"For a hundred thousand dollars," said Patrick Ives.

Over the stupefied silence of the court room soared Lambert's incredulous voice: "You expect us to believe that?"

"I wish to the Lord you'd stop asking me that," said his witness with undisguised irritation. "It's not my business to decide what you'll believe or what you won't believe. What I'm telling you is the truth."

"It is your contention that these letters of yours, which you now claim were written in 1916, were being used for purposes of blackmail by Mrs. Bellamy?"

"You choose your own words," said Pat Ives. "Personally, I'd choose prettier ones. Mimi undoubtedly considered that I would be getting value received in the letters. She was right. She also may have considered that I owed her something. She was right again."

"You owed her something?"

"I owed her a great deal for not having married me," said Pat Ives. "As she didn't, I owe her more happiness than most men even dream of."

Lambert made a sound that strongly suggested a snort. "Very pretty—very pretty indeed. What it comes down to, however, is that you accuse this dead girl, who is not here to defend herself, of deliberately stooping to blackmailing the man she loved for a colossal sum of money—that's it, isn't it?"

"Well, hardly. She didn't love me, of course—she never loved anyone in her life but Steve. She told me that she wanted the money because she thought that he was sick; that he was working himself to death and getting nothing out of it. She was going to persuade him that an aunt in Cheyenne had left her the money, and that she wasn't happy here, and that they ought to start out again in a place that she'd heard of in California. She had it all worked out very nicely."

"One moment, Mr. Ives." Judge Carver lifted an arresting hand. "As it is after twelve, the court will at this time take its customary recess for luncheon. We will reconvene at 1:15."

The reporter viewed the recessional through the doors behind the witness box with an expression of unfeigned diversion. "Watch Uncle Dudley," he adjured the red-headed girl. "He's not going to have any luncheon; he's going to stay right here where nobody can get at him to give him any unwelcome instructions before he gets through with Mr. Patrick Ives. There, what did I tell you?"

Mr. Lambert, who had followed somewhat perfunctorily in the wake of his clients, now wheeled about briskly and returned to his well-laden desk, where he proceeded to plunge into a large stack of papers before him with virtuous abandon. He apparently found them of the most absorbing interest, although from time to time he permitted himself a slightly apprehensive glance at the closed door.

Finally it opened, and one of the amiable and harassed-looking young men who shared the desk with him entered purposefully. An animated though inaudible colloquy ensued, punctuated by much emphatic head wagging by Lambert. Finally the young man departed more precipitately than he had come, Mr. Lambert returned to his studies, and the reporter and the red-headed girl emerged from the fascinated hush in which they had been contemplating this silent drama.

"Ten to one she doesn't get in a syllable to him before he gets through with Ives," said the reporter.

(Continued on Page 73)

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The 20 makes of cars listed represent more than 85% of all cars in service. Every one of them requires a different grade of motor oil with the first sign of colder weather. If your car is not listed refer to the complete Texaco Lubrication Chart at the nearest Texaco Service Station

For COLDER WEATHER

Make of Car	Change to	Make of Car	Change to
Buick	M	Maxwell	M
Cadillac	M	Nash	M
Chandler Spl. 6	M	Oakland	M
Chevrolet Ke	M	Oldsmobile	M
Dodge 4 & 6	M	Overland	M
Essex	M	Packard	M
Ford Mod. T	FF	Reo	M
Hudson	M	Star	M
Hupmobile	M	Studebaker	M
Jewett	M	Willys-Knight	M

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Consult the Condensed Texaco Lubrication Chart.

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Ten starting seconds with motor oil slow to circulate may do more harm to the modern higher-speed engine—to pistons and finely honed cylinder walls—than hours of driving. Whatever car you drive . . . old or new . . . this costly, needless wear goes on, increasing day by day unless you use an oil which flows freely at lower temperatures.

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"Save the surface and you save all"

WDT

(Continued from Page 68)

"Who doesn't?" The red-headed girl's tone was a trifle abstracted. She was wondering if her nose was still pink, and if the young man beside her was one of the young men who consider face powder more immoral than tooth powder.

"Sue Ives, goose! What were you screaming about?"

"I was screaming," said the red-headed girl, memory lighting a reminiscent glitter in her eye, "because they wouldn't let me in, and I thought that if I made enough noise they might."

"Why wouldn't they let you in?"

"Because a fat fiend made a snatch at my ticket and tore it in two and I had only half a one to show them." She relinquished the powder box regretfully and exhibited a blue scrap about two inches square. "Next time," she remarked with grim pride, "they'll know who this ticket belongs to. Two policemen snatched at me and I told them if they laid one finger on me I'd have them up for assault and battery. So they didn't lay a finger on me."

"It will probably be a life work—and an uphill job, at that—to eliminate a marked lack of emotional control that is your distinguishing characteristic," said the reporter meditatively. "However, did you enjoy the picnic?"

"I adored it!" said the unemotionally controlled young woman beside him.

"It was a fair picnic," conceded the reporter. "And for a person whose height should be measured in inches rather than feet, you're a very fair hiker. Too bad there's only one Sunday to a trial. You have rather a knack with bacon sandwiches too. How are you with scrambled eggs?"

"Marvelous!" said the red-headed girl frankly.

"Though if things keep up the way they've been going this morning, we're liable to have another trial started before this one is over. The people versus Patrick Ives! I can see it coming."

"You don't think he did it, do you?" inquired the red-headed girl anxiously.

"Oh, when it comes to murder trials I don't think. But I'll tell you this: If Steve Bellamy didn't do it, he thinks that Pat Ives did. And if Pat didn't, he thinks that Sue did. And I don't envy any of them their thoughts these days. . . . Ah, here we are again!"

"Mr. Ives, do I understand that you were perfectly willing to pay a hundred thousand dollars for two or three letters that you protest are perfectly innocent?"

"I don't protest anything of the kind. I think they're damned incriminating letters—just exactly the kind of stuff that a sickening, infatuated, fatuous young fool would write. And you're flattering me when you say that I was perfectly willing. It took me about two months to get even moderately resigned to the situation, and at that, I didn't regard it with marked favor."

"Still, you were willing to pay a hundred thousand dollars to keep the letters out of your wife's hands?"

"Five hundred thousand dollars, if I could put my hands on it, to keep pain and sorrow and ugliness out of her way."

"You were not convinced then that she would accept your story as to when the letters were written?"

"I didn't want her to know that they had ever been written. I'd never told her of the degree of—intimacy that had existed between Mimi and myself."

"Exactly. Now Miss Cordier has told us that the notes from Mrs. Bellamy had been increasing in frequency at the time of the murder. Is that true?"

"Yes; I'd had about three in ten days."

"Her demands were becoming more insistent?"

"Considerably." Again that small grim smile, curiously unsuggestive of mirth.

"So that it had become essential for you to do something at once if you were to prevent these letters from reaching your wife?"

"It was necessary for me to produce the money at once, if that is what you mean."

"Don't trouble to analyze my meanings, if you please. Just answer my question."

Patrick Ives' eyes narrowed slightly. "Your question was ambiguous," he commented without emphasis.

"I asked you if it was not imperative for you to act promptly in order to prevent these letters from reaching your wife?"

"It's still ambiguous. As I said before, however, it was necessary to pay for the letters pretty promptly, and I brought out the money on the night of the nineteenth with that end in view."

"Oh!" said Lambert, in a heavily disconcerted voice. "You brought it out, did you? In what form?"

"I got it out of my safety box at noon—eight-five thousand in Liberty Bonds and fifteen in municipal bonds."

"Did anyone know that you were doing this?"

"Naturally not."

"Where did you place this sum on your return, Mr. Ives?"

"Well, I put it first in the back of the desk drawer in my study just before dinner. I intended to put it upstairs in a wall safe behind a panel in my dressing room, but while I was looking through it in the study to make sure that it was all there, Sue called to me from the hall that our guests were going, and I went out on the porch to say good-by to them. We didn't go upstairs before dinner, so that I didn't get a chance to transfer them until later in the evening."

"No one knew they were in the house?"

"Not so far as I know."

"What did you do with them subsequently?"

"I returned them to my safety-deposit box on Monday at noon."

"Anyone know of that transaction?"

"Not a soul."

"So that you are the only person able to attest that you ever had any intention of paying that money to Mrs. Bellamy?"

"Well, who do you want better?" inquired Pat Ives agreeably.

Mr. Lambert bestowed on him an enigmatic smile that was far from agreeable. "Did this sum represent a substantial portion of your capital?"

"It certainly would be no exaggeration to say that it made a large dent in it."

"You say that it had taken you a long time to decide to pay it?"

"A moderately long time—two months."

"Why didn't you take it to Mrs. Bellamy that evening, Mr. Ives?"

"I had no appointment with her. She was to let me know if she was able to get away, and at what time."

"It didn't occur to you to look in the book to see whether there was a note?"

"It most assuredly did occur to me. I went in for that specific purpose at the time that Sue called me from the hall."

"So that you didn't look?"

"Oh, yes, I did look when I came back five minutes later. There was no note."

"Aha!" said Mr. Lambert, and the red-headed girl, watching with horrified eyes the reckless progress of young Mr. Ives across the spread nets, made a mechanical note that never except in a book had she heard a human being say "Aha" before. "So you looked in the book, did you? And there was no note, was there?"

"Right both times," said Mr. Ives.

"Now that's very interesting," beamed Mr. Lambert—"very interesting, indeed. But if there had been a note in that book, you'd have found it, wouldn't you?"

"Well, not being a blithering idiot, that's a fairly safe proposition."

"And if you had found it, you would have gone to the rendezvous, wouldn't you?"

"I'd certainly have made every effort to."

"Canceling your poker engagement?"

"Presumably."

"Taking the short cut across the fields?"

"I don't know how I'd have gone. It's slightly academic, isn't it?"

"And in that gardener's cottage you would have found waiting for you the unfortunate girl with those letters that it was so vitally necessary for you to obtain?"

"Why don't you ask him whether he would still have had the knife in his pocket?" inquired Mr. Farr gently. "And why don't you ask him what he would have done with it? You don't want to leave anything like that out."

Lambert, thus rudely checked in his exultant career, turned bulging eyes and a howl of outraged protest in the direction of Judge Carver's unresponsive countenance.

"Your Honor, in a somewhat protracted career at the bar, I have yet to encounter as flagrant a breach ——"

Judge Carver cut sharply across these strident objurgations: "And in a somewhat protracted career at the bar, Mr. Lambert, this court has yet to encounter as extraordinary a conduct of an examination as you have permitted yourself, and as the court, in the absence of protests from either the witness or the prosecution, has permitted you. Mr. Farr's objection was not put in a proper form, but is otherwise quite legitimate. The questions that you are putting to the witness involve a purely supposititious case, and as such, the witness is entirely at liberty to refuse to answer them. You may proceed."

"I'll answer it," said Pat Ives. "If I'd found the note I'd have gone to the cottage, given Mimi the money, got the letters, and none of us would have spent these last weeks thinking what a nice pleasant place hell would be for a change. I wish to God I'd found it. Is that what you wanted to know?"

It was very far indeed from what Mr. Lambert wanted to know. However, he turned a wary eye on the jury, who were contemplating soberly and not too sympathetically the bitter, insolent face of the young gentleman in the witness box. Flippancy was obviously an evil stench in their nostrils. Mr. Lambert rattled the letters still clenched in his hand reminiscently.

"There are two or three things in these letters that I'd like to have you reconcile with the statement that they were written in 1916. First, what does it mean, Mr. Ives, when you say: 'I keep telling myself that we're mad—that there's black trouble ahead of us—that I haven't any right in the world to let you do this'—do what, Mr. Ives?"

"Carry on the highly indiscreet affair that we were indulging in," said Pat Ives, his white face a shade whiter. "We'd both completely lost our heads. She wasn't willing to marry me because she was afraid that I hadn't it in me to make good. There was a lot of ugly gossip going on and it had upset her."

"Quite so," smiled Mr. Lambert dreadfully; "oh, quite so. Now in the one that begins: 'Mimi darling, darling, darling, it's after four o'clock and ——'

"Are you going through those letters again?" inquired Patrick Ives, his hands clenched on the edge of the box.

"Just one or two little things that I'd like cleared up, and I'm sure that these gentlemen would too. It goes on: 'Dawn—I always thought that that was the worst word in the English language and here I am on my knees waiting for it, and ranting like ——'

"You needn't go on," said Patrick Ives, "if what you're really after is when they were written. The sun that rose at 4:30 that morning in June in 1916 would have kept me waiting exactly one hour and six minutes longer in 1926. You and Mimi and I had forgotten just one thing, Mr. Lambert—we'd forgotten that in 1916 there was no such thing as daylight saving."

And through the staggered silence that invaded some three hundred-odd people who had forgotten precisely the same thing, there rose a little laugh—a gay, excited, triumphant little laugh, as though somewhere a small girl had suddenly received a beautiful and unexpected present. It came from just behind Mr. Lambert's sagging shoulders—it came from —— The startled eyes of those in the court room jerked in that direction, staring unbelieving at the quiet figure, so quiet, so cool, so gravely

(Continued on Page 75)

A Pipe Smoker in Australia Speaks Up

Mr. Jones explains how he is increasing the membership of a certain smoking club

It cannot help but give us a thrill to have someone on the other side of the world write to us in the same pipe-smoker's language that we hear at home.

Also, it prides us to learn about the growing membership of the South Australian branch of the Edgeworth Club.

The fraternal spirit that exists between pipe smokers evidently spreads across the seven seas. And to help it along, Edgeworth is on sale in almost every country in the world—quality and flavor exactly as you find it in your own home town.

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Everyone I come in conversation with that is a smoker, I always introduce your Edgeworth and if possible offer them a pipeful.

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Pipe smokers prefer Edgeworth for various reasons. Some like it because its quality never changes. Some like it because of its flavor. Others smoke it because they can buy it wherever and whenever they like. Perhaps after you try Edgeworth you will discover still another reason for the popularity of this tobacco.

To those who have never tried Edgeworth we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

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(Continued from Page 73)

aloof. But the red-headed girl felt idiotic tears sting swiftly beneath her lids. Under the lowered barrier of Sue Ives' lashes there still danced the echo of that joyous truant, shameless and unafraid. It was she who had laughed, after all.

Mr. Lambert was not laughing. "You are a little late in recalling this," he remarked heavily.

"Oh, a good deal late," agreed Patrick Ives. "But, you see, I hadn't been going in for watching the sun rise for some time previous to the murder. Since then I have. And when I heard that letter read in court the other day, something clicked in my head. Not five o'clock, and the sun was up! Something wrong there. I went back to New York and looked it up in the public library. On Friday, June 9, 1916, the sun rose at 4:22 A.M. On Wednesday, June 9, 1926, the sun rose at 5:28. So that's that."

"Have you a certified statement to that effect?" inquired Lambert, forlornly pompous.

"No," said Mr. Ives. "But I can lend you an almanac."

"You seem to find a trial for murder a very amusing affair," remarked Lambert heavily, his eye once more on the jury.

"You're wrong," said Patrick Ives briefly. "I don't."

"I do not believe that your attitude makes further examination desirable," commented Lambert judicially. "Cross-examine."

Farr rose casually from his chair, his hands in his pockets, his head cocked a trifle to one side. "Mr. Ives," he said leisurely, "I'm going to ask you the one question that Mr. Lambert didn't. Did you murder Madeleine Bellamy?"

After a pause that seemed interminable Pat Ives lifted his eyes from their scrutiny of his hands, locked at the edge of the witness box. "No," he said tonelessly.

"No further questions," remarked Mr. Farr, still more leisurely resuming his seat.

Lambert glared — swallowed — glared again, and turned on his heel. "Mrs. Ives, will you be good enough to take the stand?"

She was on her feet before the words were off his lips, brushing by him with her light, swift step and a look of contemptuous anger that was bright and terrible as a sword.

"Looks as though his precious Sue was going to give Uncle Dudley a bad half hour," murmured the reporter exultantly.

"Why?" whispered the red-headed girl. "Why did she look like that?"

"Because I rather fancy that Lambert has just a scrap exceeded his authority in his efforts to speed Pat Ives to the gallows. The old walrus made out a fairly damaging case against him, even if he did snort himself purple. If ——"

"Mrs. Ives, I'm going to ask you to tell us in your own words just what occurred on the evening of the nineteenth of June, from the time that Mr. Farwell spoke to you at the club. I won't interrupt unless I feel that something is not quite clear. At what time did the conversation with Mr. Farwell take place?"

She looked so small, sitting there—so small and young and fearless, with her dark, bright eyes and her lifted chin and the pale gold wings of her hair folded under the curve of the little russet hat. She had no color at all—not in her cheeks, not in her lips.

"It was a little after five," said Sue Ives, and the red-headed girl gave a sigh of sheer delight. Once or twice in a lifetime a voice like that falls on our lucky ears—a voice clear and fresh as running water, alive and beautiful and effortless. The girl in the box did not have to lift it a half tone to have it penetrate to the farthest corner of the gallery. "We got in from the links just at five, and Elliot came up and asked me if he could bring me something to drink. I said yes, and when he came back he suggested that we go over and sit on the steps, as he had a splitting headache, and everyone was making a good deal of a racket. We hadn't been there more than five minutes before he told me."

"Before he told you what?"

"Before he told me that Pat was having an affair with Mimi Bellamy." She did not vouchsafe him even a glance, but kept the clear, stern little face turned squarely to the twelve attentive ones lifted to hers. "At first I thought that it was simply preposterous nonsense—I told him so. Everyone knew that Elliot was absolutely out of his head over Mimi, and I thought that he really was going a little mad. I could see that he'd been drinking, of course, and I wasn't even as angry as I ought to have been, because he was so unhappy—dreadfully unhappy. And then he said that he'd spied on them—that he'd seen them go to the cottage together. Well, that—that was different. That didn't sound like the kind of thing that you'd invent or imagine, no matter how unbalanced you were."

"You believed it?"

"No, not at first—not quite. But it bothered me dreadfully all the way home from the club—all the time that we were standing around in our living room waiting for the cocktails. I couldn't get it out of my head. And then Pat came in."

She paused, frowning a little at the memory of that sick perplexity.

"You say that Mr. Ives came in?"

"Yes. He was looking dreadfully tired and—excited. No, that's not the word. Keyed up—different. Or perhaps it was just that I expected him to look different. I don't know. Anyway, Elliot started to go then, and I went into the hall after him, because he'd been drinking a good deal more, and I was afraid that he'd talk as indiscreetly to someone else as he had to me. I couldn't think very clearly yet, but I was quite sure that that ought to be stopped. So I asked him to be careful, and he said that he would."

"Did you notice Melanie Cordier in the library?"

"No. I was watching Elliot. He looked so wretchedly unhappy that I was really worried about him. Well, anyway, he went off without even saying good-by, and I went back toward the living room. Just as I came up to it I heard George Dallas say, 'We can count on you for the poker party tonight, can't we?' And Pat said, 'I'll surely try to make it, but don't count on me.' Something inside my head went click and all the pieces in the puzzle fell into place. I walked straight into the room and up to where he was standing. He'd gone over to the table and was pouring out another of those new cocktails. Everyone was making a dreadful racket, laughing and talking. I said, 'Nell Conroy wanted us to go to the movies tonight. Don't you think that it would be rather fun?' And he said, 'Sorry, but I told George that I'd run over for a poker game. Tell Nell that you'll go, and then I won't worry about you being lonely.' I said, 'That's a good idea.' And Pat said, 'Be back in a minute. I have some papers I want to get rid of.'

"He went across the hall; I could hear his steps. I felt just exactly as though I'd taken poison and I stood there waiting for it to begin to work. Someone came up to me to say good-by—I think it was the Conroys, and then everyone else began to go, too, the way they always do. I started to go out to the porch with them, and while I was passing through the hall I saw Pat standing by the desk. He was looking at some papers in his hand. I went on toward the porch, calling back over my shoulder that everyone was leaving. In a minute he came out too. I looked to see whether he still had the papers in his hand, but he hadn't. While we were both standing there watching them drive off, Melanie came out, announced dinner, and we went in. Pat stopped behind in the study for a moment, but he didn't go near the desk drawer—I could see it from my place at the table."

"Could you have seen him take a book from the corner shelf?"

"No—the screen between the rooms cut off that corner."

"Nothing unusual occurred at dinner?"

"No. That made it worse. Nothing unusual occurred at all. Pat talked and laughed a good deal, but that's what he always did."

"And after dinner?"

"After dinner Mother Ives went out into the garden and Pat asked me to come into the study to look at the clipper ship that he'd been making for Pete. All the time that I was supposed to be looking at it, I couldn't take my eyes off the desk, wondering what he'd done with those papers—wondering what they were. There had been quite a little pile of them. After a while I couldn't stand it any longer, and I said, 'If you want to say good night to Pete and Polly, you'll have to hurry. They ought to be asleep by now.' He said, 'Lord, that's true!' He snatched up the boat and started for the door, and I called after him, 'I'm not coming. I kissed them good night before dinner.' I waited until I heard his footsteps on the stairs ——"

She paused for a moment, pushing the bright hair back from her brow as though she found it suddenly heavy.

"And then, Mrs. Ives?"

"Then," said Sue Ives steadily, "I did something disgusting. I searched the desk. I pushed the door to, so that none of the servants could see me if they passed through the hall, and I hurried like mad. I don't know exactly what I expected to find, but I thought that maybe those papers were letters from Mimi, and then I knew that Pat kept his check book there, too, and I thought that there might be entries of some kind that would tell me something; I could bear anything but not knowing. It was like a—like a frenzy. Oh, it was worse! The top drawer on the left-hand side of the desk was locked."

She paused again for a moment, staring down as curiously and intently at the upturned faces below her as they stared up at her; then, with a quick, impatient shake of her head she went on: "But that didn't make any difference, because I knew where the key was. I used the top right-hand drawer myself for my household accounts and bills and loose silver, and I kept it locked, because whenever Pat brought home gold pieces from his directors' meetings we used to put them there. We saved them up until we had enough to get a present for the house, something beautiful and —— No, that doesn't make any difference. We called the drawer the bank, and Pat showed me where he kept the key so that I could always get into it."

"Where did he keep this key?"

"In a tobacco jar on top of the bookcase. I found it and opened the drawer, and there were the papers, quite a thick packet of them, pushed way back in the drawer. They were bonds—eighty-five thousand Liberty, fifteen thousand municipal. I counted them twice to make sure." For the first time since she had mounted the stand she turned her dark and shining eyes on the perturbed Lambert. "You were very anxious to know whether anyone but Pat had seen that money, weren't you? Well, I saw it. And I was just as sure that Pat had taken it out of our safe-deposit box in order to run away with Mimi Bellamy as I was that I was standing there counting it—just as sure as that. I put it back and locked the drawer and dropped the key back into the tobacco jar and went to the flower room to telephone to Stephen Bellamy. The clock in the hall said five minutes past eight. I hadn't been in the study for more than ten minutes." Once more she lifted her hands to that bright hair. "Do you want me to repeat the telephone conversation?"

"Was it substantially the same as Miss Page gave it?"

"Exactly the same, word for word."

"Then I hardly think that that will be necessary. Just tell us what you did after you finished telephoning."

"I went to the foot of the nursery stairs and called up to ask Pat if he had absolutely decided to go to the poker game. He called back yes, and asked if he couldn't drop me at the Conroys'. I told him that I'd rather walk. I got that flannel coat out of the

(Continued on Page 78)

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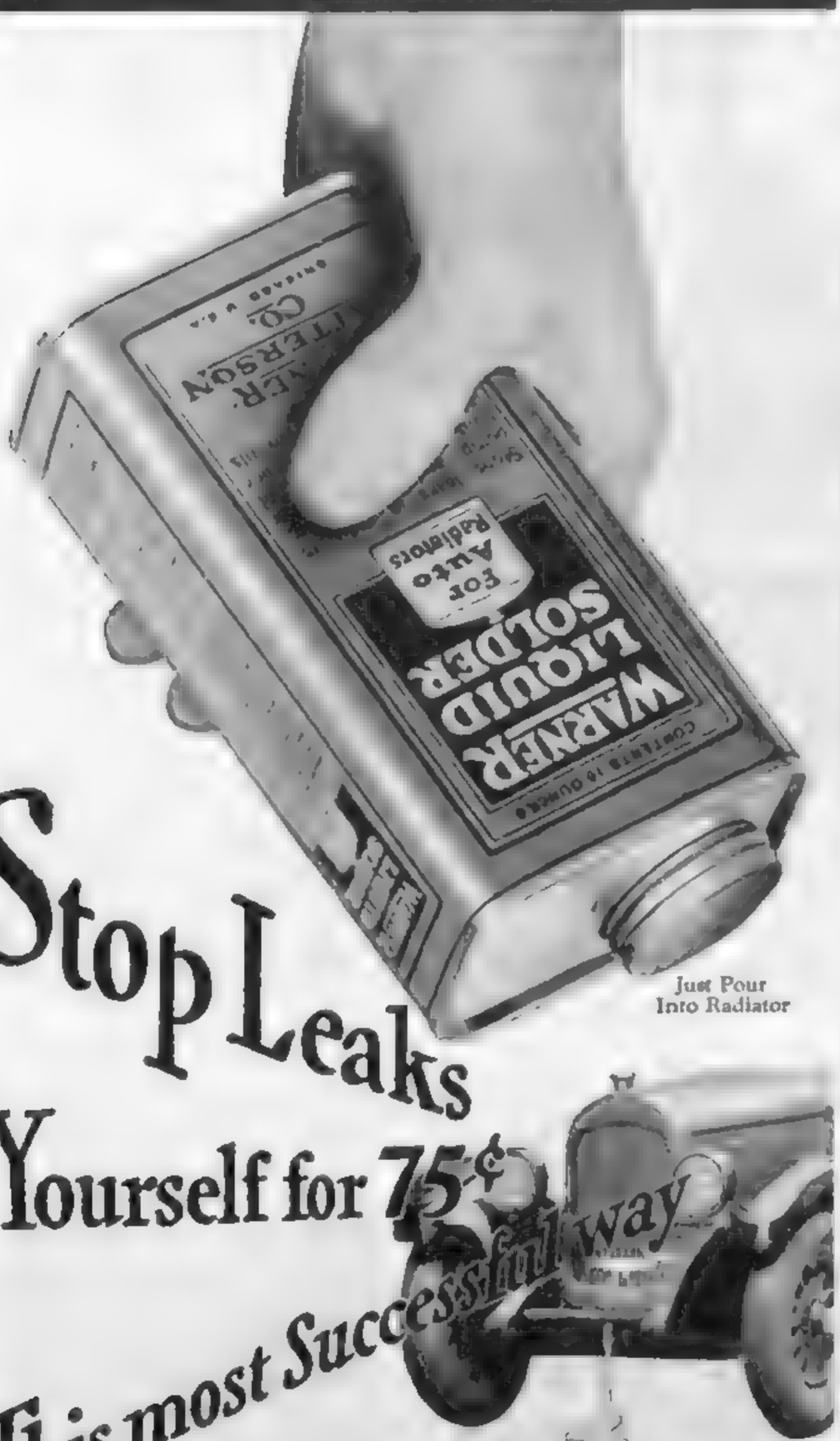

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(Continued from Page 76)

closet and started off for the gate at the back of the house that led to the back road. I was almost running."

"Had you planned any course of action?"

"No, I hadn't any definite plan, but I knew that I had to get to Stephen and make him stop Mimi, and that every minute was precious. Just as I got to the gate I noticed that a wind had sprung up—quite a cold wind—and I remembered that Mother Ives had told me at dinner that Polly's ear had been hurting her, and that she slept right by the window where that wind would blow on her, so I turned back to the house to tell Miss Page to be sure to put a screen around the head of her crib. I saw Mother Ives at the far end of the rose garden, but I thought that it would take as long to call her and explain as it would to do it myself. So I ran on to the house, and I was halfway up the nursery stairs before I heard Pat's voice. I thought he was talking to the babies, and I hurried up the last few steps. I was almost at the nursery door when I heard another voice—Kathleen Page's. It wasn't coming from the nursery; it was coming from her room. She was saying, 'Don't let her send me away from you—don't, don't! All I want ——'"

"Your Honor ——"

Farr's warning voice was hardly swifter than Judge Carver's: "I am afraid that you cannot tell us what you heard, Mrs. Ives."

"I cannot tell you what I heard Kathleen Page saying?"

The wonder in the clear, incredulous voice penetrated the farthest corner of the court room.

"No. Simply confine yourself to what you did."

"Did? I did nothing whatever. I could no more have moved a step nearer to the door than if I had been nailed to the floor. She was crying dreadfully, in horrid little pants and gasps. It was absolutely sickening. Pat said, 'Keep quiet, you little lunatic. Do you want ——'"

"Mrs. Ives, the court has already warned you that you are not able to tell us what was said."

"Why am I not able to tell you what was said? I told you what we said downstairs."

Judge Carver leaned toward her, his black sleeves flowing majestically over the edge of the rail.

"No objection was raised as to that conversation. Mr. Farr objects to this and the court sustains him. For your own sake, the court requests you to conform promptly to its rulings."

For a moment the two pairs of dark eyes met in an exchange of glances more eloquent than words; a look of grave warning and one of fearless rebellion.

"I do not understand your rules. What am I permitted to tell of the things that I am asked to explain?"

"Simply tell us what you did after you heard the voices in the room."

"Very well; I will try again. I stood there for a moment, staring at the door to the day nursery. The key was on the outside so that the babies couldn't lock themselves in. I don't remember moving, but I must have moved, because suddenly I had the door knob in my hand. I jerked it toward me and slammed the door so hard that it nearly threw me off my feet. The key ——"

"Yes, yes," cut in Lambert, his face suffused with a sudden and terrifying premonition. "We needn't go too much into all these details, you know. We want to stick to our story as closely as possible. You didn't say anything did you?"

"No."

"Just went on downstairs to meet Stephen Bellamy, didn't you?"

"No."

"You did not?" Mr. Lambert's blank query was enough to wring commiseration from a stone. Sue Ives did not look particularly merciful however. She had turned in her chair so that she faced her devoted adversary squarely. She leaned forward a little now, her lovely mouth schooled to disdain, her eyes under their level brows bright with anger.

"No, not then. I was telling you what I did. I turned the key in the lock and put it in my pocket. You didn't want me to say that, did you, Uncle Dudley? You wanted everyone to believe that it was Pat who murdered Mimi, didn't you?"

"Mrs. Ives—Mrs. Ives ——"

"Silence! Silence!"

"Mrs. Ives!"

Over the outraged clamor of the law, her voice rose, clear and triumphant: "He didn't murder her, because he was locked in those rooms until quarter to eleven that night, and I had the key in my pocket. Now you can all strike that out of the record!"

"Mrs. Ives!" Over the last crash of the gavel, Judge Carver's voice was shaken with something deeper than anger. "Mrs. Ives, if you are not immediately silent, the court will be obliged to have you removed."

"Removed?" She was on her feet in an instant, poised and light. "You wish me to go?"

"I wish you to get yourself in hand immediately. You are doing yourself untold injury by pursuing this line of conduct. The rules that you are refusing to obey were made largely for your own protection."

"I don't want to be protected. I want to tell the truth. Apparently no one wants to hear it."

"On the contrary, you are permitted to take the stand for that express purpose."

"For that purpose? To tell the truth?" The scorn in her voice was almost gay.

"Precisely. The limits that are imposed are for your benefit and you are injuring your codefendant as well as yourself by refusing to abide by them."

"Stephen?" She paused at that, considering gravely. "I don't want to do that, of course. Very well, I will try to go on." She turned back to her chair and a long sigh of incredulous relief trembled through the court room.

"I have forgotten where I stopped."

"You were about to tell us what you did after you came down the nursery stairs?" Lambert's shaken voice was hardly audible.

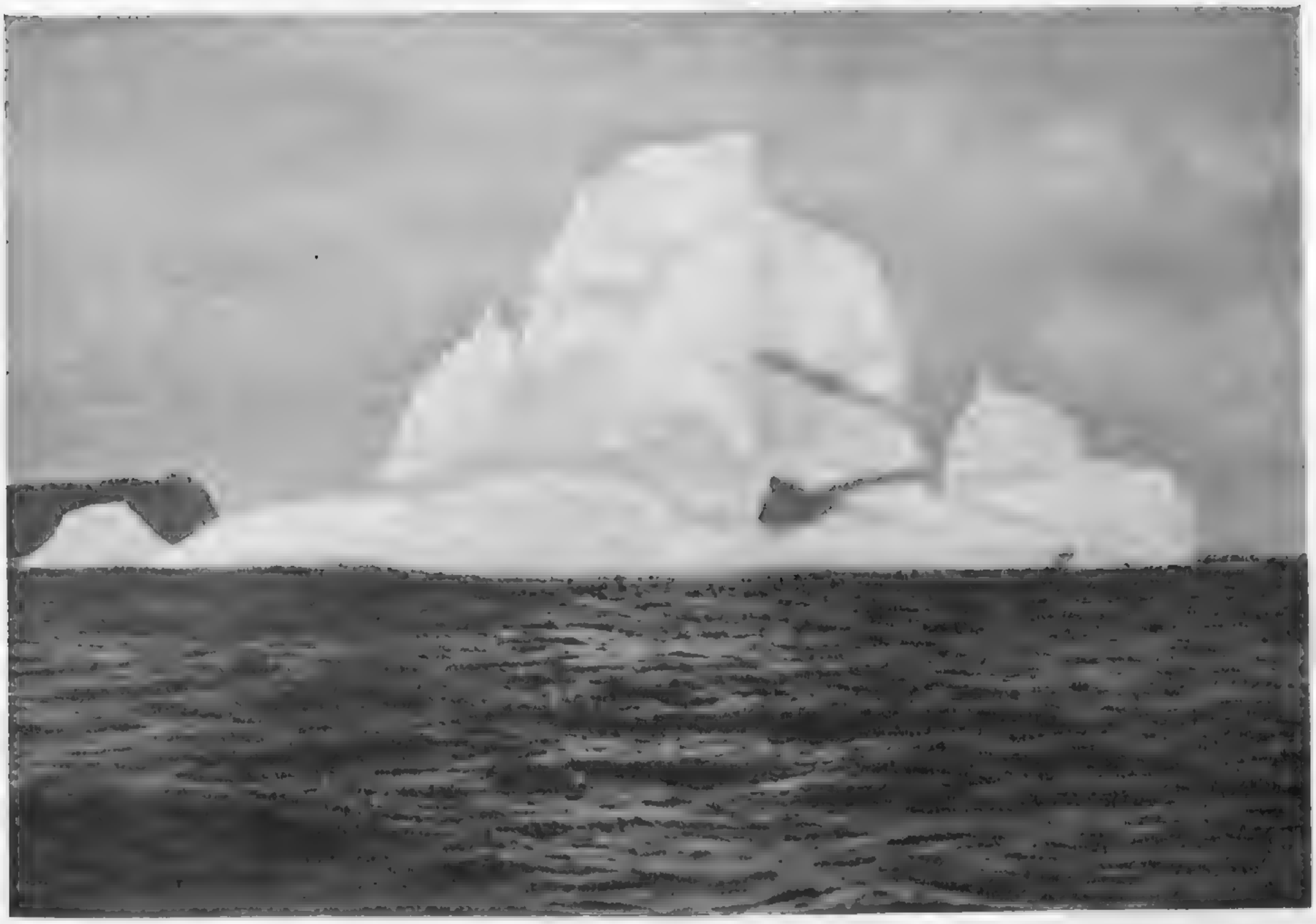
"Yes. Well, then—then we did exactly what Stephen said we did. We drove through the back road to the River Road where we turned to the left and went into Lakedale in order to get more gasoline. I distinctly remember the time, because we had been discussing whether the movies would be out by the time that we got back. It was twenty-five minutes past nine. After that we retraced our steps—down the River Road to the back road, down to the place in the back road where I had met Stephen, past our house into the main street of the village, past the movie house, which was dark, and up the main street, which runs into the Perrytown Highway—up the Perrytown Highway to the Bellamy house.

"I was absolutely sure that I saw a light over the garage, but it certainly wasn't there a minute or so afterward, and I decided that I might as well go in anyway. I was beyond bothering much about any minor conventions, and I thought that if Mimi were actually there, it would be a heavenly relief to put all the cards on the table and have it out with her once and forever. Mimi wasn't there, of course; it was then that Steve called up the Conroys. When he found that she wasn't there I was really terrified at his condition. He was as quiet as usual, but he didn't seem to understand anything at all that was said to him. He didn't even bother to listen. He had some kind of a chill, and he just sat there shivering, while I reassured and argued and explained.

"I could have saved my breath. He didn't even hear me. He did finally rouse himself to telephone the police and the hospital; the rest of the time he just sat there staring and shivering. He wanted me to call up Pat and the Dallases, and of course I knew that that wouldn't do any good—Pat was locked up two stories away from a telephone. Finally I asked, 'Did you

(Continued on Page 80)

AFTER SHAVING



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(Continued from Page 78)

see what direction she was going in when she left?' He shook his head. I said, 'But she told you that she was going toward the Conroys'?" He nodded. I said, 'Well, maybe she turned her ankle and fainted somewhere along the side of the road—she always wears such dreadfully high heels. We might take the car and turn the headlights along the edge of the road and see if we can get any trace of her. Come on!'

"I knew that that was perfect nonsense, but I was desperate, and I thought that there was just a chance that it might rouse him. It did. It was exactly as though you'd put a galvanic shock through him. He jerked out of his chair. He was out in the hall without even waiting to look back at me, and I had to run to get to the car before he started it.

"We got off with such a jerk that it nearly threw me out of the car, and I was really afraid that he was going to dash us against one of the gateposts. I said, 'If we're going to find Mimi, Steve, we must go slowly, mustn't we? We must look carefully.' He said, 'That's right!' And after that we literally crept, all the way to the Conroys'."

"How far was that?"

"Oh, not far—not half a mile—just a little way. It wasn't until after we got past their entrance that we decided that ——" She paused for a moment, her eyes dilated strangely in her pale face; then she wrung her hands together more closely as though in that hard contact she found comfort, and continued steadily in her low voice: "We decided that we might as well go on."

Lambert, paler than she, said just as steadily, "Might as well go on where, Mrs. Ives?"

"Go on to the gardener's cottage at the Orchards," said Susan Ives.

In the gray light of the court room, the faces of the occupants looked gray, too—sharpened, fearful, full of an ominous unease. More than one of them glanced swiftly over a hunched shoulder at the blue-coated guardians of the door, and then back again, with somewhat pinched and rueful countenance, at the slight occupant of the witness box. The figure sat so quietly there in the gathering shadows; to many who watched it seemed that there slanted across her lifted face another shadow still—the shadow of the block, of the gallows, of the chair. . . .

"Is she confessing?" asked the red-headed girl in a small colorless voice.

"Wait!" said the reporter. "God knows what she's doing."

Judge Carver leaned suddenly towards Lambert.

"Mr. Lambert, it is already considerably past four. Is this testimony likely to continue for some time?"

"For some time, Your Honor."

"In that case," said Judge Carver gravely, "the court considers it advisable to adjourn until ten tomorrow. Court is dismissed."

The small figure moved lightly down from the witness box into the deeper shadows—deeper still—she was gone. The sixth day of the Bellamy trial was over.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A EUROPEAN GOLD BRICK

(Continued from Page 35)

passed in December, looks toward amelioration and final extinction of rent control. But the rule is that for the sort of habitation occupied by a workman the landlord shall charge only twice as many francs as before the war, when a franc was worth seven times as much as at present.

That exercise of political power gave workmen cheap rent. But the cheap rent was immediately taken into account at its full value in adjusting wages. Scarcely a dollar of rent gain stayed in any workman's pocket. It practically all came out of wages. I have looked over quite a number of wage adjustments. In every instance but one the determining factor in adjusting the wage was cost of living; and if rent is low, cost of living must be correspondingly low.

There may be more than one exception to that rule, but the only one I came across was in the case of coal mining—an important industry in Belgium, employing, according to the census of 1920, more than 180,000 hands. In 1913 the average daily wage was almost exactly one dollar. But in 1926 the long British coal strike gave Belgian mines a boom. Production was the greatest on record, and as long as English coal was out of the reckoning, there was a ready market for the output at good prices. Belgian miners received some wage increases.

At the last increase it was agreed that cost of living should be taken into account to the extent of only 75 per cent in fixing the figure for wages, while price of coal should be taken into account to the extent of 25 per cent. So miners' wages rose in February, 1927, to $1.15 a day. Expressed in francs, this was 7.95 times the rate of 1913, while the cost of living index was only 7.50 times that of 1913. Also the present wage is for an eight-hour day against ten hours before the war.

In that particular case workmen did get ahead of the game; not, however, by grace of any legislation whatsoever, but because British miners were on a strike. When that strike ended, British coal began to compete very briskly; stocks on hand at the Belgian mine heads rose steadily and this past summer the coal outlook was not very promising. In general, except as to miners, wages have only kept up with cost of living.

It may be repeated that food in Belgium is not cheap. It could hardly be cheap in a country that imports about three-quarters of all the cereals consumed, nearly a third of the meat and considerable butter and milk. Clothing is cheaper than in the United States. But after making every possible allowance, you will get nothing that looks very cheering out of the top-notch miner's wage of $1.15 a day. Yet I find it set down in an authoritative trade review that high wages and heavy taxes now prevent the mines from showing satisfactory profits, and on the Brussels stock exchange shares of the leading coal mines can be bought, as a rule, for less than twice as many francs as they would have cost in 1913, when each franc was worth seven times as much. Some mines claim to be paying 10 per cent of their income in taxes. In short, it is a fair inference that wages are low not because ruthless mine owners are waxing fat on oppressed labor but because the mining industry, as now conducted, produces no more.

Having mentioned miners' wages, we may glance briefly toward the other end of the scale, as follows: In cigarette factories, machine operators get 10 cents an hour; girls not on piecework, 3.5 to 4.25 cents an hour; girls on piecework earn 35 to 42 cents a day. In the famous hand-lace industry wages run about three cents an hour. No wonder the number of workers in this trade has declined by half in the past seventeen years.

For many years these workmen, under Socialist class-doctrine leadership, have been active and powerful politically. They have won famous victories at the polls and in parliament. But it seems to me one may point to their present situation and wages as evidence that getting prosperous by legislation is only another way of lifting oneself by the boot straps. Whatever benefits there are, finally come out of wages. But before attempting to demonstrate that further, let us turn back a few pages.

In the latter part of the 1870's the span-new German Empire could and did look upon itself with much satisfaction. It was

(Continued on Page 82)

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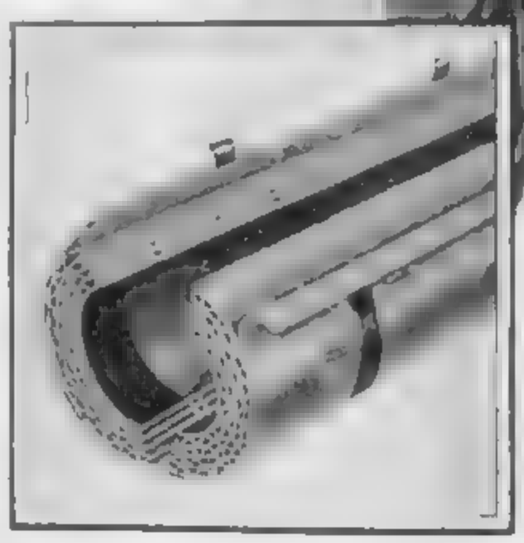

Note the unusual construction of Asbestocel. The sealed-off air cells made by the cross corrugations greatly increase its efficiency. The red bands on the ends identify it.

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Oldest manufacturers of asbestos products in the world

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Please send me your new illustrated booklet entitled, "More Heat From Less Fuel."

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floors as easy to clean as glass

KOVERFLOR-CLEAR creates a smooth transparent surface that cuts cleaning time in half. Its covering of protection adds years of service to wood or linoleum floors. You will find Koverflor-Clear water-proof and grease-proof, and it defies hardest wear....Anything that can resist the gruelling wear floors receive is naturally ideal for all hard-used surfaces. On front doors, on furniture, on yachts and boats—as well as on floors throughout the world—this S. V. W. Product has given such superlative service that thousands of users have become Koverflor enthusiasts. Once you have used Koverflor-Clear, you will want it for every hard-used surface in your home where a lasting varnished effect is desired.

KOVERFLOR-CLEAR

For any surface where a lasting varnished effect is desired

Koverfloor also comes in these colors, as well as Clear: Cream, Spruce, Tile Red, Dutch Blue, Linoleum Brown, Mahogany, Green, Grey, Light Grey, Russet, Black and White. Sample folder upon request.

If your dealer can't supply you, we will send, postpaid, a quart at $1.40, a pint at 75c or a half-pint at 40c. (Pacific Coast points: quart $1.60; pint 90c; half-pint 50c.) State color. Write nearest office.

TRY THIS—S. V. W. has perfected a brushing lacquer *without the pernicious odor!* KOVERLAK. Many lovely colors. For household articles. Dries in 30 minutes. Ask your dealer. Sample folder on request.

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S V W KOVERFLOR

(Continued from Page 80)

not only the first power on the Continent but its power politically and industrially increased apace. So far as Bismarck and his colleagues in the head office knew, it would have been quite happy but for a pestiferous set of persons called socialists who were making converts among underpaid German workmen by the hundreds of thousands yearly. As the Iron Chancellor saw it, few people could be more intensely objectionable than these Socialists were. They did not care a rap for the Prussian monarchy or the new imperial crown. Far from loving the army, as a good Prussian should, they spoke of it slightingly. A great many of them cared no more for the church than for the crown. They were expressing outrageous views in speeches, pamphlets and newspapers. Worst of all, they were gaining votes hand over fist.

Bismarck proposed to take them in hand. A crazy attempt on the life of the Kaiser gave him the opportunity to pass a law sternly forbidding the propagation of socialist doctrines by means of books, newspapers or public meetings. The government applied it rigorously. Nearly every Socialist publication in the empire was suppressed. Sixty-seven leaders of the party were expelled from Berlin. Bismarck was quite ready to exclude the party's duly elected representatives from the Reichstag. Socialists have charged that in pursuing these repressive measures the Chancellor was inspired by a hope that they would be provoked into rioting so he could settle their hash once for all by the famous Napoleonic specific of a whiff of grapeshot.

Far from being suppressed, however, the Socialists gained more votes than ever, winning twelve seats in the Reichstag in 1881, whereupon Bismarck reconsidered. An utterance of about that time, which may have been inspired, mentions that it is the duty of a Christian state to take care of those who possess no property; the poor must see that the state serves their interests as well as the interest of the better classes. And on November 1, 1881, the Kaiser delivered a speech from the throne which is still sometimes referred to as the Magna Charta of so-called social legislation. It was a businesslike utterance. Mentioning that Social Democrats refused to be suppressed, the aged emperor said he considered it his duty to help workingmen by providing in a positive way for their welfare, and suggested a comprehensive scheme of compulsory insurance for them.

Compulsory Insurance

In pursuance of this new program various laws were passed from time to time, setting up insurance of wage earners against monetary loss from sickness, from permanent invalidism, from industrial accidents, from old age—which begins at sixty-five years—from unemployment; there is maternity insurance for workmen's wives and death benefits for their surviving dependents. Professional people, farm laborers, small tradesmen who employ not more than two persons, domestic servants and various other categories are now included, but the codified insurance laws embrace 1805 paragraphs and fill six bulky volumes. In general, however, insurance is compulsory only for those who work for wages, and voluntary for the others.

Also, in a general way, the employer pays about one-half the cost of the invalid and old-age insurance and of the death benefits, about one-third the cost of the sickness insurance and almost all the cost of the accident insurance. Workmen pay most of the remainder, but under various conditions the state makes contributions. The laws have been modified as experience accumulated, and to state the payments accurately would require a long technical explanation. But I find a calculation that from 1885 to 1920 the various insurance funds paid more than 20,000,000,000 marks to more than 125,000,000 beneficiaries, and that workmen contributed directly less than half the total. The insurance provisions may be described as liberal—now including, for example, the dentist's bill and the cost of a pair of spectacles.

There is no question whatever that this comprehensive scheme of compulsory insurance has brought some great, positive benefits to German workmen. It gives them and their dependents a sure resource against the misfortunes to which they are most liable, such as disability from accident, from temporary sickness or permanent invalidism or advanced age. Launched in Germany by that strange champion of the proletariat, Prince Bismarck, social insurance has spread to every other industrial country in Europe.

Its advantages are convincingly set forth in a recent and able book on the subject by Dr. Alfred Manes, of the University of Berlin, who particularly points out that the scheme devolves no hardship whatever upon the employer, as all his contributions to the insurance funds must be looked upon as simply a part of the wages which he pays to labor. For if there were no insurance, wages would have to be higher to enable the workmen to live and meet the common hazards of living. Also, if wages were higher in an amount sufficient to offset the absence of insurance, a good many workmen would improvidently spend the excess on temporary satisfactions; and then, when they were ill or died, the cost of providing for them and their dependents would fall upon the state or upon society. In short, workmen would get more cakes and ale, and society would have to pay for the indulgence by supporting their dependents when they died or the workmen themselves when incapacitated.

Of Benefit and Disadvantage

Finally, says Doctor Manes, whatever the employer contributes to the various insurance funds goes into the cost of the goods he produces, just like his fire insurance, interest and other overhead expenses, and so falls upon the consuming public which buys the goods. In highly industrialized countries like Germany and Belgium, this consuming public consists largely of wage earners.

It is admitted that the insurance-paying employer may be at some disadvantage when exporting goods to foreign markets, where they meet the competition of goods that have not been charged with an insurance cost; but this disadvantage, the author points out, will completely disappear when every country adopts compulsory insurance. Every important industrial country in Europe has already adopted it.

A less remedial disadvantage, the author admits, arises on what might be called the moral side; for always some workmen will be tempted to laziness and shiftlessness on the theory that they are going to be taken care of whether they try very hard to take care of themselves or not.

An American should be willing to take the word of European workmen that this compulsory social insurance is a good thing for them. Certainly, if they are satisfied, no one else has a right to complain, for they are the ones who pay practically the whole cost of the scheme. Whatever benefits it confers come out of wages, and wage earners may properly say that if they wish to spend their money that way it is nobody else's business. Also an American should hesitate long before saying that, under existing conditions there, this insurance was not the best thing European workmen could get. All that, at any rate, is Europe's affair.

But the subject has a lively interest for Americans because this European idea has been urged upon the United States for at least a generation, and it has often been represented in the United States as a boon which class-conscious, politically embattled—and embittered—European workmen wrested from employers by means of legislation. Every American who has an acquaintance with current literature has

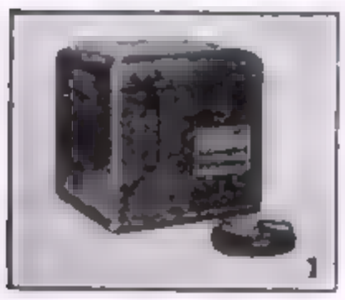
(Continued on Page 84)

Willard RADIO POWER

Licensed under Patent Nos. 1,455,141 and 1,635,117.

The Willard Combination
"A-B" POWER UNIT

Here is the very latest development in Willard Radio Power. A combination light-socket radio unit which can be depended upon to supply steady "A" and "B" power in any type of radio set of one to ten tubes.



1—Willard Standard "A" Power Unit. Has ample power for all but largest sets. Charges at trickle rate only 2.5 amperes.

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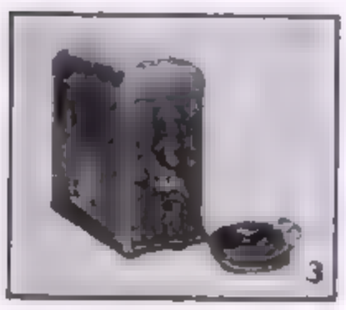

3—Willard Standard "B" Power Unit. Develops 150 volts at 40 milli-amperes. Licensed under Pat. Nos. 1,455,141 and 1,635,117.

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Let Your Ears Guide Your Pocketbook

Trust your ears above all else when it comes to buying radio power units. Trust them to guide your pocketbook toward the greatest value ever offered in lasting radio satisfaction.

It's surprising what a difference radio power makes in the way a set performs. You simply cannot have enjoyable reception if your set lacks steady, reliable radio power.

Willard Radio Power Units are the top of power unit quality. They are the result of years of research work in the laboratories of Willard Broadcasting Station WTAM. They paint a true tone picture of voice and instrument, adding nothing—omitting nothing.

And so convenient, too. They plug directly into your light socket, and you are sure of full, quiet power as long as you care to listen.

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Willard Battery *men*
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"WHY do we garagemen use Woodtone? Well, you try it *yourself* and you'll get the answer.—It gives a mighty fine polish with very little work and when the job's done it *lasts*, for it doesn't catch dust and it doesn't show fingermarks or dry out dull—*it's dry when you finish polishing*.

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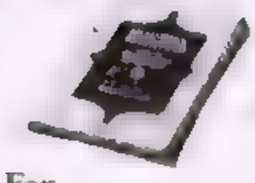
Woodtone is made for use on lacquer finishes as well as on varnish and enamel, and it's the fastest, easiest working polish you ever tried. A dusty ride does not dim its lustre, for it is absolutely free from grease and therefore entirely dust-proof.

Moreover, an application of Woodtone so improves the appearance of a car that the cost of expensive refinishing can usually be avoided.



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Make your own test. Compare the polish you now use with Woodtone. Woodtone makes white spots disappear. It is greaseless—so doesn't gather dust or show finger marks.

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the original greaseless polish for furniture and automobiles

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(Continued from Page 82)

heard social insurance praised as an example of what American workmen might expect to win if they would go into politics as a separate organized class. I presume that I have heard the United States called a backward country a thousand times, in comparison, say, with Germany and Belgium, because it had so little social insurance.

That is to say, Belgium, paying a skilled workman seven dollars a week and copiously insuring him, quite at his own cost, is an enlightened land; while the United States, paying the same workman thirty or forty dollars a week—advising him, to be sure, to take out a life-insurance policy and to put some money in the savings bank, but finally leaving the matter to him—is a dark and barbarous country, particularly trying for a workman to live in. Belgium harnesses two not large dogs to a cart to haul farm produce to market—the producer often riding on top of the load. That is Belgium's affair. But why reprobate the United States because it prefers automobiles?

Social insurance comes out of wages. It was founded on the theory that workmen are an economically helpless class—however troublesome politically—whom society must especially provide for, not necessarily by paying them good wages, which they might squander on beer and pretzels, but by legislation whose cost will come out of their own pockets.

Germany, like Belgium, rigorously regulated rents in the particular interest of workmen. During the whole period of postwar inflation this regulation amounted nearly to confiscation. What the house owner got in depreciated marks was often little more than an aggravation. But it is beyond dispute that this wholesale levy on house owners put no money whatever in workmen's pockets, for their wages were constantly adjusted to a cost of living that took low rents into account. The householder lost. The workman gained nothing whatever directly. But low wages, made possible by low rents, stimulated exports, and this is still the controlling consideration.

Germany and Belgium must export manufactured goods in order to pay for imported food and raw materials. If exports stop, everything stops. Of course, that applies to most of Western Europe; but nowhere else is the pressure to export more severe than in Belgium and Germany. To that pressure nearly everything else must yield. But European countries export largely to one another and to the same markets elsewhere; so if Germany gains a point for exports by confiscating rents, Belgium must gain a compensating point somewhere. If one competitor gets a low labor cost, others must follow suit or lose their markets.

Fundamental Arithmetic

Scandalous as the comparison may sound, it rather reminds me of the old-fashioned American sweatshop, and of my surprise at discovering long ago that it was not a profitable institution to anybody. The labor, I knew, was monstrously underpaid, so it seemed reasonable to assume that the employers were getting rich. But a competent investigation showed that the employers, using the same methods of production and in fierce competition with one another, generally cheapened the price of their goods as fast as they cheapened labor. If one sweated an extra dollar off his employes, another followed suit in an effort to undersell the first. Not even consumers really benefited, for as fast as better methods of production came into use goods were made as cheaply as before, although higher wages were paid

So in Europe wages are finally a question of more efficient production and distribution. Wages will gain on cost of living only by improving the plant, and in that matter the clumsy instrument of legislation can do little good, while it may easily do harm. It should not be necessary to repeat at this late date that so-called natural resources have little to do with high wages in the United States. It is improved methods of production and distribution that enable American plants to make goods cheaper while paying higher wages. These improvements owe nothing to legislation. Taking politics to improve your industrial methods is as futile as taking salts to improve your arithmetic.

That sort of legislation, in the nature of the case, can work only in division. Its object is distribution of wealth, not production. There used to be a flattering notion that the Western world was rich enough already and the only serious problem that lay ahead of it was distribution of the riches. I suppose nobody who is able to read entertains that idea now. Even the United States is rich only comparatively and positively rather poor. The only arithmetical operation out of which workmen anywhere can get an important and lasting benefit is one in multiplication, not in division—multiplication of goods. As to a market for multiplied goods, they will make one if the purchasing power is put into their hands.

A Jump Ahead of the Landlord

In Germany this year workmen have made a gain in real wages for the first time since the war. At the end of June an index figure that represented wages in several branches of industry showed an advance of 5 per cent over the first of the year, while the cost of living index figure had moved up less than half that. But in a great many cases the gain was more important than this index figure suggests. The German rent law required owners of habitations built before the Armistice to take only the same rent as in 1913 up to April 1, 1927, when they were allowed to add 10 per cent to the prewar rate. Early in the spring workmen in many establishments received an advance in wages, effective April first, specifically to enable them to meet this advance in rent—which illustrates again how low rents came out of wages. But while it was calculated that an advance of 2.5 per cent in wages would enable a workman to meet a 10 per cent advance in rent, the wage increase in a great many cases—probably in most cases—ran to 6 and 8 per cent, and sometimes to 10 per cent.

The reason, of course, was that German industry generally had become more efficient; it produced more, and underpaid workmen could claim a share of the increase. If industry had not become more productive, politically organized workmen might have legislated until they were black in the face without procuring any gain in real wages. Even as the case stood, the Munich Chamber of Commerce issued a solemn warning, in part as follows:

> The standardization of industry, which is still in course of development, has made competition in foreign markets possible to a limited extent, but the heavy expense of industrial reorganization has eaten up profits thus far and hindered the formation of necessary new capital. For this reason new wage increases are bound to endanger economic progress.

That, of course, is the employers' point of view. But it is to those improvements of processes and methods which the chamber calls standardization that workmen must look for further real gains. The industrial improvement is reflected not only in increased wages but in decreased unemployment. A report for Bavaria shows that from January to the end of June the number of applicants for each 100 vacancies fell from 1040 to 357, while the number of unemployed receiving doles dropped from 202,280 to 58,246, the number of part-time workers fell 80 per cent and savings-bank deposits increased by 45,000,000 marks. Some of this gain, of course, was only seasonal, but much of it appeared to be permanent.

If that sounds rosy, however, remember that the officially reported average in Bavaria, after the above-mentioned gains, was

(Continued on Page 86)

Shippers:

Are you giving the man who routes your freight the time and opportunity to effect the economies and contribute to the new business strategy which in many industries is considered the most important development since Mass Production?

The Industrial Traffic Managers of many organizations have been instrumental in the speeding up of turnover—in the reduction of inventories—and in the opening up of new selling territories to which improved freight transportation has given them access.

"Uncle Sam"

A big Market Basket on Wheels

"UNCLE SAM" *is one of the great fleet of 60 named Pennsylvania freight trains that have set remarkable records for regularity and dependability.*

EVEN in this era of telephones, the housewife going a-marketing is a familiar sight. Now, as in bygone days, she takes her basket on her arm, raises her parasol and trips blithely to butcher and grocer—determined to get the freshest goods for her table.

One of the main reasons why the Eastern housewife is always assured of obtaining the choicest fruits, vegetables and meats is "Uncle Sam." Every day this big Pennsylvania freight brings the "perishables" of the West and Southwest through St. Louis to Eastern Markets.

While the good housewives of the seaboard sleep peacefully, "Uncle Sam" comes roaring down the rails, bent on bringing in his load on time. Through the lowlands, over mountains and rivers, past hamlets and cities rolls this Pennsylvania freight pulled by locomotives of the modern type—the kind equipped to keep an important freight train on schedule.

"Uncle Sam" doesn't take any chances with hot weather. So when the big rattler pulls out, every bunker is filled to the brim with ice. And lest these cool preserving chunks begin to get low "Uncle Sam" rolls into the icing station at Columbus, Ohio.

Here he doesn't stop to talk to the iceman's daughter. There's no waiting. Up go the hatches and the yawning bunkers are again filled—quickly and efficiently at the rate of one car per minute. And at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, more ice insures the freshness of his precious cargo until it reaches the Eastern Markets.

Regularly and dependably "Uncle Sam" leaves St. Louis on time—and just as regularly he reaches the Eastern Markets. Month after month this big carrier has kept his schedule with a consistency that has won for him a reputation as one of the most reliable trains among the Pennsylvania's "Limiteds of the Freight Service."

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

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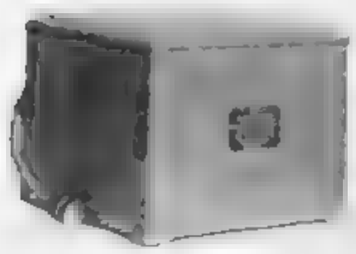
IMPROVE YOUR RADIO

"UNFAILING AS NIAGARA"

It is now both easy and economical to improve your radio. The outstanding features of USL Radio power are extreme dependability and surprising economy.

Other features hardly less important are: *Convenience*—light socket operation; *power*—abundant capacity for every requirement; *beauty*—exceptionally attractive and harmonious. And, as to price, USL Radio Units cost less than the average.

Take your radio power problem to your local USL dealer. He is fully equipped to give expert advice and satisfy you completely. Stop and see him today.

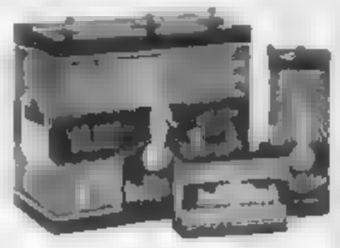


USL Socket A-B Power

USL socket A-B power provides both A and B power direct from light socket. Priced as low as $65.00

USL "Niagara" Dry Batteries

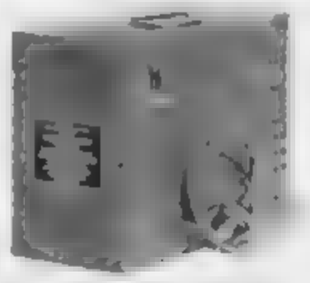
There is a USL A, B and C dry battery for every radio requirement. Noted for long life



USL Socket A Power

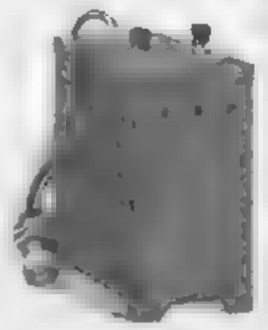
Dry type A power, operating from light socket. Price 60-cycle unit, $25.00; 25-cycle unit, $29.00

USL socket A power (electrolytic type). Price, 60-cycle unit, $20.00; 25-cycle unit, $22.00



USL Trickle A Charger

Converts any A storage battery into a complete and continuous A power supply. USL chargers contain no liquid and require no attention. Price: 60-cycle unit, $10.50; 25-cycle unit, $1[illegible]



USL Socket B Power

Provides satisfying B power from light socket. Price 60-cycle unit, $34.00; 25-cycle unit, $39.00

USL A Storage Battery

USL radio A battery assembled in a durable, one-piece composition container. Thick USL plates and separators assure long battery life. Prices and capacities to suit every [illegible]

USL RADIO, INC.
USL BATTERY CORPORATION
Niagara Falls, New York

Pacific Coast Factory, Oakland, Calif. Canadian Factory, Toronto, Ontario. Australian Factory, Sydney, N. S. W.

Prices quoted above are for east of Rockies.

USL RADIO POWER

14,500 USL SERVICE STATIONS AND DEALERS ARE AT YOUR SERVICE

(Continued from Page 84)

85.9 pfennigs an hour for skilled labor, which would work out $10.30 for a full-time six-day week, and $8.75 a week for unskilled labor. In the north, of course, wages are higher, and highest in Berlin, due strictly to higher cost of living. The rate for carpenters and masons in Berlin works out about $16 for a full-time week; helpers in building trades, $12. In the textile centers wages for men run about $1.50 a day and for women under 90 cents. A married farm laborer in Pomerania and East Prussia, where the large estates mainly lie, receives the use of a habitation, a garden plot and certain allowances of coal and potatoes that are reckoned to be worth to him, all together, $190 a year. In money he gets $3.50 a month. Near Berlin, where everything is highest, the married farm laborer's habitation and so forth are called worth $195 a year and he receives $7.15 a month in money.

In Germany, as in Belgium, you may gather quite flattering reports of the general situation, but behind them all lies meager living for a vast majority of the people. Also a shocking amount of poverty of a sort that seems to get very little consideration from anybody except the victims and their personal friends. It is one of the mysteries of the radical mind that it generally regards a poor workman as an object of passionate commiseration and a poor tradesman or house owner as only an object of derision. Suffering in overalls evokes tears. Suffering in a faded sack coat evokes laughter or a shrug.

It has been calculated that depreciation and extinction of the old mark relieved German industry of funded indebtedness to the amount of at least 5,000,000,000 gold marks. A great part of that, of course, came out of bond-buying investors—the thrifty middle-class 5 per-centers. There is no telling how much their losses in other directions amounted to; but without doubt they invested a great deal in other bonds and in government war loans that were finally extinguished with the old mark. Rent regulation in the period of inflation amounted nearly to confiscation of that sort of income.

In Opposite Camps

Pretty generally 5 per-centers are middle-aged or elderly, for, as a rough-and-ready sort of rule, middle-class saving hardly begins before thirty-five or forty. So in all the countries with greatly depreciated currency, but especially in Germany, where depreciation went to zero, there are a great number of economic war casualties for whom recuperation is difficult because of age, for one thing. Every German town has its quota—a sizable quota, too—of elderly people who were in very comfortable circumstances before the debacle and are now caught irrevocably in more or less genteel poverty. Without particularly inquiring for such cases, I heard them mentioned everywhere.

You can imagine the result in the United States if savings and investments in the form of government and municipal and corporation bonds were wiped out, as happened in Germany. A Wiesbaden shopkeeper with whom I struck up an acquaintance through several small purchases lifted his hands to say, "Surely nobody I knew wanted a war, and now everybody I know is poor."

All that lies behind the reports of steel-and-iron production that now exceeds prewar figures for the same territory, record car loadings, very good crops and the like. Rent regulation gave the manufacturer low wages and so helped exports; but it certainly did not promote building, although houses constructed since the Armistice were free of rent control. Everywhere the building program, particularly for workingmen's houses, is much behind, although in many cases large employers built habitations for their labor forces. There are no comprehensive building statistics for Germany, such as we have; but in rambling around Berlin, Frankfort, Munich and other important German towns you see no such evidences of building activity as meet the eye at home.

One result of political class consciousness has been to line up wage earners and farmers in opposite political camps and make them regard one another with much suspicion. That is true in Belgium also. The government there was forced to limit the exportation of peas, butter, eggs, potatoes and some other farm products because prices had risen somewhat and a cry went up that farmers were profiteering at the expense of workmen. In fact only a small part of the product—4 per cent in the case of potatoes—is exported, and the restriction has now been removed. But an American who has looked over any typical Belgian farm must be struck with amazement that anyone could have ever imagined that it was profiteering in anybody.

A King in Germany

The farm that fairly represents the agricultural situation in Belgium will run from ten to fifteen acres. The best available figures show 371,000 families farming an average of twelve acres each, and it is commonly held that the very limit in the way of extracting family living from little soil has been reached. The pressure seems to be squeezing out many old owners of the land, for tenant farming has been on the increase for some years.

In general, the yields per acre are among the highest in the world, but there are not enough acres. Only a fantastic class consciousness could work up grounds for jealousy between Belgian peasants and Belgian workmen.

The class idea is oddly exemplified in German agriculture. Farming in that country is carried on under widely different conditions. North and east of Berlin lies a land of big estates, running up to 1000 acres. This is the classical ground of the Junkers and a farmer there very often carries the aristocratic "von" in front of his name, as well as a title of nobility. But the south, especially Bavaria, is a region of little farms mainly worked by peasant families.

By the latest census, 46 per cent of the Bavarian population is engaged in agriculture, and 412,217 farms are less than 12.5 acres each. Then come 220,848 farms running from 12.5 to 50 acres, and comprising all together 7,400,000 acres. Farms from 50 to 247 acres number 32,670 and comprise 3,600,000 acres, while of farms more than 247 acres in extent there are only 551, comprising less than 500,000 acres.

Yet the Bavarian peasant and the noble Pomeranian landlord stick rather closely together politically. In their ways of living and in most of their daily experiences there is little enough in common between them, but according to the textbook they belong to the same class; so, mainly, they vote together, both of them usually voting against the wage earner.

They do not vote for quite the same party; first because Bavaria has what we would call a lively state-rights issue on her mind, being by no means well satisfied with her position in the postwar revolutionary and socialistic German Republic. For one odd instance, she still has a king. That is, the old monarchical constitution has never been changed and at present there seems little inclination to change it. Of course the king has no part in the republican government, but he is still in the constitution and very peaceably occupies one of his palaces at Munich, where, I am told, there is a shadowy royal court. Conservatives refer to him as His Majesty. Well-informed residents say that Bavarians are more interested in state politics than in national politics.

Another reason why Bavarian and Pomeranian do not vote for just the same party is that no two people in Germany or anywhere else in Western Europe vote for just

(Continued on Page 88)

The average reading time of this advertisement is only 33 seconds. Spend this fraction of a minute and save a lifetime of regrets.

THE boy is fearfully reckless. He

chases that bounding pigskin, regardless of reason or caution, into the path of grave danger.

But what of the driver who comes sailing along on a wet pavement? For all the care he takes, he might be alone on a dust dry road in the country.

What if his car won't stop in time? What if it keeps on skidding ahead? His four-wheel brakes and balloon tires won't make the blow any softer if he bowls over the careless boy.

Use extra caution on skiddy days. Have WEED Chains on the tires to grip the road, and drive more carefully. Then you will reduce the likelihood of a heart-breaking skid accident.

Be Prepared for Early Winter

Buy your WEED Chains now. Don't wait for the first sleet or snowstorm. Don't delay until one day when so many stand in line to get their WEEDS. Be prepared.

Wet Rubber *Slips*—WEED CHAINS *Grip*

These people are admiring the original copper installation on an old Pennsylvania house built in 1798.

No One Knows

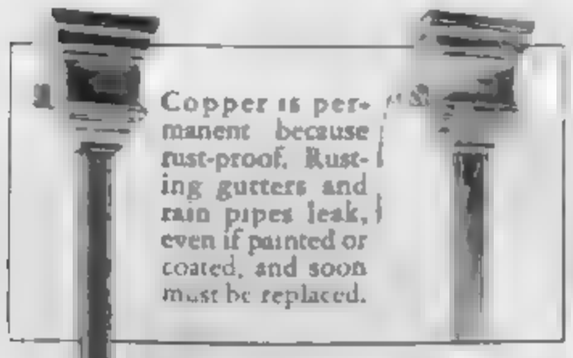
how long copper gutters will last—150 years is not unusual.

CONTRAST this to the periodic replacement or repairs of rustable gutters and leaders. About every seven years they give way completely.

Expensive! Annoying! Also they rot wood—striking at the very life of the house, rotting eaves and sills.

Copper is less expensive—what if it costs a few dollars more when installed? In a few years it saves many, many times the little extra it costs. Thousands of wise home owners have found it so.

Copper gutters and leaders—brass water pipe—bronze screens—*three* ways to save about $57 every year. Learn their advantages. Abandon the extravagance of rustable metals, also the worry. Mail coupon now for informative booklet "How to Rust-proof your Home"—Free.



Copper is permanent because rust-proof. Rusting gutters and rain pipes leak, even if painted or coated, and soon must be replaced.

The coupon below brings an instructive booklet telling how to rust-proof your home. Send for it now.

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BRASS ANACONDA BRONZE
Permanent—economical

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THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY,
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(Continued from Page 86)

the same party if they can help it. Proportional representation helps to split the vote among a lot of impotent factions. Thus Bavaria's forty-six representatives in the Reichstag at Berlin are divided among eight different parties, two of which have but one representative each, while two others—including the Communists—have only two representatives each. Only an expert can keep track of the endless factional shifting and juggling, but anybody can see the net result in feeble, distracted government.

A decided majority of Bavaria's delegation, however, representing the great bulk of peasant voters, is conservative; and as a pretty general rule big farmers and little farmers stand together in opposition to class-conscious workmen.

Wood-Harvesting Time

Few things, however, can be less useful than lumping people together because they work for wages or till the soil. For example, it happened that I spent a long summer day last year riding through the wheat fields of Saskatchewan in harvest, and this year I spent a number of days riding through the grain fields of Hesse and Bavaria in harvest. In statistics it would all go under the same heading of small grain—so many acres and so many bushels, each bushel counting alike in the table of world supply.

People who look only at statistics may fall into a notion that grain growing in Canada and in Europe is practically the same thing. But humanly, they are two very different things.

Saskatchewan farmers were threshing from the field in fear of the early snow to which that region is liable, and which, in fact, fell the following week. In that level land one's vision is as wide as at sea, and to the horizon the view was dotted with steam threshing machines, dwindling to mere smoke smudges in the sunny distance. A close-up of one of them was like looking into a corner of a steel mill in full blast—rushing wheels and belts, a swirl of straw dust, rushing men—a picture of power and hurry.

The German harvest fields looked leisurely, but quite half the laborers in them were women, binding grain, putting it in shocks, loading it on wagons. Threshing is done by machine, but a good deal of grain is still cut with a scythe, and I happened to see only one self-binder. The binding by hand seems to be the women's job. In those harvest days we passed many old women hauling heavy loads of fagots in clumsy carts, bending to the work when it was upgrade. Maybe they were as happy as any other women, but they looked forlorn.

At half-past four one morning, daylight coming in at the open window and a persistent grating sound combined to waken me. That was in Rothenburg, which was a rather flourishing town some 400 years ago, thanks largely to an energetic burgomaster. The Emperor Charles V honored it with his presence. Since then nothing in particular happened until tourists discovered the town, in the modern craze for antiques. That persistent grating, somewhere out in the dawn, sounded like carpentry, but a stroll through the streets the evening before had given an impression that the last carpentry had been performed about the time of the American Revolution. I was sufficiently curious to get up and look out of the window. Across from the hotel, on what might be relatively described as the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, an old woman was sawing wood. The logs from a recently felled tree were about fifteen feet long and the thickness of a man's leg. She lifted one to a sawhorse and attacked it with the same kind of heavy bucksaw that I was compelled to operate at a tender age on the theory that boys should be made to work.

After breakfast, at eight o'clock, she was still steadily plying the saw; also after luncheon, at two o'clock, and just before dinner, at a quarter past seven. Lifting the heavier logs obviously taxed her strength, but whenever I observed her, her saw arm worked as methodically as the piston of an engine. She was bent with age and quite toothless, but wore an expression of perfect good nature and smiled friendly when she saw strangers looking at her. It was a time for harvesting wood as well as grain. Twice in what might be called side streets at Rothenburg I came upon women sawing logs into firewood; very cheerfully, indeed—chatting with the neighbors, but keeping the bucksaw going.

It used to be said that, after all, machinery had done nothing for the workingman; he still had to toil all day for a bare living. Nobody who knows the United States says that now. But at any rate machinery has liberated American women from a world of heavy labor.

To get, at a glance, the difference between grain growing in Saskatchewan and Bavaria you have only to note the absence of women in one case and their presence in the other. Probably women tell the story better than any other single criterion.

Of course, in a few spots at the most expensive restaurants, in the high-priced theaters, on the smartest shopping streets—women everywhere will look a good deal alike. But a great majority of European women in city and country wear an aspect of drudgery and have evidently quite given up the struggle to make themselves attractive at an age when American women consider themselves still quite kittenish. It is not exclusively a matter of economics either. The position of women generally in Europe is decidedly inferior to their position in America.

Whatever one thinks of class politics, it should be noted that community of interest among farmers has an admirable side, for the various coöperative associations play an important and useful part in agriculture. The German farm population is put at 24,000,000, and half of them are enrolled in the coöperatives for marketing, buying supplies, credit, dairying and other purposes. Two federations of coöperatives, one for credit, the other including other branches, maintain headquarters in large office buildings in Berlin. Both claim to be strictly neutral in politics.

A Bonus on Exports

But there is another sort of farm association—consisting principally of the Land League and the German Peasants Union—that frankly goes in for political action, systematically lobbying in both federal and state legislatures for measures deemed beneficial to farmers. The Land League occupies, as headquarters, a quite imposing office building in the heart of Berlin, and its organization reaches all over the republic. Its president, by the way, is a large-scale and noble landowner of the north, Count von Kalckreuth; but the league enlists much support among the little farmers of the south. Of course, the coöperation of the aristocratic Junkers, formerly so powerful in the empire, and not to be sneezed at now, is valuable politically. Aside from a protective duty that really protects, since Germany is an importer of grain on net balance, the most important result of farmers' political action is, perhaps, the arrangement by which a seller of grain for export receives a bonus nearly equal to the import duty.

The biggest coal-and-iron region, with its dense wage-earning population, lies in the northwest and must ship in a large part of its breadstuffs. One of the biggest grain-growing regions, producing a large surplus over local needs, lies in the northeast. Freight rates are much higher than before the war, averaging 60 per cent more for car lots, although there are many special rates that modify the average. Owing to high freight charges, it is not economical to ship the surplus grain of the northeast across the country to the northwest. So the northeast sells much of its surplus grain for export and foreign grain is imported to supply the northwest.

The duty on imported grain runs around thirty-five cents a bushel. When a grower sells grain to be exported he receives a warrant which entitles him to import a like amount of grain free of duty. Of course, he does not import the grain himself, but sells his warrant to a grain importer at something of a discount. So far as the farmer is concerned, it amounts to the same thing as a bonus on grain sold for export that is nearly equal to the import duty.

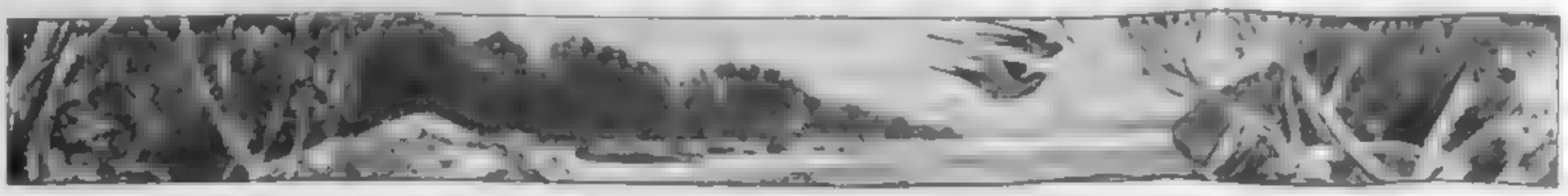
As it happens, this arrangement benefits mostly the big farmers of the northeast. Bavarian peasants, for example, with a long haul between them and the sea, cannot get much out of it directly. But they do get the advantage of the protective duty.

Price-Fixing for Farmers

Another legislative device for the benefit of farmers is sometimes referred to as price-fixing or price control. It consists of a corporation whose title may be translated as Grain Trading Board. Its capital is supplied by the government at low interest and it is empowered to intervene in the markets, buying grain whenever the price falls below a theoretical cost of production. The idea, of course, is to hold the price at cost of production or above, and this is mentioned prominently as one of the chief benefits which farmers have derived from legislation. But the capital of the concern is only $7,500,000, and though it has operated more or less in the markets, principally in rye, competent observers do not attach much importance to it.

In short, though German farmers have got real gains out of coöperation, it is difficult to see where they have got much that is worth mentioning out of legislation, excepting the protective duties that are of long standing and the export bonus that directly benefits, in the main, only one region. At any rate, farmers themselves, big and little, are much dissatisfied with their position in the republic. They claim the socialistic government is run altogether too much in the interests of industry, to the disadvantage of farming. They want higher protective duties on farm products, and lower taxes, and more credit, on longer time, with lower interest.

Politically, they really count for less than before the war, for this is far more a class-conscious wage earners' government than its predecessor was. Farmers' savings and liquid capital were mostly destroyed by the depreciation and extinction of the old mark, and it is one of their particular grievances that their debts were not destroyed likewise. Government and corporation bonds were wiped out, but individual mortgages on real estate, which logically should have been extinguished, too, were reinstated or revalorized to the extent of one-quarter their face value. This was a sop to the slaughtered investor, at the expense of house owners and farm-land owners, while industry went practically free of its old debts. Naturally, farmers complain of the discrimination, but on class lines they are outvoted.



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THE 1928 Royal Eights and 1928 Sixes by Chandler now give today's dollar a much bigger purchasing power . . . for Chandler is not only giving *more* in excellence but actually asking *less* in money!

These magnificent new cars have impelled a great and rapid surge in Chandler sales—each day gaining in momentum and volume, as more and more people see how much farther Chandler really makes the dollar go.

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Cars built with the most exacting precision—engineered to give you more mileage than you ever asked of a car—and all you ever do to lubricate the chassis, and keep it free from squeaks, is to press a plunger with your foot!

Just see the new Special Six Sedan at $995—the new Big Six Metropolitan Sedan at $1495—the new Royal Eight Sedan at $1995—and a score of other new models, all prices f.o.b. factory. Just drive!

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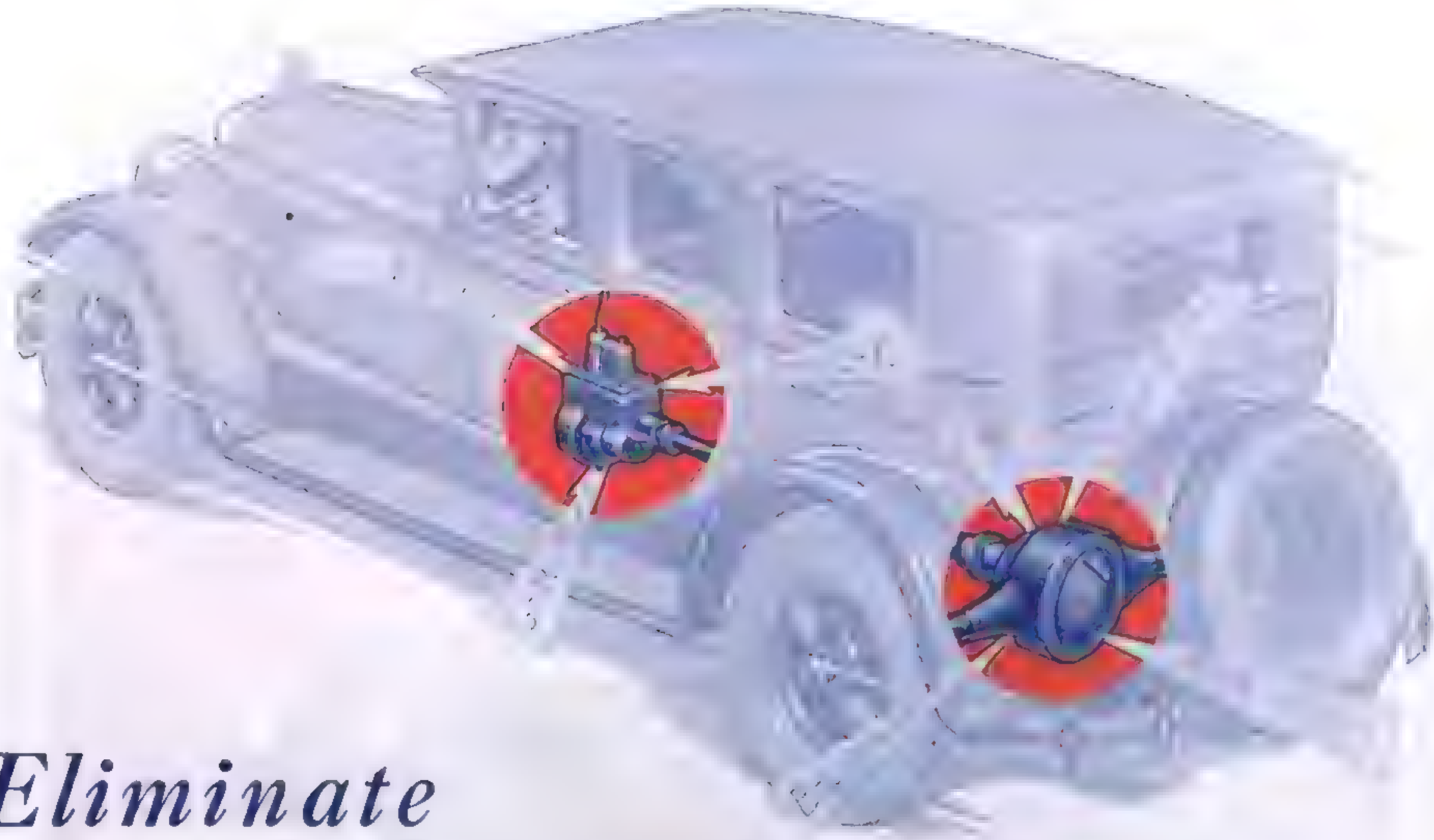

Eliminate that grinding noise

How to make your car run more quietly—and also secure 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gasoline

THERE are many things that can make a car noisy. But the most common is the grinding noise that comes from your transmission and differential gears. It is due nearly always to the use of *cheap* lubricant. That is why Alemite, nationally known lubricant experts, have developed the new Alemite Gear Lubricant.

It will do three things for you:

1—Make your car run more quietly.
2—Give you 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gasoline due to freer running.
3—Give you a two-finger gear shift in zero weather.

This is Why

After three years Alemite engineers perfected a lubricant that would hold together without the use of fillers or acids It is *all lubricant*. As far as we know, there was no such pure lubricant previously.

Cheap lubricants freeze up in winter-time. They "channel," permitting metal to metal contact of the gear teeth. In summer they thin out with the heat, permitting the same thing. This is what makes that grinding noise you frequently hear. Frozen grease is also what makes your gears so hard to shift in winter.

Road Test

To prove the free-flowing quality of Alemite Lubricant, our engineers made a road test. Several standard cars of well-known makes were used. A measured amount of gasoline was put in the tank of each. The cars were driven until the supply was exhausted. The mileage was recorded.

This test was repeated with four leading makes of gear compounds in the transmissions and differentials—under identical conditions. Then the new Alemite Gear Lubricant was used. A difference was expected. But the amount of difference was amazing.

The cars actually delivered 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gas with Alemite Gear Lubricant than with any other.

In Your Car

This means you can actually reduce your gasoline bill 40 to 60 gallons every 10,000 miles. Just by using this new type Gear Lubricant in your gears. You'll also find your car has more pick-up and power.

Remember, Alemite Gear Lubricant is *not* just another gear compound. It is a new principle. And it is the only gear lubricant of its kind today. So ask for it by name.

Every 2,000 Miles

Drive to your service station today. Have your gear cases drained and refilled with this new lubricant. Gear cases should be drained every 2,000 miles and refilled with fresh lubricant. You'll never have costly transmission or "rear end" troubles if you do this—and you'll get more miles to the gallon.

Look for this dispensing drum at service stations. It is painted red and blue. It is your guarantee that genuine Alemite Gear Lubricant is being put into your gears.

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ALEMITE

CHEAT THE LADY

(Continued from Page 7)

Eldad came proudly up the knoll from the river one day with a fifteen-inch salmon, she told him how delicious Medad's berries were.

Her father occasionally overheard one of these conversations, and he asked Pauline one night, "What you trying to do, Pauline? Get them sore at each other?"

She said wisely, "I don't have to do that. They already are that way. You can see, the way they look when you talk about the other one."

"Having some fun with them?" he persisted dryly.

"I've got to have some fun in this hole," she reminded him.

"Fixing to marry one of them?" he suggested derisively; and she said:

"I don't aim to marry any farmer!"

"Well, you'll have 'em fighting on your hands, first thing you know," he warned her. "Something's going to touch 'em off one of these days. Look out you don't get in the way when the fur starts to fly."

His tone was not particularly stern; he was apt to find a dry amusement in Pauline's encounters with such youths as these. Believed in letting matters take their predestined way.

But weeks passed quietly and the brothers seemed content to persist in their almost inattentive rivalry. Medad took Pauline to a dance in the Grange Hall in late September and gave her half a dozen cantaloupes which they picked together in his garden by moonlight on the way home, but Eldad borrowed an automobile and took her to East Harbor to see a moving picture. One day in October Medad stopped at the house toward the end of a day's gunning and left her three woodcock and a partridge; but Eldad, having occasion to go to Rockland on matters of business connected with the making of lime casks, brought her home a box of store candy. In such indirect fashions their rivalry continued, neither interfering with the innings of the other. And those folk like Will Belter who, from the time they scented out the situation, had daily expected to hear the clash of battle, began to lose interest and to believe that nothing would come of the business after all.

The chain of circumstances which did at last precipitate the situation was a devious one. The brothers had long debated the question of buying a truck. Its possession would be a decided convenience, but the cost had deterred them. It occurred to each one of them at about the same time that girls have a fondness for riding in motor-driven vehicles; and this consideration overrode their scruples. In mid-October they determined upon the purchase.

The truck was delivered to them on the twenty-eighth of October. Eldad went to East Harbor to get it. He was late in coming home, and during his absence Medad, gone to the village for the mail, heard that there was to be an old-fashioned country dance two days later at the hall in North Fraternity. He decided to ask Pauline to go with him in the truck, and he was full of this project when he turned homeward.

But when he reached the house Eldad had already arrived. He and Mrs. Myrick were admiring by lantern light the exceeding shininess of the new acquisition; and almost before Medad could alight from the buggy, Mrs. Myrick turned to say to him:

"There, I declare it's right pretty! Pretty near too nice to haul logs in. Medad, Eldad's going to take Pauline Swan to the dance in it, day after tomorrow night."

And at that Medad felt a surge of passion, a torrent of hatred toward his brother beside which his former aversion had been no more than affection and esteem.

Eldad drove away in the new truck just after dark Saturday night. He kissed his mother good-by and said a casual word to Medad as he left the house, and Medad nodded mildly enough. Eldad turned southward toward the Swan place and stopped for Pauline, and with the girl on the seat beside him he came back up the river road. The man was not insensible to the fact that he had scored a triumph over Medad; and though long habit forbade his openly exulting over his brother, he was willing that others should know his fortune. So he stopped on some pretext at the store, and then crossed the bridge and took the road to North Fraternity.

Pauline asked whether Medad would be at the dance. El shook his head. "Don't cal'late as he will," he replied. "He never said anything to me about it. There ain't any easy way he can get over, and he hasn't got anybody to go with him."

"I hope he does come," she declared. "He's such a good dancer. I like to dance with Medad right well."

Eldad felt the blood vessels in his throat swell a little at that, but he fought down his anger. After all, he assured himself, this evening was his. And he spoke of other matters, seeking to divert the girl beside him.

The dance hall in North Fraternity is gone now. They were tearing it down the other day when I passed the spot, bound for Ring's Brook on business with the trout that lie there. But it was in its time an institution. A barnlike structure with a hip roof, not unlike a hangar for dirigibles, it stood in a meadow close beside the road. It had come to wear the aspect of abandonment, its sides weathered, some windows shattered where the glass was gone, shingles missing here and there. But during the summer and fall, once and sometimes twice a week, it was open for dancing, or upon occasion for roller skating, and folk came for forty miles or more to disport there. When Eldad and Pauline reached the place there were already some two score cars parked in the meadow along the road.

This particular occasion was distinguished by the fact that there were to be some country dances, designed to appeal to the older generation; and when Eldad and Pauline reached the head of the stairs it was to find the floor well filled with sets treading Speed the Plough.

Gay Hunt, who had a lively tongue, stood by the fiddler to call the measures, and since the steps were strange to many of the dancers, particularly the younger ones, there were a good many mistakes and consequent hilarity.

Eldad found all this tumult bewildering and dismaying. He and Pauline stopped at the head of the stairs and stood there, surveying what went forward; and Pauline tapped her toe on the floor and hummed the tune, accenting its rhythm, and looked invitingly at Eldad. But Eldad had a sobriety about him; he said almost resentfully:

"This ain't my kind of dancing—these old-fashioned ones."

"They're a heap of fun," she declared. "We used to have them sometimes at Orono, and you'd die laughing sometimes. Come on. I'll show you. This way."

But before he could, reluctantly enough, take her outstretched hands, the music stopped, and the sets broke up and everyone drifted toward the door or the open windows, flushed with the strenuous business of treading unaccustomed paces. Pauline made a gesture of disappointment, but Eldad felt and showed a frank relief. And when the music began once more, it played in waltz time, and he took her in his arms. He danced carefully, and with a success that satisfied him.

But she was not so well content, and later she enticed him into the Portland Fancy, and he fumbled through the measures, more and more uncomfortable. His humiliation was the keener when Gay Hunt shouted to him by name:

"Come on, Eldad, hump yourself!" He paused to bellow:

"Ladies chain!"

And then to Eldad again, "I guess Medad's the stepper of the family."

Pauline, at the first occasion, referred to this. "Medad knows all these old dances, I expect," she suggested.

But Eldad made no direct comment. "Two-step and the waltz was always good enough for me," he stoutly declared.

They had been dancing for an hour or more, and Eldad was doing his somber best to satisfy her requirements as a partner in a fox trot, when over her shoulder he saw his brother come up the stairs. Medad was alone and he had changed into his dark Sunday suit, and he stood surveying the scene till Pauline spied him there.

"Oh, there's Medad!" she cried. "Go around that way!"

"Guess he drove over in the team," Eldad commented, thinking aloud. At the same time he took care to keep her on the other side of the floor from his brother.

"I hope he asks me to dance," she declared.

But there is not on such occasions among the young folk much interchange of partners, and each brother had in the past preserved a policy of hands off when the other was ascendant. Thus Medad now seemed unconscious of their presence. He exerted himself rather to be courteous to the older women, the wives and spinster sisters who had come hopefully rather than confidently to this festivity. When Gay Hunt called for Money Musk, Medad took Mrs. Hunt for partner, and trod the measures with such a high-stepping abandon that everyone laughed at them. When he swung Mrs. Hunt around, that lady's skirts flew indecorously high, and Gay shouted approvingly:

"Go it, ma! You've got a stepper now!"

When Eldad attempted to swing Pauline, it was she rather than he who supplied the motive power, and she tugged at his hands rebelliously.

"Harder, harder!" she whispered insistently. "You're awful stiff about it, Eldad. Look at the way Medad does!"

And Eldad's humor began to be a sullen one.

Once or twice Pauline managed to catch Medad's eye, but though he smiled at her approvingly enough, he made no move to seek her out. She danced with Eldad again and yet again.

Then Gay Hunt called for the Good Girl. Pauline and Eldad were near him at the time, and they paused to listen, and Pauline had sudden inspiration. She drew Eldad toward the platform where Gay stood, reached up and caught Gay by the arm.

"No, no," she urged. "No, Cheat the Lady. It's almost the same, only lots more fun."

Gay hesitated, and he grinned. "Don't want to be a good girl?" he echoed jocosely, and raised his voice to the hall. "All right, folks, Pauline wants Cheat the Lady. Make it so." And he winked at Eldad merrily.

Eldad was a little confused, not only by that wink but by the proceedings that went forward, and he submitted dumbly to Pauline's direction. Those who essay to dance Cheat the Lady form two lines, the ladies in one, the gentlemen facing them. Eldad found himself between Sam Dillard and Andy Wattles, and he said to Andy miserably:

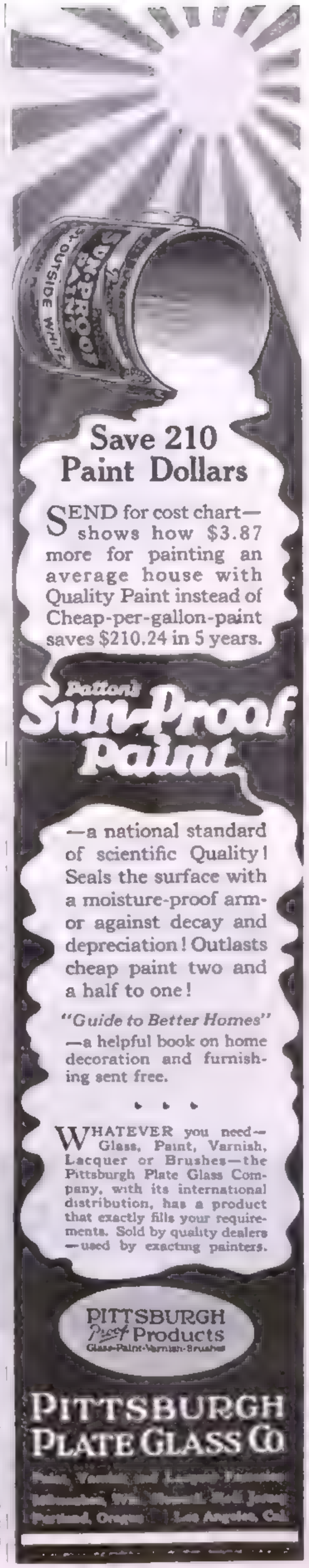
"Durn it, I don't know how to do this!"

"You'll see the way it goes," Andy assured him. "Only you got to watch your turn, that's all."

The music had begun, and Pauline, across from him, was beating time with the others. Mrs. Hunt was two or three places removed from her, so Eldad knew that his brother was by the same interval removed from his position. But he did not look at Medad. His attention was all on the business in hand.

The movement of the dance is simple. The first lady in the line balances to the second gentleman in the line facing her; then turns whom she pleases, and retreats

(Continued on Page 93)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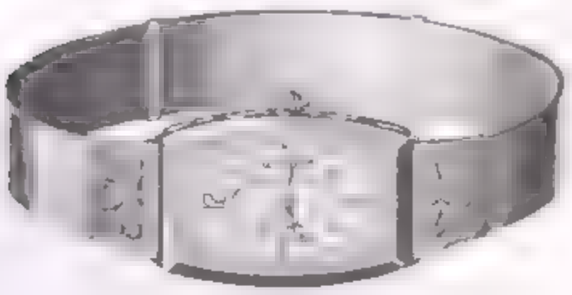

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The Wadsworth Belt Buckle, made in 14-kt. white or green gold filled, can not tarnish. It therefore offers all the beauty of solid gold at only a fraction of its cost.

It is the only gold filled belt buckle which meets the standard approved by the Federal Trade Commission to secure satisfactory wear in a gold filled watch case.

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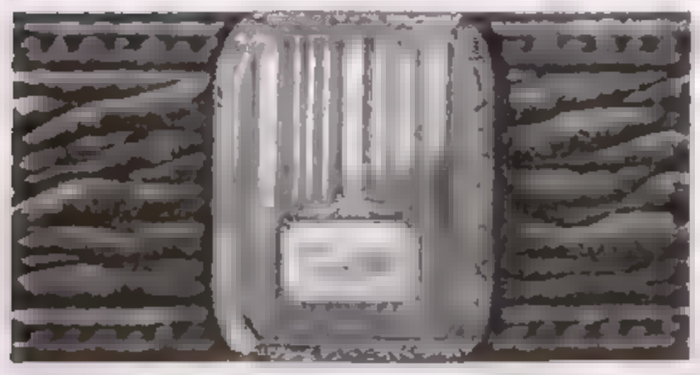
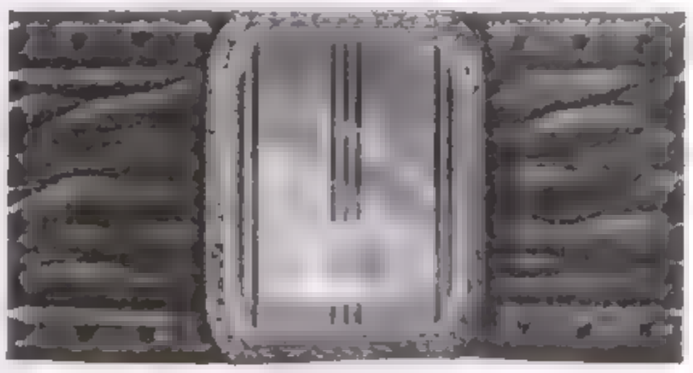


The Wadsworth Gold Filled Belt Buckle is untarnishable. It will not slip. A patented grip locks the belt tight in any position and automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of leather



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Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

(Continued from Page 91)

to her place again. And the first gentleman performs a similar maneuver. The two then balance down the center and back, and cast off right and left to their places once more. Everyone keeps time with them. If you are heavy-footed, you bob lumberingly up and down and pant and grow red in the face; if your talents turn that way, you make a pleasant little jig out of the business, until it comes your turn to take the center of the stage.

The particular charm of the figure lies in the fact that it permits you to ignore, in your solo steps, whatever your obligations to your partner may be. You balance to the man beside him; you turn whom you please—a dance likely to appeal to a coquette.

And when Pauline's moment came she balanced dutifully to Sam Dillard, but she moved a little down the line to swing Medad.

Medad, keeping time, had been jigging pleasantly; he met her attention with such a leaping bound that everyone roared with delighted approval. They whirled wide and swiftly, and Pauline returned to her place in the line with flushed cheeks and shining eyes. The others were watching their feet as she and Medad turned, but Eldad watched her face, and he saw her lips move, read the words.

She had whispered to Medad:

"Dance with me!"

And Eldad balanced to Sam Dillard's wife and turned Pauline in a grim and unimaginative way.

But a little later, when his chance came, Medad returned the compliment Pauline had paid him. He swung her out of the line, and her skirts whirled and her head flung back and she laughed aloud.

Eldad heard someone whisper; saw or seemed to see a giggle pass down the line of women. He kept time heavily with his heels while the interminable business continued till the end. But the man was suffering. And Pauline, watching him from across the way, became of a sudden faintly alarmed at what she had done. She was not surprised when Eldad came to her and said grimly:

"I guess we better start home."

And she lacked for the moment courage to oppose him. So missed her dance with Medad after all.

On the way home she tried to make amends. She told Eldad that she got tired of dancing sometimes, and she asked him to show her where the fish dwelt in the river, and how they might be taken with a rod and line.

He was somewhat comforted; in the end forgave her. But he did not include Medad in this absolution.

This was Saturday night, and on Sunday, since the mill was closed down and the water low, the fishing was at its best. At breakfast Eldad said he intended to go down the river.

Mrs. Myrick asked, "Did you have a good time at the dance, Eldad?"

He nodded stoutly. "Yeah," he assured her. "They had a lot of old dances. Kind of fun."

"Medad decided he'd go, after you'd left," she said, and smiled at them impartially. "Folks tell me you're a good dancer, Medad."

Medad grinned. "I can jump around," he confessed.

"Pauline wants I should show her where the trout lie," Eldad said, with some vague notion of asserting his own abilities. "I'm going to meet her down river this morning."

"I expect she's a nice girl," Mrs. Myrick agreed. "I like her because she likes my boys. You'll have to fetch her to see me some day."

"Sure, I will," said Medad.

"Maybe I will today," Eldad amended.

Medad grinned. "Oh, you'll be too busy teaching her to catch fish," he declared good-humoredly. And then they put a bridle, for their mother's sake, upon their tongues.

After breakfast Eldad got his gear together and departed downstream. Somewhat later, while his mother was busy in the kitchen, Medad drifted toward the mill. There was in his mind no particular intent. He wandered to and fro about the floor littered with chips and sawdust, turned over a log here and there, examined the teeth of the saw. But now that he was alone he had no need to hold his mood in check, and his brow was furrowed blackly.

There was one log laid aside from the others. It was a stout chunk of oak, about nine feet long, with a slight curve at one end; and the brothers had seasoned it, intending to saw from it sections suitable for the manufacture of sledge runners, for which it was particularly adapted. By and by Medad's eye lighted on this log, and he stood for a while considering it, and in the end he grinned.

Then he crossed to the wheel and turned the screw that opened the sluices of the dam and set in motion the machinery of the mill. He paused to watch the sudden increasing flow of water boil down the river below the bridge, and he smiled contentedly. Then he set to work to get the oak chunk upon the carriage ready to be sawed. It would take some time, he knew, for the head of water to get downstream, but he was in no hurry.

Thought to himself, "Wouldn't wonder if it took me all day to saw out them runners. But I dunno as I care." He whistled cheerfully about the business.

And a little while after that, Eldad, striding down the river bank toward where he expected Pauline would be waiting, heard a quickening note in the river beside him, and looked at the water and saw its level slowly rise. And his face crimsoned with a full flood of uncontrolled rage.

He forgot Pauline. He stood at the moment in an open space from which, if he had looked, he might have seen her waiting for him, on a knoll two to three hundred yards below, but he did not look. Instead he turned and started resolutely back upstream.

It may have been instinct which prompted the girl, but whatever the impulse, she hurried after him. The roar of the river drowned her calls, and his pace was so swift that she could not overtake him. Yet she followed on persistently.

Eldad had forgotten her. He came in sight of the mill and climbed the slab pile and reached the road beside the bridge and saw his brother placidly at work by the saw; and he dropped his rod and went forward at a run and stormed into the mill shed.

Medad discovered his approach and checked the carriage which was thrusting the oak butt against the teeth of the saw; and Eldad came within two paces of his brother, and paused and gasped for breath—for he had hurried and demanded:

"What'd you start the saw for?"

Medad jerked his thumb toward the oak butt. "See, can't you?"

"Fish won't bite in high water," Eldad exclaimed. "You knowed I was fishing."

"You can't run the saw without water," Medad reminded him, and he grinned derisively. "Besides, you wasn't going to catch any fish anyway"

Then, at Eldad's move, threw up his hands.

Pauline was at the moment just emerging from the woods into the cut land below the slab pile; she was too late to see them come together. When, three or four minutes later, she climbed to the level of the road, the battle was well advanced. Medad's trouser leg was split to the knee, and Eldad's shirt would never be a shirt any more, and Medad's nose was damaged and Eldad's ear was puffing, and Medad had a welt on his cheek bone and Eldad had a hole where a tooth had used to be. Thus much had been accomplished before she came within view, but she was in time to see the rest of it.

There was no perceptible disparity between the brothers. One was as strong as the other, and if Medad was lighter on his feet, Eldad was more solidly planted. Also,

40,000 people saw me catch a bawling out

WHEN your brakes won't hold, and you catch a bawling out from the traffic cop, you realize to your rage and embarrassment that he has no private classes in his lecture course. He invites the world, and a multitude always springs up to enjoy the fun at your expense. You have to live through that lecture as best you can, but you can prevent another such embarrassment by using Rusco Brake Lining and keeping your brakes properly adjusted...Rusco Brake Lining stops quicker. Many tests have proved this. For instance, after a test of its stopping qualities, Mr. W. J. Chaudet, President, General Brake Service Corp., St. Louis, Mo., made this statement, "I stopped a Chrysler, with four-wheel brakes lined with Rusco, in 16.4 feet, going 20 miles an hour." This is 18.6 feet quicker than police require, and is a practical guarantee of safety.

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though they had never even quarreled with each other, they had fought with other men upon occasion; and there was a serious and directed purpose in their blows, and a great willingness which made up for any lack of skill. They could attack if they could not defend. And they attacked right earnestly.

There was about this battle a quality which must have made it a stirring spectacle, at once inspiring and revolting. If either man had used a straight-arm blow, he must have had the advantage, but both were devotees of the windmill style, and while there is not the cutting quality to such buffets, they have a more substantial thrust behind them. A man knocked out by a straight right to the chin is as sound as ever in a little while, but a man beaten down by full-arm swings to the side of his head may be punch drunk for hours.

These two stood within easy reaching distance of each other, and they swung, pivoting at the waist, battering happily at the target in front of them, right and left and right and left again, and when the very momentum of their own blows flung them together, they backed away to get the range and began again. Sometimes a swinging fist encountered another fist in mid-air, with a sharp, splintering sound. But more often the blows went home to ear or cheek or temple or to jaw.

And when this happened, he who was struck was like to stagger, before he swung his own blow in return. For such buffets as these could wear down such men as these, or any men, and although this process of attrition was not at first perceptible, its effects did in the end become apparent.

There had at first been no interruptions to this battle; the two men, when they clinched, instantly broke free. But after a while they were not so quick to loose themselves, were more apt to wrestle for a second before they broke away. And by slow degrees the straining intensity of these grapples eased a little; till by and by the brothers were content to stand for a moment, each in the other's arms, before the swelling flood of rage which held them both bore them to blows again.

But thereafter at each clinch they rested longer, and their knees began to sag. Their stature seemed to decrease, as though they were pegs which were being beaten down into a soft and yielding soil. Their feet spread, the better to support their wavering strength, and their blows were less vigorous. Their arms moved more and more slowly; the moment came when it was more damaging to strike than to be struck. The effort of striking was more exhausting than the impact of the blow.

The end came almost peacefully. They had grappled, hung for a moment arm in arm. And when wearily they freed themselves, Medad's right hand moved in a gentle effort to strike another blow. But the movement threw him off balance so that he toppled to one side and fell, and as he did so, Eldad, for no reason at all, sat down heavily and slumped upon his back.

And they lay thus, prone. Only Medad also rolled on his back so that the bellows of his chest could work more easily. They seemed for a while content to lie.

The saw whined approvingly, shrieking its applause. And Pauline, who was a level-headed girl, found a bucket and went down to fill it at the foot of the fall below the dam.

The two brothers were slow in recovering, for they were sore and weary; and Pauline, finding that cold water brought no immediate results, drew back and sat down on a near-by log and waited with a lively interest to see what they would do when they revived. She thought they might start to fight again.

By and by the rhythm of Medad's inhalations steadied and he sighed, and she looked at him and saw that his eyes were open. She came to stoop above him.

"You feel better now?" she asked solicitously.

His eyes rolled inattentively away from her and rested on his brother, and she turned and saw that Eldad was watching them. Then, as though upon a signal, the two brothers struggled to a sitting position, and each surveyed the other thoughtfully. Pauline spoke to Eldad, but he did not turn his head; so she drew back to watch what was to come.

Eldad, watching Medad, felt gingerly his jaw. And Medad got to his knees and rubbed his nose with the back of his hand. Eldad sat still, swaying a little.

Abruptly Medad grinned. "Golly, El," he said admiringly, "you handed me a couple of lunkers!"

His tone startled Pauline. She did not know just what she had expected, but certainly not this; for there was no complaint in Medad's utterance. Rather it held a friendly and admiring awe.

Eldad nodded. "Well, Mil," he replied, "I guess you fed me that tooth! I can't find it anywhere."

Medad chuckled. "You'd ought to have hit me on both sides," he protested. "You've knocked my jaw right around under my ear."

"My nose kind of cracks when I touch it," Eldad returned. "I guess it's busted!"

Medad rubbed his own nose again. "Well, feel of mine," he challenged, and edged nearer the other, and Eldad touched Medad's nose appraisingly, and nodded again.

"Say, I guess we both done pretty good," he commented.

And Medad chuckled and Eldad grinned, and Medad laughed and Eldad chuckled, and Medad broke into a guffaw, and even Eldad laughed aloud. It was as though each one of them had made a curiously delightful discovery. They got to their feet together.

Pauline drew near them.

"You let me clean you up some," she suggested.

And that sobered them; they turned thoughtfully to look at her. Surveyed her in a grave silence, so that she fell subdued and still while she waited their decision. They looked at her, and then they turned to each other again, and as though they had forgotten her, Eldad said thoughtfully:

"What about ma?"

Medad considered. "Well, she'll find out," he confessed.

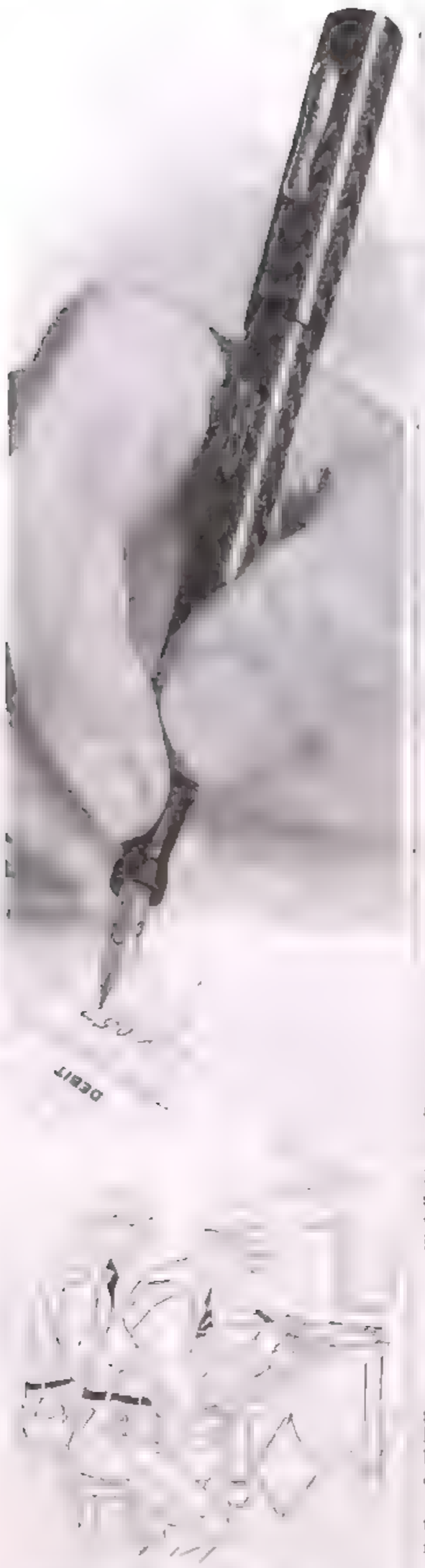
"Guess we might as well go on up to the house," Eldad suggested.

Medad nodded, and he took his brother's arm. "Both of us," he advised.

And Eldad said, "Sure, Mil. Both of us, it is!"

It was as though the words cemented a sudden pact between them. They went away, arm in arm, chuckling reminiscently together, up the hill. They did not even say good-by to Pauline.

She stayed there for a while, waiting, but in the end it became bitterly clear to her that she might as well go home. They were not likely to come back again to her.



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KIBITZER

(Continued from Page 25)

After a few hands Taylor breaks into the game as a dibitzer. He joins Marvin in looking over my shoulder and counsels with him concerning my bids and leads. On my deal I gets a mitt that I hesitates over.

"The hand," says Joe, not to me, but to Marvin, as is ethical, "calls for a heart make."

"Don't be silly," whispers the kibitzer to his apprentice. "What else but a spade?"

"How about one without?" asks Taylor, in a hoarse mutter that couldn't possibly have been heard beyond a block of boiler factories.

"Never," returns Marvin. "In that type of hand seventy-two out of a hundred no-trump bids fail. It must be a spade."

"Three diamonds," I announces, and go set four hundred. A post-mortem indicates that the hand died for lack of bidding two clubs.

"I'm afraid," says Marvin, after a bit, "we'll have to quit."

"Why," I wants to know, "will we have to quit?"

"Because," returns the kibitzer, "I'm tired and I've got to get up early tomorrow."

"Why early, dear?" inquires the frau.

"Why at all?" asks her husband.

III

JOE'S still sore when I runs into him a few days later.

"How about coming up to the hovel for a little bridge tonight?" I inquires.

"Feller," says he, "I never expect to darken that early Gothic doorway of yours again until the place is fumigated. I presume the plague is still raging?"

"Yes," I admits, with a sigh, "but certainly you're not going to break up our traditional friendship because of an affliction-in-law."

"Can't you get rid of it?"

"How?" I asks.

"Give him the air," snaps Joe. "Order him out. Throw his shoes out of the window, forgetting for the moment that he's wearing 'em. Assert yourself. Aren't you the master of your house?"

"No," says I. "Are you?"

"I have my moments," returns Taylor. "I remember once when a nephew of the frau's came to us for a week-end in June and stuck around until Decoration Day. Then I got peevish and what do you think I did?"

"Got him out of your trenchers by Christmas," I guesses.

"Not exactly," says Joe. "Along about Thanksgiving I invited four or five of my relatives to visit with us. The clutter finally got on Jessie's nerves and she gave 'em all the raus. Shows what will power'll do. Why don't you try that stunt?"

"Can't," I answers. "I got no relatives. I'm more kinned against than kinning."

"Doesn't Marvin do anything for a living?" inquires Taylor.

"Me, mostly," says I. "He's kept company with a few jobs, but he's never had a steady. The snoot spends most of his time fussing around with figures. Right now he's trying to develop a square with five sides."

"What'll it get him," grunts Joe, "if he does? How big is the demand for five-sided squares?"

"It's just a question of breaking down sales resistance," says I. "As a matter of fact," I goes on, "what the kid does around the house doesn't worry me any. He's company for the wife and helps her figure the cost of three pounds of roast beef at forty cents a pound, but it's his kibitzing that gets my nanny. A card game is just a playground of permutations for Marvin and he'd rather stand around one than go necking with logarithms."

"Who's she?" asks Taylor.

"Just a good number," I replies.

"How would it be," suggests Joe, after a lot of thought, "to work a variation of my scheme on Marvin?"

"How do you mean?" I inquires.

"My relatives," says Taylor, "made Jessie tired of all relatives. Wouldn't your kibitzer make Madge tired of all kibitzers?"

"My kibitzer!" I exclaims.

"Sure," comes back Joe. "Invite another guy to come to your house and hang around the game. Between the two of 'em your wife'll probably get fed up on the whole profession. And listen," he goes on, enthusiastic, "I know just the boy for

(Continued on Page 87)

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(Continued from Page 94)

you—a lad who's kibitzed at the best clubs in town for years. Suppose you meet him and invite him to a week-end at your deadfall. Then "

"Nope," I cuts in, "it won't do. The last time I had a guest he used a guest towel, and since then it's thumbs down on all my friends. Anyhow," I continues, "it'd take more than a couple of rough days for Madge to give Marvin the air, and I certainly am not going to keep two kibitzers on the pay roll."

"I got another idea," says Taylor.

"Two in a day!" I gasps. "It's positively uncanny."

"But," proceeds Joe, "it's no good unless you can get Marvin to sit in on a game."

"Not a chance," says I. "It's against his principles."

"I know," returns Taylor, "but couldn't you get him to play for charity or in an exhibition match or something like that?"

"I doubt it," I come back, "but what if I can? What's rattling between your fenders?"

"The only thing," says Joe, "that can make a bum out of a theory is a fact. Correct?"

"Theories," I nods, "are balloon tires; facts are tacks on the road of experience."

"Don't you think it'd scale Marvin down some," goes on Taylor, "if he got into a session with a shark and found that his permutations wouldn't permute for a hoot?"

"Hoot!" I exclaims. "McGullible!"

"Who?" grunts Joe.

"Angus McGullible," says I, "the craftiest bridge player in the world. You've heard of McGullible on Finesses, McGullible on Defensive Bids, McGullible on ——"

"What about him?" interrupts Taylor.

"I know him pretty well," I returns, "and I think I can get him out to the house for a week-end. Madge thinks he's the cat's adenoids. I'll work him into a game with Marvin and, to combine both of your schemes, I'll kibitz behind the kid. Between my ballyhoo and Angus' playing, the boy should be laid like a carpet."

"If he doesn't hold the papers."

"The papers," says I, "don't mean much to Angus. He can make deuces give imitations of aces and treys talk as loud as kings. If I get Marvin and McGullible lined up, will you play with the Scotchman against the wife and the cousin? I'd like to have 'em both trimmed at the same time, while I'm about it."

"Go to it," grins Taylor.

Late that afternoon I finds McGullible at his bridge club and tells him my story.

"I'll come," says he, "but ——"

"That's all right," I cuts in. "Consider that you're playing for a dime a point and I'll pay the winnings."

"And the losings?" asks the canny Caledonian.

"Those, too," I agrees. "Have a cigar?"

"Thanks," says he, taking it, "but it's no good without a match."

"Here," and I tosses over a box. "What have you got—just the habit?"

"I'm not quite sure," returns Angus.

At dinner that night I does my stuff casually. "I met McGullible downtown this afternoon," I remarks to Marvin. "You've heard of him?"

"I've looked into his books," comes back the cousin, "A lot of silly rot."

"How can you say that!" exclaims the wife. "He's one of the greatest au——"

"Bah!" sneers Marvin. "He talks of bridge like one talks of laying bricks—no consideration of equations, no thought of mathematical probabilities, no ——"

"I told him," I interrupts, "of the work you were doing along those lines and he was greatly interested—keen to play a rubber with you."

"I don't play cards," says Marvin coldly.

"Not for money," I assures him. "Just an exhibition in the interests of science. Surely there's no harm in that."

"I don't ——" begins the pest.

"Oh, please do," begs the missis. "I'm wild to see McGullible play. You couldn't get him to come out here, could you?"

"I might try," says I modestly.

"Well," surrenders Marvin, "if it'll please Cousin Madge—but there must be no money involved—no wagering on rubbers. The thought of money in connection with my studies is positively nauseating."

Just the thought of him has the same effect on me, but I keeps my trap shut. Everything's sitting pretty on top of the world and I got no desires to upset the apple cart. Taylor's a great bridger himself, and with any kind of a break he and Angus ought to be able to spot Marvin and the frau a frame a game and take 'em to the reduction works.

McGullible shows up Saturday afternoon as per schedule, and after a little chitchat in which Marvin lets the impression seep from him that he figures Angus for a Scotch flop as far as auction is concerned, we proceeds to the card room. The players seat themselves, with McGullible to the right of Marvin and Joe to the left of the young squirt. Opposite him, of course, is the missis. As for me, I've planted a dog on the back rung of the cousin's chair—the correct kibitzer stance. They cut for choice of cards and Marvin wins.

"Take the blue ones," I whispers. "It's a hunch. I dreamed last night that the wind blew."

He picks up the red pack and starts dealing.

"From left to right," I recommends. Marvin looks up with a somewhat annoyed expression, but says nothing.

The kid stakes himself to a pretty fat hand—ace, king, queen five times in spades, ace low in hearts, a singleton club and a smear of diamonds headed by the typist.

"One spade," he bids.

"Tch, tch, tch," I clucks despondently, and looks up to the ceiling with pained eyes, sighing deeply.

"Is it necessary that you comment?" demands the frau.

"Quite," I assures her. "I just love to give advice."

Marvin gets the contract and goes three-odd in his spades. A good player against a poor opponent would have clicked for a little slam with Madge's high and handsome lay-down, but Angus drives a tricky wedge between the boy and his diamonds and not one of them is registered.

For a couple of hours the game runs along fairly even, with McGullible and Joe slightly in the lead. Marvin holds all the pictures and Angus has to use everything he's got to make his busts stand up and act like playing hands.

All the time I'm pouring a steady stream of advice and lamentations down Marvin's neck, suggesting permutations and combinations and odds that would make a *pari-mutuel* machine cough up its innards, and otherwise living up to the best traditions of kibitzing. I feels Marvin fidgeting and writhing under me, but he doesn't open his face. Neither does the missis, but there's mayhem in her eyes. Angus, of course, is in on the know.

Comes the last rubber. Each side wins a leg, when I sees over the cousin's shoulder the kind of hand that husbands who never quarrel with their wives at bridge get in heaven—eleven hearts topped by the five honors, the ace of clubs and the ace of diamonds!

"I'd take a chance with hearts," I whispers, but my expression is dubious.

"Three hearts," announces Marvin.

"Good heavens!" I moans, gripping my hands in anguish.

As a matter of fact, three is an excellent bid in the circumstances. Marvin probably figures there are good hands out against him in the other suits and by advancing his bid gradually he stands a great chance of getting doubled. You can imagine the worries of a lad getting doubled with eleven hearts and two side aces!

Joe passes and so does the little woman. Angus hesitates, looking over his cards with a frown. I'm not feeling so happy either. With the killing the cousin has in sight, it looks like a cinch he'll walk away with the honors of the day.

"Seven spades," drawls McGullible.

"What?" asks Madge.

"Seven spades," repeats Angus.

Seven! What can the goop have for a grand-slam bid with three of the ace boys out against him. At this point I commit the unforgivable crime in kibitzing—I have nothing to say. I'm that dazzled by Marvin's mitt and McGullible's bid.

"Double," says Marvin.

"Redouble," snaps Angus. "Everybody content?"

Everybody is, or pretends to be, and McGullible spreads out his hand. Thirteen spades!

We all looks at 'em kind of stunned, then I suddenly gets smart. "You big sap!" I howls at Marvin. "Why didn't you go to seven no-trumps?"

"No-trumps?" mutters the kid. "How could I? I couldn't stop spades."

"You didn't have to stop 'em," says I. "With thirteen in Angus' hand, how could Joe have led him a spade to start with?"

That gets Marvin right over the heart and he turns ashy. "How could I tell he had thirteen spades?" he protests feebly. "The chances of a man holding all of a suit are one in three hundred and eight million."

"If you'd have used any brains," I points out, "you'd have known that he held thirteen. He bid seven right off, didn't he, over your three bid? He could have bid three, or four, or five, or six, couldn't he, and seven only if he had to?"

"Maybe," yelps Marvin, "but how can anybody play bridge with somebody standing behind him, talking all the time? You—you "

"Kibitzer!" finishes the frau.

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THE COOKED GOOSE

(Continued from Page 48)

He had wondered all afternoon about that—wondered before he voted and afterward. There had been no great change in him, no conscious alteration of mind or mood, no real condemnation of some of the things he had done in the past or the methods which were in play about him. It had been a simple, unavoidable, growing conviction that he was not going to vote for that bill to sell sixty thousand dollars' worth of dead property to the state—that he didn't have to and wouldn't.

A maid called to Louise from the corridor. "Mrs. Marbury, there are only eight of those finger bowls. What shall I do? And do you want me to light the candles now?"

"Light the candles and the fire," said Louise. "I'll be down in a few minutes and see about the finger bowls." She closed the door and leaning against it spoke hurriedly to her husband:

"Call him up and tell him it was a mistake. Tell him you were crazy, ill—tell him anything—before it's too late. You can always get around Ham that way. He's rich enough so he doesn't have to care about the money. Call him up now." Her desperate urgency waived even resentment. She couldn't stop now to be angry with him. That would come later. "Maybe you can get him to come and talk things over tonight," she urged. "If you get him here, I can manage him. I always can. Come in my room and get him on the phone."

She had half opened the door, carried away by her swift planning, when she felt his silent resistance. "Come, Al," she said peremptorily.

"No," said Marbury, "I will not. It wouldn't do any good, Louise, and I wouldn't telephone him even if it would. And if you want me to mix those drinks, you must give me a chance to get dressed. It's a quarter to seven now."

The time conquered her. Dinner had to go on and she knew it. The smoothness of the mechanism had to be preserved, things kept running somehow until this thing could be fixed up again. Her glance swept her husband angrily. "You've managed to make my evening a horror," she told him.

Yet to all appearances it was not in the least a horror forty minutes later. The shabby, clever living room was gay with firelight and candles; and Louise, receiving her guests informally with that mixture of badinage and flattery which was her usual line of conversation, had rarely looked handsomer. It was one of her hard-working little dinners, with several ends to gain, with the worry of paying the cateress and the expense of fresh strawberries and alligator pears dragging at it, but she had assembled it well. The very rich Tracys were there, to give it a certain weight and dignity; the Gages and the Lewis Chathams, to make it smart and gay; Lucy Elderkin because of her bridge and her money; Joe Blakewey because he filled in admirably and didn't drink so much as the Gages and Chathams. It was to have been a dinner of twelve, but Louise had hurriedly changed her place cards and slipped out Ham Leonard's name and cover. It was very awkward, but Betty could help, if Betty was only in the right mood.

Betty unfortunately was not. She arrived late and stood about waiting for the men to amuse her. She was only a year or two younger than Louise and had never been so beautiful, but years of safety and unlimited indulgence had developed in her a spoiled-beauty attitude which she rather played upon. Marbury always discounted it, for he knew that she was good-natured under the manner, and it did not annoy him as it did Louise. Betty had always liked Marbury in return, because he was easy to get on with and uniformly pleasant, and her own husband often was not. But tonight, as Marbury passed her a cocktail she eyed him dubiously and spoke with restraint, and he wondered how much Ham had told her. Not too much, no doubt. Ham Leonard was the sort of man who would write checks for his wife for any amount, but keep his business and personal affairs to himself. A strange thought crossed Marbury's mind concerning some of the things he knew about Leonard. But he knew them because he was considered safe, and in that respect he was. He went on passing cocktails, while Louise set the pitch of conversation and tried to speed it and make it intimate and exciting and noisy so that her guests would be convinced that they were gay.

"How's Cherry?" asked Mrs. Gage. "I haven't seen her this winter."

People always asked Marbury about his daughter. They asked Louise more rarely, for Louise always had something more interesting than motherly news on hand.

"She's in New York."

"She must be having a wonderful time."

"She's working," said Marbury. "She seems to like it very much."

"Isn't that lovely?" remarked Mrs. Gage, without accent, meaning vaguely that it was lovely to have a job since Cherry had neither money nor beauty.

Marbury smiled agreeably. There were people with whom he would have liked to talk about Cherry's job and the fact that she was going to support herself so adequately. But not with Mrs. Gage, who was already giddy with gin.

Since there were no more cocktails, they went in to dinner. Louise said later that it was a vile meal and that nothing was right. But a great many savory foods were passed and hacked at and neglected. Looking down his table, Marbury thought, as he sometimes did, how little honest hunger there was in these people. They surrounded themselves with food, played with it, sent it away again. Two of the men who were on diet grumbled about what they might and might not eat and scowled covetously at the sweets.

Louise worked hard. She tried to please Betty by making her the center of conversation. Usually that worked, but tonight Betty stayed out of the picture deliberately, as if she were well coached. The rest of the company talked with more and more detachment as the effect of the cocktails wore off. The jokes which had been current at the beginning of the dinner dwindled and died. It was the hour for champagne or a good comedian. But there was only water and Al Marbury, handsome, civil and inefficient.

In the living room again, over the coffee and the last of Louise's precious bottle of chartreuse, the group revived again enough to welcome the bridge. But even that was difficult. Louise did not play with Lewis Chatham. She could not ask him to play at that scrap table of three players. She and Marbury and Lucy Elderkin played three-handed, and Lucy was bored and made no bones about it. The wrong people played together and a good deal of money was lost by people who disliked losing money. And Betty's car came for her at a quarter-past eleven. If she had been having a good time she would have kept the chauffeur waiting until morning, but she left at the end of the rubber. They did not form another table for bridge. There was a little desultory conversation and by twelve o'clock the Marburys were alone among the flaring tulips and roses and lilies. The air was heavy with cigarette smoke, and obedient to custom Marbury opened the windows and started to clean up.

"They knew about it, didn't they?" asked Louise, her voice dropping abruptly from its easy conviviality into another tone.

"Knew about what?"

"That we're done for."

"Don't talk that way, Louise."

"You could see it in everybody's manner. They all knew why Ham wasn't here and why Betty ran away like that. The men knew, didn't they?"

"No one spoke to me about it. They may have heard. It won't be a secret."

Louise flung the cigarette she had just lighted into the fire and tapped the silver toe of her slipper against the fender. "Well," she said, "what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm not going to do anything about it. The session's nearly over and the matter won't recur."

"And what do we live on? Suppose Ham Leonard takes his business away from you?"

"He will. You can be sure of that, my dear."

"But what will we do?"

"What the rest of the world does. Lots of men aren't supported by Ham Leonard's business."

"Do you think you can earn anything if he starts to knife you? He'll ruin you!"

"He may try. I don't doubt that he will try."

"And how about Cherry?"

Cherry—she was always right there in his mind. He smiled. "Cherry's all right. She has a job of her own."

"Yes—clerking in a store. You ought to blush at it."

"It isn't that. She's been made buyer now."

"Oh, what's the difference? She ought to be home here, taking her place. Why didn't Betty give her a decent coming-out party? She could have taken her abroad last year when she went if she'd wanted to."

"Cherry wouldn't have gone. She's all right. She's happy where she is."

"And what about me?"

"Well," he said quite gently, "don't you think I can manage to support you?"

"You couldn't manage the rent! Why, all we've had in years has come through the Leonards!"

"I know it," he answered with sudden anger—"I know it only too well. I've lived for years as one of the better paid Leonard servants. Well, I'm through. I'm going to be discharged because I've been insolent to my master. You said it first. I say it after you."

"So we starve!"

"No," he said, "I think that if my daughter can get an honest job, I should be able to."

"Did Cherry put that in your head?" she asked darkly. "She's always hated Ham Leonard."

"No, she didn't." He paused irresolutely, as if again he were groping after his reason, and wondered if it had been Cherry's example of independence, after all. Perhaps. One couldn't unravel such things.

"You've thrown away everything I've built up for years."

"But you've hated it, Louise. You've said so."

"It was better than nothing. Now I suppose I'll have to go crawling on my knees to Ham and Betty to get them to take you back. You saw the way she acted tonight."

Marbury took hold of his wife's slim bare arm and held it firmly as he answered: "Listen! You stay out of this, Louise. This is my business. It's between me and Leonard. I warned him three months ago not to put this thing up to me. I've put over a good many deals for him, but I told him this was too thick. You see what he did, and he got what was coming to him."

"That's all very well, but what have you got to do? We need every cent of your salary."

"I'll have to get another salary," he said shortly.

That was the underside of the tapestry on which much of the work which established the pattern was done. On the finished side the pattern came out boldly. Every politician knew what had happened. Marbury had run amuck. For some reason he'd kicked over the traces when everybody thought he was hitched safely for life. No one knew exactly why. Of course, it was a pretty raw deal that Leonard was trying to put over, but everybody had assumed that Marbury was thoroughly inoculated to raw deals.

Leonard made no secret of his point of view. He was through with Marbury and said so openly, adding a few decorative oaths. He cut off Marbury's retainers for legal work, which were the chief source of his brother-in-law's income, and told his friends what he had done. He had been publicly affronted and he took public revenge. None of that long skillful service of Marbury's counted for anything. It may have been accident or design that Betty went to Europe just then. Perhaps her husband wanted to cut off any attempts of hers to act as intermediary. Louise Marbury kept up a kind of front until after Betty had gone. She brought some books and candies to the train in farewell and tried to pretend that the family relations were as usual. But Ham Leonard's scowling, choleric face did much to controvert that. People knew.

Marbury was still Senator Marbury. He would be senator for another session, but it did not look as if that would do him much good. He rather embarrassed the politicians who were accustomed to coming to him for a certain sort of backing and who had always known just when and where they could put their fingers on him. There were times during those last days of the session when Marbury felt that the only person in the Senate Chamber who did not look askance at him was the old doorkeeper, who rated senators only by the length of time they had served and showed as much deference to Marbury as he refused to young Jim Warren.

Once or twice a furtive alliance was put up to Marbury tentatively and obscurely, but he brushed such things aside. He was a skilled politician, but he had never done certain kinds of things vaguely related to blackmail. What worried him most, of course, was money. He grew rapidly haggard during May and June from going to call on people on the chance that he might attach some of their legal business. And nothing came of it. Sometimes he wondered if he was really too old for fresh endeavor, and at such times his last comforts were his life insurance and the fact that neither Cherry nor the Leonards would let Louise come to actual want when that money was exhausted. The hostility in Louise's eyes almost frightened him. He told himself that she had a hard time, that she really didn't understand. She had been petulant before and indifferent often enough, but this was a different matter.

It was different from anything Louise had ever known. Marbury had always been plastic enough for her to mold him, and though she had never had Betty's plenitude of possessions, still there had been a certain distinction in being a member of several circles—the smart group on her own account, the rich one because of Betty and the political one by virtue of being an important senator's wife. It had all suddenly slipped through her fingers and she could see nothing now except what she had lost. That was what drove her to see Ham Leonard one day—the conviction that she could get things back where they had been, if she were sufficiently humble and tactful and flattering. When she left his office she was white as chalk, and going down in the elevator she kept murmuring over to herself strangely enough, "Poor Betty—oh, poor Betty!" She had seen the ugly mood, the violent, pitiless side of Ham Leonard that day.

Marbury, coming home with his usual reluctance, noted her pallor and the exhaustion in her eyes. He wanted to say something in sympathy, but was afraid of drawing down fire on himself. They lived

(Continued on Page 103)

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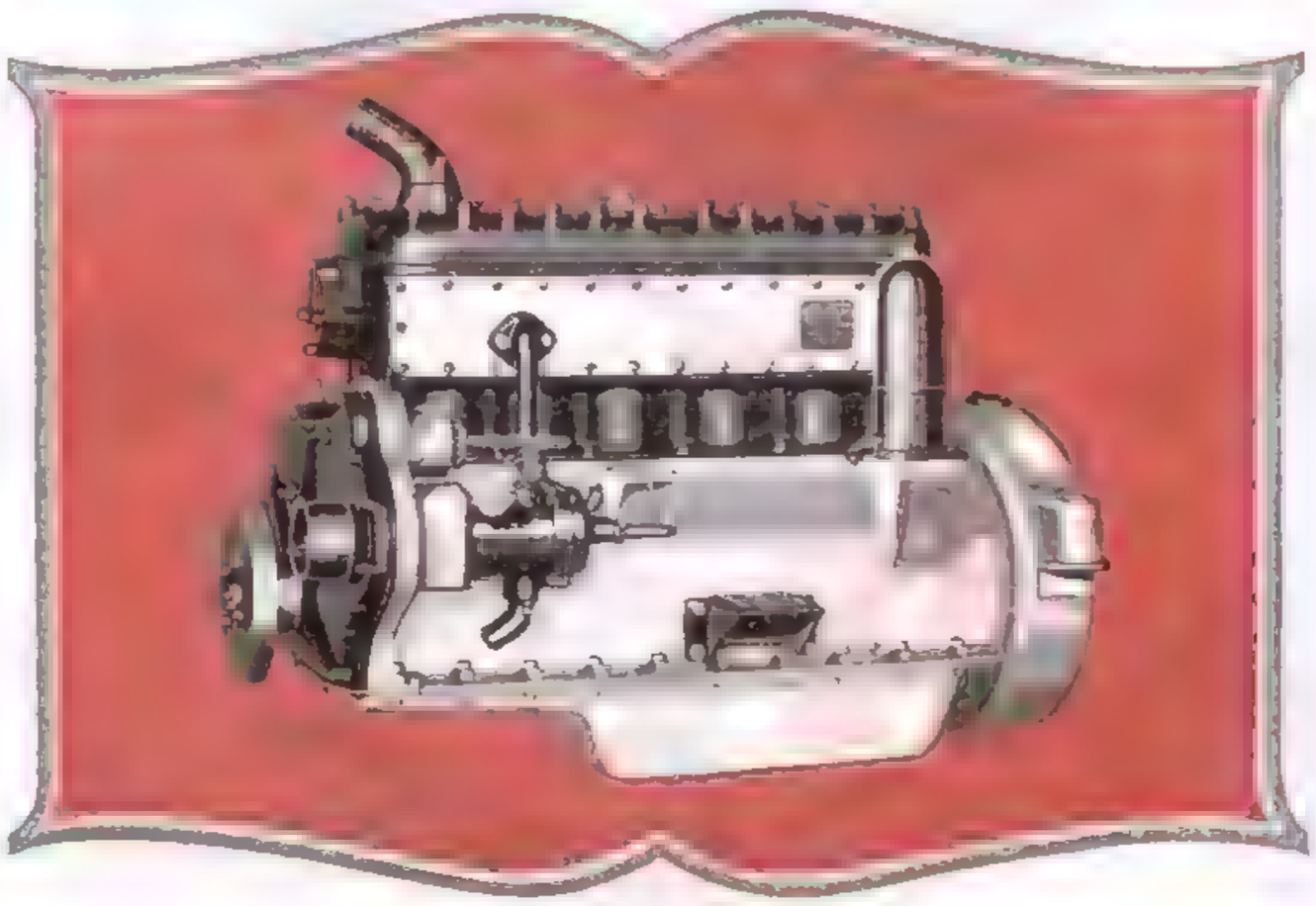

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(Continued from Page 98)

on in the old house, and they kept a cheap maid, but that was drawing heavily on Marbury's little savings and it seemed only a question of a few months before they would face real necessity. In his own mind Marbury had been over many possibilities—the one of boarding cheaply somewhere, of a tiny flat. He knew that he could cover such expenses. He could always make a little money at the law. But so far he pretended to Louise that he was on the verge of valuable retainers, and both of them knew that it was pretense.

Usually she was silent with him now, but tonight she spoke first and surprisingly: "I don't believe Betty has such easy going."

"I've never thought so," said Marbury. "Betty's been a pretty good sport."

"Have you ever seen Ham when he was really vicious?"

Marbury grinned rather wearily. "Oh, yes," he said; "he gets that way and then he gets over it and wants to make you a present. He's an ugly devil, all right."

"I never realized it until today."

"Did you see him today? Where?"

She hesitated a moment. "At his office."

Marbury frowned. "What were you doing at Ham's office?"

"I had some business there."

"What business?"

"It doesn't matter."

"You didn't go to see him about me, did you, Louise?"

"What if I did? Somebody had to do something. I didn't have anyone else to turn to."

"I told you not to do that," said Marbury sharply.

"Somebody has to do something," she cried again. "We'll be on the streets pretty soon."

"Well, let's go on the streets with our heads up. You had no right to go to that man. You had no right to humiliate yourself and me. How can you hold us so cheap? How can you do such things?"

"I did it for you, didn't I?"

"No," Marbury said coldly, "you didn't. You did it for your own sake. Don't fool yourself, Louise."

She lifted her hands to her face and he could see her press her eyes and gulp down the sobs. "Leave me alone!" she cried.

He looked at her soberly, but did not touch her or try to comfort her. He left her alone. "I guess I'm as bad as you are, Louise—or worse. I should have stopped this time-serving long ago, before it got into your blood. I'm sorry you went through that today. I could have told you it was shameful. I did tell you. I can go and beat him up now if you think it will help."

"No—for heaven's sake!"

"Did he insult you?"

"He insulted both of us. He threw in my face everything he's done for us for years."

Marbury drew a breath with an oath on it. "He hasn't done anything that he hasn't got value received for, and some day he's going to find it out. What else did he say?"

"He said he'd support me—but only me."

"I see. And what did you say to that?"

"I said"—Louise's clenched white hand beat on the table—"I said a lot of things. I told him what he was. I told him I didn't envy Betty. I told him you were worth two of him. I told him ——"

"You told him—that?" asked Marbury wonderingly. "You defended me?"

Senator Cantler had scant patience with the investigating committee that Congress had given the right to hold over until the next session, and hold meetings when and where it pleased to look into the matter of election frauds and corruption. Cantler felt that a committee like that was bound to make trouble, and said so frankly. Past elections should always be past elections after the vote was safely out of danger of a recount. Moreover he didn't like the idea of any committee like that coming into his own state and hunting up what had happened a year ago. It set a precedent he didn't like.

But in spite of his annoyance he could not quite contain his amusement when they got their hooks into what the Leonard interests might have been up to and it tickled him when Ham Leonard came to him. Leonard was managing his own politics since he had cut loose from Marbury, and had already given out three amazingly indiscreet interviews to the press concerning matters on which he should have held his tongue.

"So they're after your hide, are they, Mr. Leonard?" he asked pleasantly.

"I don't know what makes them come to me," said Leonard; "they haven't anything on me."

"Well, you've been in the papers quite a bit lately. They probably think you're more interested than you are."

"There's nothing for them to investigate so far as I and my business are concerned," Ham told him. "But the point is, senator, that I don't want to have my name mixed up with some of these birds they're going after. It doesn't do a business man any good, and I've got some developments up North I want to take up with Congress next year, and naturally ——"

"I see your point. Want to keep your petticoat clean. I know about those interests up North. Kind of tangled up with the Indian reservations, aren't they?"

"Not if you look at it right."

Cantler chewed a memory of tobacco or cigar, his vast mouth moving patiently over nothing. "Why don't you see Senator Marbury?" he said reflectively.

Ham grew apoplectic. "Senator Marbury doesn't have anything to do with my affairs."

"I see," said Cantler. "Well, that's unfortunate for you, isn't it? I've seen him steer a good many dangerous things through this Senate. He never made many enemies either, Marbury didn't. I should say he was your man."

"Marbury won't do."

"Too bad," said Cantler calmly. "I don't know anybody else who would. Senator Marbury knows all the ins and outs of these things. He hardly ever makes trouble for anybody, and when he does I always feel it is because it can't be helped. I hear he's building up a nice little practice."

"The point in regard to these investigations is that there's no sense to them in our case. I was hoping," Ham suggested, "that you'd appear for us and explain to this committee just how we stood in the last campaign."

"I could hardly do that. I haven't got the facts, as you might say. It was Marbury who took you through that campaign, and as I remember, your skirts were pretty clean when it was over. Get him to tell the committee just what you spent and what you wanted, and how honest it all was. He knows how, Mr. Leonard."

Ham left in a highly disgruntled state of mind and the old fat senator chuckled as he looked after him.

"An awful nice little business just went out of that door," he told his stenographer, "but I had more fun turning it down than in getting the money out of it."

Later, retailing certain parts of the conversation to Hickson, he gave his prophecy: "They've got to go to Marbury. What can they do without him? He's the only man who's got all that stuff at his tongue's end, who can give them a clean bill of health if they're entitled to one, and I'm inclined to think, because Marbury was pretty clever as well as decent, that they really are on the safe side. Marbury kept those birds out of jail lots of times when they'd have gone there if they'd done what they pleased."

But they did not turn to Marbury until they had to. Ham Leonard would not go until he was forced. They kept asking him questions, angering him, bewildering him, and his boards of directors began to be nervous. They, too, began to be conscious of the absence of that ineffective-seeming man who had steered them through political channels which were both narrow and shallow and never seemed to need any credit for it. They asked for Marbury, and finally they demanded him.

Senator Marbury was reading a letter when Ham came to see him. It was a letter from Cherry—a long, intimate one in which she had written of her successes and her disappointments and the other things that came her way.

"It's all so alive," wrote Cherry. "I don't know why, but I feel a different person from what I was at home. I was always mother's daughter, and—you know—related to the Leonards. Here I'm just myself, and it's like being acquainted with a new person."

Marbury looked up from the letter. He did know. He was different in the same way. On his desk were the files of a straggly law business that was beginning to drift in from here and there. He was making enough to pay the rent of the house and Louise had let the cheap maid go. On his desk was a picture of Louise as she had been when he married her, and he thought as he regarded it that she was beginning to have something of that look in her face again.

It was then that Leonard pushed his way into the office, a little aggressively, a little shamefacedly. Marbury made the meeting easy. He had not forgotten his training in helping people to avoid embarrassment. They talked of Betty, who was still abroad, and spoke of Cherry. Then Ham got down to business.

"You've got that stuff in your mind. There's nothing they can get on us, is there?"

"Not a thing," said Marbury. "I—you didn't do a thing that the law didn't authorize you to do."

Ham visibly swelled. "That's what I told them."

"Of course, you'll have some difficulty proving it."

"That's what we want you for. I won't beat around the bush. We want you back—on the old terms, and if you handle this for us, maybe we can improve on them. And as for the law business that's coming back with the old retainer ——"

Marbury looked at him levelly. "I'll clear you with the Senate committee," he said, "for nothing, Ham. As for your law business, if you send it to me I'll do it as well as I can at the same rates any other lawyer charges. But I'm going back to the Senate next year my own man. If things that concern you come up, I'll do what I can for them if I think they're all right. If they aren't, I'll pound them to powder. And I'm going to run for reëlection the year after that on my own record. If I'm elected, all right, and if I'm not, all right. But from now on, Ham, I'm not your man. Get that. I'm myself, and my wife is my wife—not your sister-in-law."

"You're on!" said Ham.

"What was that wise crack you made last session about Marbury's goose being cooked?" asked Hickson of Senator Cantler. "If he goes on at this rate he'll be leading the Senate. That break with Leonard was the smartest thing he ever did. It gave him a damned sight more publicity than he could have got any other way. And they didn't manage to kill him off, either. You guessed wrong for once, senator."

"That's his wife in the gallery," said Jim Warren, who was wearing mauve socks and ties and was not going to be reelected. "The good-looking blond woman. She comes down once in a while to hear him talk."

"He cooked his goose all right," said Cantler, grinning. "But there did seem to be an awful lot of nourishment in it."

PAGE
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IN THE WHEAT PIT

(Continued from Page 45)

this stuff when it arrived in the ships that were so scarce. The people on the Continent were at the mercy of such practices. Great Britain and France did protest at the sudden lowering in the quality of what they had come to regard as the American standard of wheat, but there were so many other things to worry about when this was going on that it never became an open scandal. Yet it was largely because of the damage this practice was sure to cause our whole oversea trade that the Federal Government stepped in and established a system of grain inspection.

I could recall a score of cases where failures were staked generously by men who had not the slightest reason to feel any trace of responsibility for the failures. For me the Chicago Board of Trade means that sort of behavior quite as much as it represents trading. Rich men fall into two classes for me: Those who give and those who do not.

Happily, I think my tastes have remained simple. It is a joke in my family that my wife gave me for three years in succession as a Christmas present the same necktie. I never would have discovered it, either, if it had not been too good a joke to keep. She had to tell me about it.

An Overdue Funeral

Mrs. Patten was reading to me recently from an article about Chicago society being the most exclusive in America. I guess it is true enough, but what of it? I know and like many individuals who are embraced by the word "society"; but as a competition I am and have been totally uninterested in it. I have seen many men develop an interest in it, egged on generally by their womenfolk. As a rule it means turning your back on a lot of old friends.

One of my old business associates and his wife went to New York largely because of a desire to mingle with people whose names had a certain glamour attached to them. They met with some success apparently, because we learned they were going around with the people whose names are symbols of social prestige in the East. But what did it amount to? When they died I went East to their funerals and each time there was hardly a soul there. There was no real friendship behind the acquaintanceships they had formed. A lonely funeral is the dreariest of spectacles.

I was warned some years ago that mine was overdue. A letter came that fell naturally into the stack of appeals for money. This one read: "I need $10,000. You put that much in a shoe box and hide it in the hedge on the south side of Dryden's place. If you fail to do this you will be a dead man inside of ten days."

I read that letter a couple of times and then I went to the chief of police of Evanston.

"I'd like to catch this fellow," I said. "What shall we do about it?"

"Well," he said, "you better put the shoe box there as directed. There could not be a better trap. I'll have my men posted around the Dryden home."

George B. Dryden married a niece of the camera manufacturer, Eastman, of Rochester, New York. It is one of the large residences of Evanston, set in a lovely lawn thick with shrubbery and great trees.

I went through with my part all right, taking a shoe box that had been filled with scraps of paper, and carried it to that hedge that marks the south boundary of Dryden's yard. I had no idea the Drydens were having a party that night.

Whoever this man was who wanted $10,000, I knew he must be a person at least a little familiar with Evanston. I kind of hoped to be able to make him acquainted also with Joliet. I saw nothing of any of the detectives as I approached the hedge and stuffed my box into its greenery. Then I strolled back home to wait.

Along in the evening after it had grown dark Dryden and some of his dinner guests wandered out of his house to smoke their cigars. Suddenly they saw a figure crouching behind a tree and then other figures that blended into the dark masses of the shrubs.

"What are you doing there?" challenged Dryden. There were yells from some of his friends. Doors slammed as people rushed in and out of the house. Then one of those crouching figures on the lawn came forward.

"It's all right, Mr. Dryden," he explained. "I'm a policeman."

Other men came out of the bushes then and identified themselves as policemen. I guess about half the Evanston force must have been hiding there.

We left the shoe box in the hedge for several days, but the letter writer never called for it.

Most of the attacks that have been made on me have been less bloodthirsty. There have been silly newspaper articles describing me as a manipulator of the market. I never have been a manipulator. There have been cartoons that have pictured Patten as flying from the wheat pit to escape a bear, and as a giant lifting a sack of wheat to indicate the rise in price. Really, a cartoonist should be obliged to know more than merely how to draw pictures.

John T. McCutcheon caricatured me from time to time and then, some years ago, I was invited by my friend Charles G. Dawes, also a resident of Evanston, to attend a dinner he was giving McCutcheon on the eve of the cartoonist's departure for Africa to hunt lions. There had been times when I should have liked to have seen McCutcheon in a place deeper than the wheat pit, but I went to the dinner and, when my turn came, spoke.

"What amazes me, Mr. McCutcheon," I said, "is that you should go to Africa to hunt creatures that may strike back. I should think you would want to remain in America, where you can shoot at people that can't shoot back at you." Mr. McCutcheon had an extra dish that night served only to him—raspberries. Since then I have met him often enough to know that he is an excellent fellow, well worth the friendship of Charley Dawes. One time Charley Dawes invited me over to meet Uncle Joe Cannon. There were just the three of us there at the Dawes home. There was a curiously appealing quality in the voice of that old politician, a timbre like that of a cello. That night, however, he was full of spleen against Theodore Roosevelt, and how he did rake the former President of the United States over the coals. He told about their controversy over battleships. I could listen sympathetically because I was never numbered among Roosevelt's admirers, although I was a delegate at the Republican National Convention that nominated him.

Free-Silver Days

The same factors of uncertainty that make dealings in commodity contracts fascinating attach to politics.

In the year of McKinley's first campaign, when silver and gold were the chief issue, I was spending a good deal of time in Denver.

Brother George had been out there fighting tuberculosis. He would stay a few weeks in a town in New Mexico and then move on to Arizona or Colorado. He was going from place to place and I could tell that he was dreadfully homesick.

Finally I said to my wife, "I'm going out to Denver and establish a home for George."

For some time after that I spent two weeks in Denver and two in Chicago. Out there you could hear only talk of Bryan and silver. Bryan was going to win. They were sure of that. He would carry Illinois by a tremendous majority. I did not believe it, and when I got back to Chicago as the campaign was drawing to a close, I went to see a friend of mine who was well informed about the affairs of the Republican Party.

"In Denver they say Bryan will carry Illinois," I told him.

"Don't you believe it," he assured me. Then he added: "This election means so much to the money interests of the country that they have had a secret poll made of the state of Illinois. It showed that McKinley would carry the state by 150,000. Then, because they felt they had to be sure, they ordered the poll made again. The result was the same. Illinois is going Republican by a big majority."

While in Denver I had heard complaints from the free-silver crowd that they could not get anyone to bet on McKinley, so I went to my office and sent off a wire to a friend in Denver. He was a miner; had some claims in Idaho that I had put some money into. I had invested $5000 at first, but that was just a start. Before I got through I had sunk $25,000 in those gold mines. I don't think they ever did get any gold out of them. However, I wired my friend to bet $1000 that McKinley would be elected and $1000 that he would carry Illinois by 50,000.

A Panorama View

He telegraphed that he could not find any of the Bryan crowd who were willing to risk money on the result of the election in Illinois, in spite of the boastful statements they had been making. He did place the $1000 bet that McKinley would be elected. I succeeded in getting another bet by wiring to another part of the state. There would have been a fearful time in America if Bryan's notions had triumphed.

In the Harrison campaign of 1888 I won a bet of fifty dollars and I have never ceased to nag my wife about it. Mrs. Patten was a Democrat in sympathy then, largely because her father had been one. We had been married but a short time. She could see nothing but a Democratic victory.

Still, when I came home with fifty dollars and gave it to her, saying it was money I had won on Harrison, she exclaimed, "Oh, Jim, why didn't you bet more?"

She never will hear the last of that. I was poor then and fifty dollars seemed like a lot of money. Later on, when there were times when I had everything, nearly, tied up in a grain deal, you might think she would have worried. She did not, though—because I never told her. Why should I bother her with my business worries? I used to leave them outside the door when I went home in the evening.

We were going through a great time in the development of America and you could get the whole picture of it in Chicago. I know a banker, an influential one, who put $5000 into a chewing-gum business and he has lived to see the day when his chewing-gum stock is worth more than his bank holdings. How could a man anticipate a demand like that?

I invested in a salmon canning factory one time and some of my friends were inclined to laugh at me, but they began to think, instead, when I showed them how the open-range country was dwindling year after year. With less meat to eat, humanity will have to rely more and more on the sea for food.

You must try to get the whole picture when you deal in commodities. Similarly I watched the spread of the boll weevil, and saw how, year after year, it was spreading across Texas into Louisiana, Mississippi, until all the cotton-growing states were infected.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Patten and Mr. Sparkes. The next will appear in an early issue.

No one had ever tasted it . . . this special coffee flavor

—now the first ever to win real nation-wide fame

"THE rarest enjoyments in eating and drinking," says an old book on cooking, "come not directly from the riches of nature.

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CLAIRE AND THE DANGEROUS MAN

(Continued from Page 21)

True to her prophecy, the curtain had scarcely descended for the first time when Bahmer turned to her in the soft rustling stir that always comes with the lights.

"You know," he said, "the moment you came into D. E.'s office this morning I knew that you were a person I'd simply got to know."

"Is that so?" said Claire. There was not the slightest hint of rebuff in her pleasant voice. It was courteous, even friendly. But it would have been impossible to convey more perfectly in three short words a complete and utter indifference as to what Bahmer thought about her, one way or the other.

Bahmer waited. The opening of a game of this sort is as full of conventional signals as a bridge play. His remark had been like leading the nine of spades, indicating his strongest suit and expecting the lead returned.

When Claire did not return it, "You struck me as being entirely different from any woman I had ever seen."

Going on like a good sportsman, to establish his suit despite his partner's obtuse play. But she went right on being obtuse. After a bit Bahmer began to suspect that she was playing by different signals. Not till very nearly the end of the show did it dawn upon him that Claire was simply not playing the game at all.

During the Roaring Forties number—one of those gaudy affairs with a lot of radium paint and flashing lights, New York's sky line in the background and some hundred chorus girls in the fore, tiny electric stars twinkling in and out in their slipper heels—Bahmer stole several side glances at the girl in the seat beside him. He was no fool and, though Claire's eyes were always fixed on the stage, he began to suspect that her thoughts were not. There was something too dutiful about the fixedness of her gaze. Bahmer was suddenly sure that her interest was a thousand miles away.

"Don't you care for this sort of show?" he asked

"Yes, indeed," Claire answered. "I think they're great fun once in a while. This is a very ingenious number, isn't it?"

"It strikes me that way," said Bahmer; "but you're bored to death with it. What's the trouble?" And then suspiciously: "You haven't seen the show before, have you? I thought it was a safe bet; that's why I didn't ask you first. It's only been running three nights."

"I know," said Claire. "I meant to play the appreciative guest better. I'm so sorry you found me out."

"You have seen it before, then?"

"Why, you see," Claire explained, "we shoe the Frivolities and I've been to such a lot of rehearsals, especially this particular number. Our designer had considerable trouble about the lights in the slipper heels." She laughed. "You know," she said, "even as clever a number as this looks better to you the first six or eight times you see it."

Bahmer laughed too. "What a rotten shame to take a bus driver out on his day off and give him a nice long bus ride! I'll feel rotten about this to my dying day unless you let me square it with you."

It came perversely to the tip of Claire's tongue to assure Bahmer that he needn't square it with her, that she had only gone with him in the first place as a matter of business policy, that she hadn't expected to enjoy the evening especially herself. But of course she didn't say it. She couldn't so outrage ordinary human friendliness, even with a dangerous man.

"I haven't minded really," she assured him. "Part of the show is colorful enough to bear any amount of repeating."

"No," Bahmer insisted, "I want to take you to something you'll enjoy, not just something that you won't mind. Won't you let me take you to some show that you really want to see, some other night while I'm here?" And as she hesitated, "Please do," he urged. "If you've got a free evening, please do. Something that you'd plan to go to sometime anyway." And as she still didn't answer, "Surely there are some other shows that you want to see, aren't there?"

"Oh, yes, of course there are," Claire admitted. "But any one of them might bore you to tears."

Bahmer did not make the obvious gallant retort that no evening spent with her could possibly be a bore. He had had too many such remarks fall dead that evening. Instead:

"An evening alone in New York is worth two cents on the dollar," he said. "I'd rather take a chance on being bored." And again, insistently, "What do you want to go to the most?"

"Well," Claire admitted, "I've been planning all winter to see Bright Treasure."

"Which night?" Bahmer asked crisply. "I'll be here till Saturday."

He expected Claire, of course, to have great difficulty in finding a free evening among her many engagements. Girls always did it that way, though he was cynical enough to have observed that they seldom missed finding one eventually.

"I'm free any evening till Saturday," Claire answered. "Suppose we make it for whichever night you can get the best seats."

And then, where he was quite unprepared for coquetry, it seemed to Bahmer, at least, that he found it.

After the Frivolities, "Can't we go somewhere and have a bite to eat," he asked, "and a dance or two? You dance, don't you?"

"Yes," said Claire, "but I'm afraid not tonight, thank you. You see, I'm working awfully hard on my job and I'm worse than useless the next day if I stay up to all hours."

Obviously coquetry, that, Bahmer felt sure. He knew women, and women didn't pass up invitations to night clubs except in ways calculated to call forth more invitations.

As he was leaving Claire outside her apartment on West Eighth Street she said, "You won't need to go to an agency for the Bright Treasure tickets, unless it's more convenient. I'm sure you can get seats at the box office. It isn't one of the big hits."

Bahmer looked at her quizzically. "You're a funny girl," he observed. "I thought girls always wanted to see the big hits."

Claire smiled. "Girls usually choose the shows that they think will please the men who are going to buy the tickets," she told him. "You brought this on yourself, you know."

Bahmer watched her as she fitted her latchkey into the apartment-house door. No swanky, hall-boyed, all-night-service apartment house, hers. He had expected her to hand him the key, let him unlock the door for her, the usual helplessly feminine gesture of appeal.

"You don't like me very well, do you?" he guessed shrewdly.

Claire met his eyes with a distinctly uncoquettish directness. "Yes, I do," she said frankly, "though I didn't expect to. I think you'd be a very nice person, if you'd let yourself be."

Bahmer was no more surprised at this answer than Claire herself. For it was absolutely true. Spoken straight out from some instinctive reaction. Despite all her warnings, all her foreknowledge of Bahmer, for the moment she completely forgot about being on her guard against him. Though he looked exactly as she had known he would look. And behaved exactly as she had known he would behave. Good-looking without being particularly handsome, well-tailored and well-groomed. Pleasant-mannered, genial, generous, but well protected with a firm glaze of cynical, worldly-wise suspicion.

Queer that Claire should feel so suddenly sure about that cynical glaze; so sure that it had nothing more to do with the real man underneath it than a brittle, hard coating of ice has to do with the current below. Something of this reluctant liking must, even before she recognized it herself, have crept into her manner despite her prudent intent. If she had succeeded in being quite as impersonal, as almost rudely reserved as she had planned to be, Bahmer could not possibly have been so determined to see more of her.

Bright Treasure was a charming play, witty and gay and about real people. Bahmer had lost no time, had bought tickets for the very next evening. Between acts, tonight, he did not attempt to flirt with Claire. And because he did not, Claire found herself impelled, more and more, to be herself with him—gracious, companionable, friendly.

"I knew a man once exactly like that father," Bahmer observed after the first curtain. "I used to wonder how he could expect his sons to amount to anything when he never gave them a chance to make so much as a mistake on their own."

"How did the sons turn out?" Claire asked.

"I don't know," Bahmer said. "I lost touch with them years ago, but I can guess. And I can guess just about what's going to happen to those two lads." He nodded toward the stage.

So he guessed, and Claire guessed. And they quarreled, about their respective guesses, keenly and good-humoredly. And then, through the following acts, watched the dramatist shrewdly and deftly outguess them both.

They stopped at a little Sixth Avenue rôtisserie on the way home and had ginger ale and toasted cheese sandwiches.

"You know," Bahmer admitted, across the table, "I'd never have thought I'd like that play, if it had been described to me, but it was really very interesting. Let's go to another."

"I think I've already seen most of the plays that I know are especially good," said Claire, and obligingly mentioned the two or three she had enjoyed the most.

Bahmer was not interested in these, however. "I want something you'll go to with me," he said frankly. "You said you were free till Saturday. Isn't there something else that we can do together?"

Claire hesitated. Why not? She could not ask a more thoroughly delightful companion than Bahmer had been tonight.

"Come on, please do," he urged. There was something boyish, appealing, in his eagerness. It was as though he had suddenly realized that he could not buy her companionship with expensive gifts or costly entertainment and, for some reason or other, wanted it on her own terms.

"Please," he begged, "can't you think of something?"

"Well, they're having a block party somewhere down on the East Side tomorrow night," she said. "A friend of mine who's been doing some settlement work with the children is going to have a bunch of them sing Neapolitan folk songs. She says, though it hasn't been announced, that that new young Neapolitan tenor at the Metropolitan is going to sing. A lot of his relatives live there. I thought it would be great fun to go down and look on. At worst, it's sure to be different and colorful."

"Great," said Bahmer. "Can't we have dinner somewhere first?"

Claire smiled. "Would you like to try my pet cafeteria?" she asked. "You have to juggle a tray, but the food is wonderful and there are sure to be some nice people there."

Oddly out of place Bahmer seemed at the Round Table next evening. No ready

(Continued on Page 108

Somewhere north of work

Beyond the marshes the morning sun glistening on open water . . . hills drowsing in the distant haze . . . the lonely call of a loon . . . shots from the blind echo overloud in the silence; and the scattered duck-flight wheels away, while the old dog splashes back to the hunters. Open season and nerve tingling sport for lovers of the out-of-doors.

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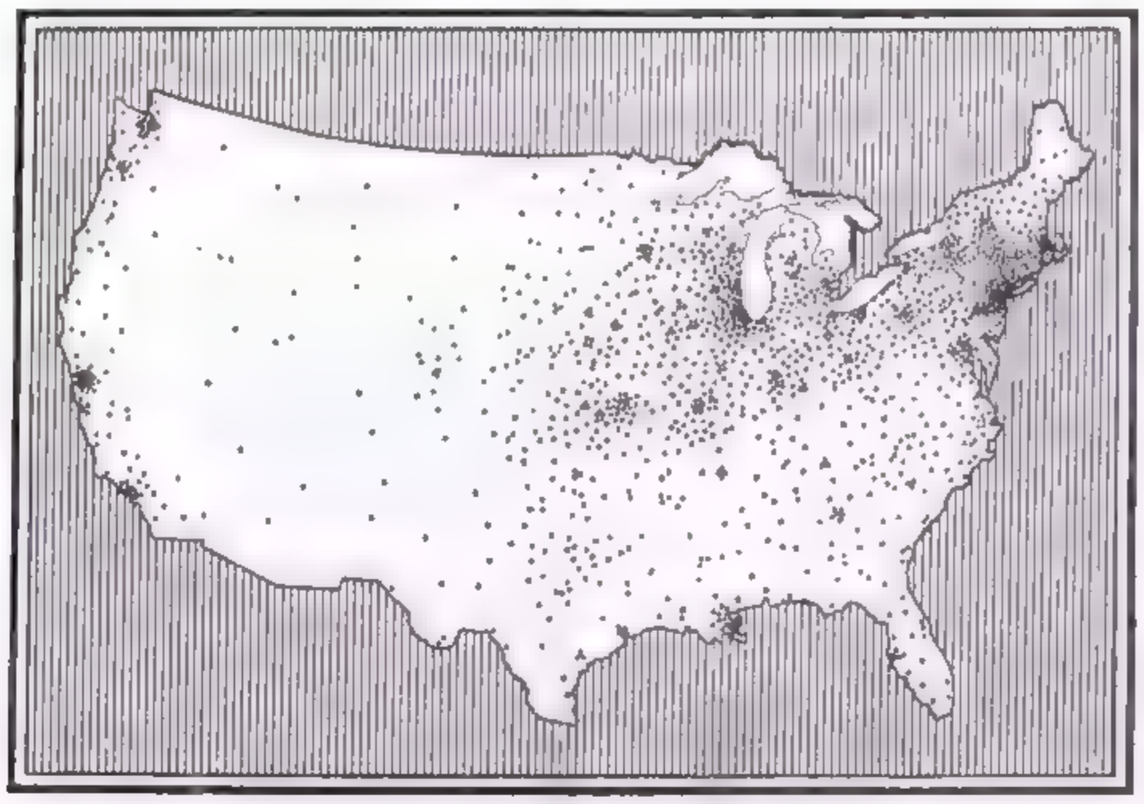

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f. o. b. Chicago

Continued from Page 106

check boy took his hundred-and-seventy-five-dollar coat. There was no obsequious head waiter to guide him to the choicest table. He hung his coat on a peg between a sweater and a rubber raincoat, obediently found a tray and a knife, fork and spoon wrapped in a paper napkin, and lined up behind Claire at the steaming counter.

The half dozen young people already seated around a table, to whom she casually introduced Bahmer, accepted him quite as casually. Two young men across from each other continued a good-humored argument about the recent Pulitzer Prize award; a cordial, yellow-curled girl next to Bahmer directed him to the ice-water cooler, showed him where the empty glasses were kept.

Little Ruth Wilson, vainly trying to convince Bahmer that she was used to dining at the Ritz, had made no more gallant effort than Bahmer himself made tonight to fit in well at this cafeteria dinner table. He felt oddly flattered when he essayed a joking comment and everybody laughed. Still more flattered when a young cover artist specifically included him in an invitation to dinner in her studio the next evening.

"You'd better get something to eat first," Claire cautioned him privately, later in the evening, as the two of them wedged their way into a crowded trolley to escape from the colorful, foreign-babbling, lantern-strung block party on the lower East Side.

It had been a hilarious evening, all colored lights and confetti, laughter, singing. Claire and Bahmer had given themselves over to the fiesta atmosphere like two children at a circus, joining in on the familiar choruses, drinking pop through straws stuck in the bottles, buying chestnuts out of the braziers, clinging together, arm in arm, against the jolly pressure of the jostling crowd.

"Polly means well," Claire continued her warning for the next evening, "but she's as likely as not to forget to order the meat."

Polly proved the next night to have remembered the meat, but her whole dinner had obviously been hastily assembled from the nearest delicatessen, and there wasn't enough dessert to go around. Nobody minded this though. A gay young hodge-podge of an evening—dancing, laughing, wise-cracking. A smooth-faced youngster who was doing a magician act in a near-by vaudeville dropping in after his number to show them a new trick he was working on; a young professor from the big downtown university haranguing about the mysticism of the East Indian fakir; a little dancer from the Frivolities, arriving late, to dance and sing in a high, sweet, haunting voice that filled the bare studio like perfume. All fairly poor still, but all young and eager and ready for fun.

At the door of Claire's apartment house that evening Bahmer paused.

"Tomorrow's my last evening here," he said. "Won't you have a farewell dinner with me?"

"Mr. Gibson was back in the office today," said Claire. "His neuritis proved to be a much shorter affair than usual."

"That's good," said Bahmer. "Well, how about tomorrow evening?"

"What I was trying to suggest delicately," said Claire, "was that by tomorrow evening Mr. Gibson will be both able and eager to do the honors for the firm."

For several moments Bahmer did not answer. Then: "I see," he said stiffly. "Dining with me is the same thing as working overtime."

"Oh, I didn't mean that at all!"

Claire forgot all about Bahmer's being a dangerous man, in the quick remorseful response to the unmistakable hurt under the stiffness of his voice.

"Why, I'd love to have dinner with you, if you want me to."

"Is there anywhere you'd especially like to have it?"

There had been something so unmistakably genuine in that hurt, it struck at the very root of Claire's natural kindliness. She quite forgot to be cautious and on her guard, in her eagerness to make amends.

"Wouldn't you like to come here for dinner?" she asked. "I've a little kitchen in my new apartment; we could get dinner ourselves." It was her friendliest gesture. To its possible indiscretion Claire was temporarily blind.

"I'd like it better than anything in the world," the man answered. "If you'll let me be the commissary."

Claire nodded assent

"I can get down here by 5:30," she said. "We'll do the marketing then."

At 5:30 Bahmer was waiting for her on her doorstep. "Let's have a steak," he proposed. "And I'll cook it. Lord, I haven't cooked a steak in twenty years!"

Claire cocked a dubious eye. "Smothered in onions?" she asked hopefully.

Bahmer looked at her in admiring unbelief. "Did I hear you right?" he asked incredulously. "Is there a woman in the world who would actually suggest onions?"

"I love 'em. Let's be natural and vulgar."

"Come on!"

They shopped in the great market that occupies a full block. Bahmer personally chose the steak, watched it cut off, directing its exact thickness.

"Green peas?" At the vegetable stand they bought, too, a head of lettuce as firm as a young cabbage; tomatoes, Claire pinching them with critical, housewifely fingers. They went to three different stands before they found a box of strawberries, fresh and large and red enough to suit.

"We don't want any cake with them, do we?"

"We do not," Bahmer agreed gratefully. "How about some crackers and cheese to top off with, with the coffee?"

So they stopped at a delicatessen. Here, after buying the cheese—an expensive pineapple affair—Bahmer ran quite wild Ripe olives, wild-grape jelly, sweet butter, imported *antipasto*, spiced currants. All the expensive delicacies, and such quantities of each! He brushed aside Claire's protests as so many mosquitoes.

"You're buying a dinner, you know, not stocking a hotel."

"We want enough. Besides, you can eat up whatever's left, some other day."

She stopped him at last and, both loaded with knobby packages, they made their way back to the apartment.

It is difficult to retain any vestiges of formality between two people getting dinner together in an apartment-house kitchen As Claire and Bahmer shelled peas and scraped potatoes and peeled tomatoes and opened up a jiggly little card table in front of the living-room fireplace, Claire forgot more and more completely to keep up any protective screen of formality. Forgot, more and more, that she was dining alone with a dangerous man.

As he tinkered with the gas broiler, which exploded mildly each time instead of lighting, Claire found herself looking curiously at Bahmer, her rubber apron tied around his neck, his whole attention centered on twisting and turning the metal tube which regulated the mixture of air and gas. There was nothing about this man to suggest the George Bahmer she had heard about, the George Bahmer she had, in fact, found at first. Surely this was no cynical man about town, wise in the ways of business men and platinum diggers, complacently ignorant of everything else in life. No self-protective materialist, content to find new ways to eat, drink and be merry and forget that tomorrow we may die.

This man getting dinner in her little kitchen seemed oddly younger, oddly hungry for the very interests the other Bahmer would have passed by, unseeing or contemptuous. A very simple person, this Bahmer seemed, with all the doors of his mind standing wide open, hospitable to any vagrant wind of thought.

The steak broiled to a turn, they lighted the fire against the chill spring evening and sat down at the jiggly legged card table.

(Continued on Page 111)

Merchants! Is this what makes a successful store *successful?*

EVERY alert merchant is studying this question. For he knows that on his answer depends his chance for retailing success. And what makes a successful store successful? Isn't it the way customers think and talk about the store? Pleased and satisfied customers! Surely that is the answer.

Merchants may be puzzled by group stores, mail order and other competition, but after all, their greatest problem lies in maintaining friendly customer relations.

And how is this best accomplished? Certainly not through spectacular methods. Rather, isn't it through those tried and proved policies of fair and open-handed dealing, which never fail to build public goodwill and confidence?

* * *

Such stores display only merchandise which instantly inspires confidence and whose merit is quickly demonstrated.

In refrigerators, particularly, merchants say these qualities are necessary. For while the true value of most merchandise is easily proved, the one *vital* part—the part whose efficiency varies most widely in ordinary refrigerators—the insulation—is *totally hidden from view.*

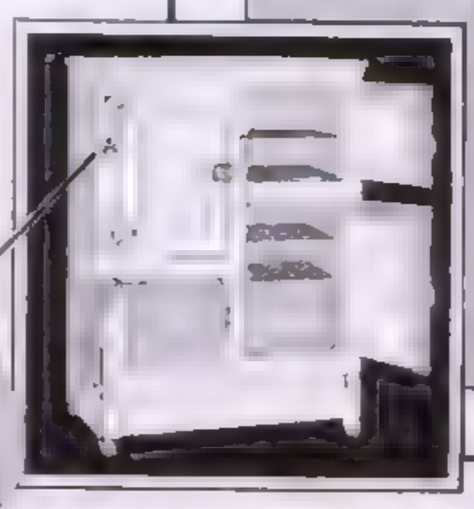
Largely because the Alaska Refrigerator embodies an ingenious feature which lifts its insulation above *all* suspicion, it fits in perfectly with the strong, substantial policies of these better merchants.

And see how Alaska craftsmen have removed even the last shade of doubt. They have provided a small glass window in the front of every genuine Alaska, through which customers can actually see the extra thick, clean, high grade cork, which is tightly and solidly fitted between its sturdy walls

Nothing is left to imagination or guesswork. Customers have no fear that faulty insulation may threaten the health of their families. Instead, they know exactly what they are getting. They buy Alaska with complete and unhesitating confidence.

* * *

Whether or not you are immediately in need of a refrigerator, get acquainted with the merchant who displays Alaskas. He is a good man to know, for he is building his business on the solid foundation of public goodwill and confidence. The Alaska Refrigerator Company, Muskegon, Mich.



Due to scientific construction, the Alaska adapts itself readily to either ice or mechanical refrigeration.

ALASKA

Cork-Insulated Refrigerator

ALASKA'S GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY — 50 YEARS BUILDING FINE REFRIGERATORS

Let them Romp! Waxed floors are clean, sanitary and easily re-polished

The floors of the famous old Castles and Palaces of Europe are among the most beautiful in existence. Their rare inlaid woods are still in perfect condition largely because nothing but WAX has been used to polish and protect them through the centuries.

Windsor Castle

Since 1066 the chief residence of the British Royal Family

WAX alone has been used for hundreds of years to polish and preserve the beautiful old floors of historical Windsor Castle.

IF there are children in your home that is all the more reason why you should wax-polish your floors the quick, easy Johnson Electric way. Then they may romp just as much as they want to on your beautiful floors without doing the slightest harm to the hard, wear-resistant waxed surface. In a minute or two you can easily restore its mirror-like beauty and immaculateness.

From a sanitary standpoint, too, waxed floors are much to be preferred. They do not attract dust or germs, and this makes them safer for the children to play on.

You can change to gleaming wax-polished floors quickly and easily without upsetting your home. It won't tire you in the least, because the Johnson Electric Polisher does *all* the hard work. There is no stooping or kneeling. No messy rags or pails. No soiled hands or clothing.

Simply apply a thin coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax. This cleans as it waxes. Then guide the electric polisher over your floors. Not the least pushing or pressure is necessary. Almost instantly you are rewarded with floors that are lustrous as satin and impervious to wear as glass.

This easy Johnson Waxing method enhances the beauty of all finishes—varnish, shellac, wax and paint. It adds long life to wood, linoleum, tile or composition floors and makes it easier to keep them spotless. It ends refinishing expense and inconvenience forever.

Your grocery, hardware, drug, furniture, paint or department store will RENT you a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher by the day or half-day at a very low rate. Telephone today and make your reservation.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WIS.
(Canadian Factory: Brantford)
"The Floor Finishing Authorities"

JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

PASTE *or* LIQUID ~ CLEANS-POLISHES-PRESERVES-PROTECTS

(Continued from Page 108)

"I'm going to get a good solid table as soon as I can afford the kind I want," Claire observed. "I seldom get a meal here, except breakfast, but it's fun to, once in a while, and with this table it's like eating at sea in a hard wind."

Bahmer glanced about her living room's partial bareness—low, deep-seated wicker chairs, obviously comfortable but obviously cheap, and only two of them; the floor bare, except for one small domestic rug in front of the fireplace; a single, parchment-shaded light with an added wire length so that it could be moved about to serve wherever needed most. No room, of course, where a well-broiled steak is being served in front of an open fire is likely to seem lacking in genial hominess, but there was no blinking the fact that this room, on close inspection, was cheaply and scantily furnished.

"I used to think it would be more fun to get furniture a piece at a time," Bahmer observed. "Everything you get means something then."

Claire nodded. "I'd have to do it that way anyway. I couldn't wait any longer to have a home, but I can't put much money into it right now."

"You get a good salary at Gibson's, don't you?"

Odd, Claire realized, that such a question, coming from a Bahmer, could be asked with a frank friendliness that robbed it of any hint of impertinence.

"Very good," she answered quite as frankly. "But I haven't had it so awfully long and I'm not at all sure of Mr. Gibson. He's dubious about women in responsible positions, and I'm not sure whether he'll be willing to make my job anything I'll want to stay in indefinitely. I want to have enough available money so that I'll be free to do whatever seems best when the time comes."

Bahmer nodded. "That's the way to do it, all right," he said, "if you can stand out against the temptations on all sides."

Claire laughed. "I spend my days breaking down other people's sales resistance and the rest of the time bolstering up my own. I like almost everything that money will buy, but I'm not going to have my life decided for me by the things I've bought."

"There are mighty few people who have the sense to figure that out," he said, "until after they've bought them and it's too late."

It was half-past eight before they finished off with crackers and cheese.

"I made my dinner take as long as I could," Bahmer confessed, "because I wanted it to be too late to ask you if you wanted to go anywhere afterward. I'd so much rather stay right here."

"So would I," said Claire contentedly. "'Be it ever so humble ——'"

"What about the dishes?" Bahmer asked.

For a moment Claire stared at him as he had at her when she had suggested onions—amazed, incredulous.

"Now," she said, "I know you're nice! But we don't need to bother about them, thank heaven! I've a maid who comes in Saturday mornings to clean up, and she'll do them."

So they carried them out to the little kitchen, then drew the lone two comfortable chairs before the fire.

"Smoke?" Claire asked. "There are plenty of cigarettes over there in the box."

Replete with the good dinner, almost drowsy in the warmth of the fire, they sat for some little time in an incongruous sort of companionability, Bahmer puffing away at a cigarette, Claire leaning forward now and then to poke the logs. In this odd sense of comradeship she forgot entirely the Bahmer Gibson knew, the Bahmer of little Ruth and the platinum diggers. Accepting in his place the other Bahmer who, her common sense told her, must surely be just an illusion. But such a likable illusion—young, even a bit inexperienced, eager, adventurous, open-minded, frankly hungry for life. An illusion who seemed, oddly, so much more real than the reality; with whom she could be friends unreservedly, could be herself.

It was to this friendly illusion of a man that she turned, her eyes suddenly ashine with interest when he chanced to speak of London.

"You've been to London several times!" she exclaimed. "I wonder if you've ever been to my London." She sighed. "I don't suppose you have though. I've asked so many people, and nobody ever has."

"What is your London?" Bahmer asked curiously.

"Oh, I don't suppose it really exists at all," Claire confessed. "That's why nobody's ever been there. It's just a jumble of things I've read and things I've imagined and funny ideas I got when I was a little girl. You know the kind of things."

Queer that she should feel so sure he would know. But he seemed to. He nodded. "Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London," he suggested.

"And Vauxhall where Dobbin went with the Sedleys and Becky Sharp!"

"And Fleet Street and the Cheshire Cheese."

"And London Bridge and Kensington Gardens and Piccadilly Circus—of course they won't look the way I think they will, but ——"

"'Oranges and lemons, say the bells of Saint Clement's,'" Bahmer quoted.

"'I'm sure I don't know, says the big bell of Bow,'" Claire finished.

They laughed, a half-amused, half-embarrassed laugh, then went on shamelessly, building up this fairy city, the London of history and phantasy, the London priceless and precious, that is owned inalienably by those who have never been to London.

"The Tower," said Bahmer—"that was the place I used to dream most about going."

"Didn't you believe you'd see the two little princes somewhere on the stone stairs in their velvet suits?"

"And Sir Walter Raleigh and Lady Jane Grey." A little pause.

"And didn't you see any of them," Claire asked half fearfully, "when you really did go to the Tower?"

"I've never been to the Tower," said Bahmer.

For a moment Claire was silent with sheer incredulity. "And you've been to London several times?"

"I had planned to go, of course, the first time," said Bahmer, "but, you see, I was there on my honeymoon and my—Mrs. Bahmer had been there two or three times before. She knew a good many people who lived in London, and it mortified her to death the provincial things I wanted to do."

Bahmer laughed a little wryly. "I was a provincial who had never been anywhere before," he said, "so, of course, I didn't want anyone to think I was. I used to think I'd slip off alone and go to the Tower, at least, by myself. But I never got a chance. We were entertained a lot, and then I had some business to see to and—well, I just never seemed to find a good chance. You see, all Mrs. Bahmer's friends were fashionable people, or trying to be fashionable, and they set great store on knowing the right people and going to the right places. I didn't know anybody at all, and all the places I wanted to go to were the wrong ones." Claire nodded understandingly. "I thought then that I'd go over to England sometime by myself and be a provincial and do all the wrong things and have a glorious time. But ——"

He did not finish the sentence. After a minute or two Claire asked curiously, "Why didn't you?"

"Well, my next time was fifteen years later. And fifteen years is a long time. I'd forgotten all about the little princes and Sir Walter Raleigh. I'd forgotten that I had ever wanted to see the Tower of London."

Claire turned a little in her chair, looked at the man beside her as he sat staring into the fire. And suddenly her riddle was solved. The riddle of this other Bahmer, eager, friendly, open-minded, hungry for life. This illusion who had helped cook dinner in her little kitchen and seemed so oddly real. Why, of course he was real! More real than the cynical man about town whose place he had, for this one evening, taken. It was he who was sitting here right now, an ardent and romantic boy in a middle-aged man's expensive clothes, wearing a worldly-wise, sophisticated face like a mask, staring into the fire through disillusioned eyes that meant no more than cloudy window glass—the man that Bahmer might have been.

No wonder he seemed young and inexperienced. He had never grown up. He had just been left behind. Somewhere, along the streets of London, a quarter of a century ago, Bahmer had walked off and left him; walked off and briskly on his way to become the ultra-successful salesman, the man who would learn to deal with men and handle women, the man who would forget that you can't buy friendship with a loan or love from a platinum digger.

"I suppose," said Claire, "that you were awfully in love with your wife."

There surely must have been some potent force to make him leave that charming boy behind.

"She was very pretty," said Bahmer, "and I was attracted to her." He paused. "She'd had a lot more advantages than I had, and that flattered me," he added honestly. "Then I had two or three rivals, and you know how competition stimulates trade. But I see now that that's quite different from being in love."

"It may be that the only way you can keep your dream of any place is by never going there. You've still got your Tower with Sir Walter Raleigh and the little princes. Maybe you'd have lost that if you'd ever seen the real one."

Claire went flying back to London on the quick wings of apprehension; in sudden realization that this quiet, firelighted apartment was no place for her and the Bahmer of today—the sporty Chicago man who tells you that his wife doesn't understand him. It had been a mistake, mentioning his wife at all. This couldn't be helped now, of course. Claire could only do her best by a hasty flight back to London and the other Bahmer, with whom she felt so unguardedly at ease.

"I came across a poem once," she went on hurriedly, "that I feel sure was written by somebody who had never been there either. There were two lines, I remember, that went something like: 'London, London, they counted me a fool—I could draw your sky line plain before I went to school.'"

Across the hearth Claire felt Bahmer's eyes on her, and she rose hastily, crossed the room, chattering determinedly.

"I think I cut it out of the magazine and saved it," she rattled on. "One verse goes something like this:

"'As I went up to London,' I heard a stranger say,
As though it were a casual thing for casual lips to say.
'As I went up to London'—I'll wager many a crown
He never took the road that I shall take to London Town."

She came back into the firelight with a large manila envelope, shook its clippings into her lap—bits of magazine verse from here and there, saved over a dozen years or so. She did not find the poem she was seeking among them, and as she bent her smooth dark head over the others it was with a mere pretense of attention. She was becoming with every moment more conscious of Bahmer's interest. She kept her eyes lowered over her lapful of clippings, avoided meeting the steady intensity of his gaze. But she could not avoid feeling it sweep over her, warm, vibrating, as real as the glow of the fire. She knew that in another moment he was going to rise and come across the little distance between his chair and hers. She picked up one of the bits of verse at random, passed it across to him.

"Here's a good one," and as he took it tentatively: "Read it aloud, won't you?"

Obediently Bahmer settled back and adjusted his glasses. Fortunately Claire's chance choice had fallen on a ballad—a long one. So she had a bit of respite as Bahmer dutifully read the lengthy rollicking account of Forty Singing Seamen in an Old Black Barque. Before he reached the "Could the grog we dreamed we swallowed make us dream of all that followed?" Claire was ready with another clipping.

"Here's a spooky thing; read this!" And when he reached its concluding "I cheer a dead man's sweetheart—never ask me whose," she was ready with another. But despite the singing beauty of this last choice, she could feel her reader growing restive.

"My soul," she thought, in whimsical panic, "this is like that old story of grandpa's, about the time the wolves chased his cutter and he kept throwing out things to them—the lap robe, his coat, his overshoes, his shoes. I can't keep throwing out poems all night! Besides grandpa said that after a while the wolves began to get on to him and by the time he got down to gloves they wouldn't even stop to fight over them."

It had been a mistake, she realized now, these few evenings she had spent with Bahmer. Possibly she should never have accepted even that first semibusiness invitation; probably she should have declined his second suggestion with a chill unfriendliness that would have been unmistakable, whatever bearing it had on her position as advertising manager for D. E. Gibson shoes. But if these were mere possibilities and probabilities, it was a flat certainty that she should never have invited him here tonight. The informal comradeliness of the little kitchen, the unconventional friendliness of dinner on the jiggly card table and now the warm intimacy of a shared hearth fire.

Someway, though, she couldn't take the situation quite seriously. Even her sense of humor continued to function quite unawed. As Bahmer approached the end of the verse she pawed about for another to succeed it, and inside was laughing at herself for doing it.

"I'm like the heroine in the old-fashioned novels who used to try to hold off the villain by plying him with wine. Didn't she just pretend to drink hers and keep coaxing him on till suddenly he went off into a safe drunken sleep?" Claire bent lower over her lapful of clippings to hide her little one-sided, secret smile. "I used to doubt that story, even on wine. And fancy trying it with poetry!"

Claire could smile her little one-sided smile, could make fun of herself, because she simply couldn't make herself think of Bahmer as a villain. Not even when suddenly he stopped reading, rose, scattering the clippings recklessly over the floor, crossed the bit of firelight to her chair.

"I can't go on," he said. "I'm mad about you."

So it had come. For a moment Claire considered a brisk "Nonsense, you're not really at all, you know. It's just the combination of a porterhouse steak and an open fire."

But she thought better of this before she said it. Giving a man a chance to argue about a thing of this sort is poor policy. He only convinces himself further by his own eloquence. So instead:

"I'm awfully sorry," she said simply.

He stood close beside her chair, but did not venture to touch so much as the sleeve of her trim, tan office dress.

"I didn't believe there was a girl like you in the world. I used to think there might be, years ago, when I was just a boy. Beautiful and clever and brave and good—the kind of girl who would want the same kind of life I would; that I could go anywhere with. But I decided, years ago, that it was just a dream, that women didn't come that way."

(Continued on Page 114)

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This illustrious motor car, world famed for its brilliant performance, now attains new and unprecedented heights of excellence. New top speed, flashier acceleration, your choice of beautiful colors—all at no increase in price!

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The only type of engine that actually *improves with use*
stantly gaining in smoothness, quietness, power.

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efficiency. Prevents crankcase dilution and contamina

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No other chain is like it. Its heavy, rugged links are twice as large as the usual ones. But they give no hint of clumsiness. The Bondstreet reflects the best traditions of masculine taste. . . . Bond Street in London, where the styles of the world are originated for men, gave its name to it. Appropriately so: For the most carefully dressed men of all ages—from Wall Street bankers to Hollywood movie stars—are wearing this beautiful Simmons design.

Your jeweler will show you a wide selection of Bondstreets and other Simmons Waldemar, Dickens, Vest and Belt Chains. Priced from $4 to $15. Shown here is chain No. 28.993. Price $10.50. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS

(Continued from Page 111)

"I used to think ——" Of course it was the Bahmer who used to be, who was talking now! That was why his voice was so youthfully eager, so young in its intensity. Why, too, he stood so still beside Claire, so stiff in a boyish respect. It was a very young man talking, younger even than Claire herself, the young man he had walked off and left behind somewhere in London.

"Why, we could do anything in the world together," he went on eagerly. "There's a lot in life besides just making money and spending it. As you say, you don't have to let life be decided by the things you've bought. What do you get out of a great lot of things, anyway! Here I belong to three different golf clubs, and what does it get me? I can't shoot a decent game over any one of them. Don't even know that I want to. I notice that the men I know, who can go around in ninety, have to put up five dollars a hole to keep them interested." Claire stirred uneasily in her low chair. "What is there in having a decent house and servants to run it, when it's nothing but a place that you're glad to travel to stay away from; and dinner parties that the only men you'd really like to eat dinner with aren't invited to because they don't fit with the crowd?"

"It's your own crowd that they don't fit with, isn't it?" Claire asked mildly.

"My own crowd!" Very young, too, was the outraged intolerance of his voice. "My own crowd! A bunch of men who all happen to live in the same suburb, in about the same-priced houses, who've all found some way of making fifteen thousand a year or over. And a bunch of women who've all been about the same kind of pickers when it came to husbands—financially, that is. That's exactly all my crowd has in common. Why, we have to have two or three stiff cocktails before we can stand each other through an evening!"

Claire said nothing: there was really nothing she could say.

"Traveling!" Bahmer went on with mounting bitterness. "Everybody thinks I travel a good deal. Oh, I'm abroad two or three times a year, I grant you. Paris, Cannes, Deauville—it's very broadening. I come back knowing all about whether to make up Dresden calf or Sudan lizard." He stopped short. "I've had more of what I used to think traveling would be, sitting right here in this chair tonight and talking to you about London."

It was the defrauded cry of the immaterialist who has spent most of his life in the wrong camp.

Claire stared into the fire unhappily. No one-sided smile tipped her lips now. The sense of humor which would have kept right on functioning through passionate love-making had flown away. Vanished, too, was the poise and common sense which could have dealt so completely with a dangerous man; could have been so safely cynical about the middle-aged philanderer who tells young women that his wife doesn't understand him. For Claire was an immaterialist, too, and she recognized plain truth when she heard it.

She was suddenly afraid, as she sat staring into the blaze—afraid, not of Bahmer but of herself; of the sense of aching pity that swept over her; of the wild, irrational impulse to let him take her in his arms, to comfort him, to try to make up to him for all that life had done him out of.

It was a foolish, reckless impulse, she knew; it could lead to nothing but eventual sorrow for them both. But she knew, too, without having to think it out, that she was rich in all that Bahmer wanted out of life—youth, simplicity, adventure, companionship, the power to love. She felt a poignant guilt, to sit at so rich a banquet and turn a hungry man away.

She could feel prudence, common sense, all the little wisdom she had, slipping away as Bahmer stood there beside her, not touching so much as the hem of her dress. Her knuckles whitened as she held fast to the arms of her cheap low wicker chair, trying to hold herself back, as from a perilous precipice, and knew that she was being swept closer to it every moment.

"I love you so!" Bahmer was saying tensely. "I never dreamed that being in love could be like this. I just can't go back tomorrow, go on without you, knowing that there is a woman like you in the world. I didn't mind before, when I didn't know there could be anything else—oh, I can't go on without you now! I love you so!"

Claire's hands loosed their hold on the chair arms; that terrific, tender sense of pity was too much. Wisdom could not stand against it. She lifted her eyes to the man beside her.

Suddenly the telephone shrilled, loud, insistent, at the other end of the room. For a moment their eyes clung. The telephone rang again, raucous, peremptory. Claire waited defiantly for a moment—a moment of insurrection—then habit triumphed.

"Just a moment. I'd better answer it." She rose, crossed the room.

"Yes," her voice shook a little, "yes, this is Miss Deming. . . . Good evening, Mr. Gibson." A considerable pause.

"Why, yes, I think it probably would be best for me to," Claire's voice steadying. "I'll wire the Boston papers. If the cuts are all made I'm sure we could." Another pause, a bit of commonplace arranging. "Tomorrow morning? Yes, of course I can." A brief silence. Then: "I think there's a Boston sleeper around twelve or one tonight though. It would be better if I could get that. I will, if I can. . . . All right. I'll wire you back sometime tomorrow."

Claire came back into the firelighted circle. She had been away but a brief three minutes, but she looked at Bahmer as though half surprised to find him there. Her voice was steady, her eyes cool and direct.

"I'm awfully sorry, but I've got to dash. The Boston branch store has got into a mess of some kind. Gibson wants me there in the morning. Would you mind telephoning the station for me and see if I can get a reservation while I throw some things into my bag?"

There was a long pause. Then:

"I ——" Bahmer began.

But Claire was already in the next room. In the opening and shutting of bureau drawers she did not hear his tentative beginning.

"You know I suspect that Boston manager of having something up his sleeve," she observed chattily. "Because he strikes me as being too smart a man to be so incompetent. He's always doing the most stupid things and yet he's certainly not a stupid man. It's queer."

"I ——" Bahmer began again.

"Mr. Gibson's giving him every chance in the world to make something good out of the branch, and yet he ——"

"I ——" Bahmer began once more.

"If you can't reserve a berth on that sleeper, will you find out what time the first train leaves in the morning?"

Bahmer's lips parted, but this time no sound came forth. He stood staring blankly at Claire's door, as though incredulously facing the fact that he was speaking into a dead instrument, that his connection had been cut off. For several moments he stood perfectly still, looking at the blankness of the door. From its other side came the sounds of brisk, competent packing. Claire herself had fallen silent now, but a silence that was as far from invitational as her casual words had been—the absorbed silence of a business woman, preoccupied with the business on hand.

After a few moments Bahmer crossed to the telephone, called the railway station. And after all, it was probably as wise and kind a way as could have been contrived for closing up the incident. Claire might, of course, have tried to soften the blow a little; might have pointed out to Bahmer that what he was in love with was really not herself at all, only the glimpse of another sort of life that she had shown him; might have called his attention to certain precious things he had—his boys, for instance.

But that sort of reasoning seldom helps much at the time. Sooner or later he would have to start picking up the pieces, making such adjustments as he could to his own life. And there is never much point in trying to taper off the inevitable.

And, wise and kind or not, what Claire did was exactly what she would inevitably do. And she would probably pretty much forget the incident long before Bahmer would. Not that she would mean to, but she was a young woman of many and varied interests. Granted all the sympathy that could possibly be expected, one incontrovertible fact would remain.

The fact that George Bahmer had been merely a minor incident in a busy life.

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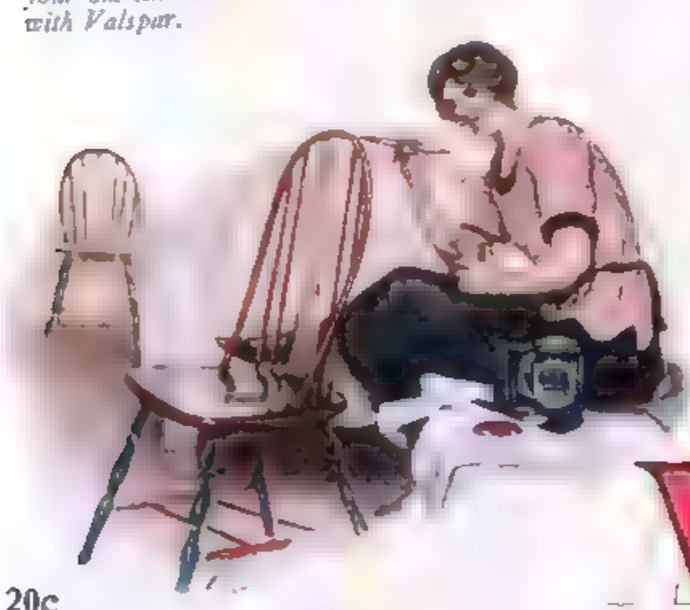

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FISH ARE SUCH LIARS

Continued from Page 15

sat on the bank with the two dripping men and talked to them for their souls' sake.

"'Look ahead, boys. Ask yourselves what are we fighting for? Decent homes to live in at peace with one another, fields to till and forests and rivers to give us a day's sport and fun. It's our rotten job to massacre each other, but, by gosh, don't let's massacre the harmless rest of nature as well. At least, let's give 'em a running chance. Boys, in the years ahead, when all the mess is cleared up, I look forward to coming back to this old spot, when there is alder growing by the banks, and willow herb and tall reeds and the drone of insects instead of the rumble of those guns. I don't want to come back to a dead river that I helped to kill, but to a river ringed with rising fish—some of whom were old comrades of the war.' He went on to tell of us hundred Dulverton trout that he had marked with the letter W. 'Give 'em their chance,' he said, 'and in the years to come those beggars will reward us a hundred times over. They'll give us a finer thrill and put up a cleaner fight than old Jerry ever contrived.' Those were emotional times, and though you may be reluctant to believe me, one of those two very wet men dripped water from his eyes as well as his clothing.

"'Many's the 'appy afternoon I've 'ad with a roach pole on Brentford Canal,' he sniffed, 'though I've never yet tried m' hand against a trout.' 'You shall do it now,' said my officer, and during the half hour that was left of daylight that dripping soldier had his first lesson in the most delicate art in the world I can see them now—the clumsy, wet fellow and my officer timing him, timing him—'one and two, and one and two, and ——' The action of my officer's wrist with its persuasive flick was the prettiest thing I have ever seen."

"Did he carry out his intention and come back after the war?" Rainbow asked.

"I shall never know," Old Trout replied. "I do not even know if he survived it. There was a great battle—a German drive. For hours they shelled the river front, and many falling short exploded in our midst with terrible results. My own bank was torn to shreds and our people suffered. How they suffered! About noon the infantry came over—hordes in field gray. There were pontoons, rope bridges and hand-to-hand fights on both banks and even in the stream itself."

"And your officer?"

"I saw him once, before the water was stamped dense into liquid mud and dyed by the blood of men. He was in the thick of it, unarmed, and a German officer called on him to surrender. For answer he struck him in the face with a light cane. Ah, that wrist action! Then a shell burst, smothering the water with clods of fallen earth and other things."

"Then you never knew?"

"I never knew, although that night I searched among the dead. Next day I went downstream, for the water in that place was polluted with death. The bottom of the pool in which I had my place was choked with strange and mangled tenants that were not good to look upon. We trout are a clean people that will not readily abide in dirty houses. I am a Dulverton trout, where the water is filtered by the hills and runs cool over stones."

"And you have stayed here ever since?"

Old Trout shrugged a fin. "I have moved with the times. Choosing a place according to the needs of my weight."

"And you have never been caught, sir, by any other angler?"

"Am I not here?" Old Trout answered with dignity.

"Oh, quite, sir. I had only thought, perhaps, as a younger fish enthusiasm might have resulted to your disadvantage, but that, nevertheless, you had been returned."

"Returned! Returned!" Old Trout echoed. "Returned to the frying pan! Where on earth did you pick up that expression? We are in France, my young friend; we are not on the Test, the Itchen or the Kennet. In this country it is not the practice of anglers to return anything, however miserable in size."

"But nowadays," Rainbow protested, "there are Englishmen and Americans on the river who show us more consideration."

"They may show you consideration," said Old Trout, "but I am of an importance that neither asks for nor expects it. Oblige me by being a little more discreet with your plurals. In the impossible event of my being deceived and caught, I should be introduced to a glass case with an appropriate background of rocks and reeds."

"But, sir, with respect, how can you be so confident of your unassailability?" Rainbow demanded, edging into position to accept an attractive May fly with yellow wings that was drifting downstream toward him.

"How!" Old Trout responded. "Because ——" Then suddenly: "Leave it, you fool!"

Rainbow had just broken the surface when the warning came. The yellow-winged May fly was wrenched off the water with a wet squeak. A tangle of limp cast lapped itself round the upper branches of a willow far upstream and a raw voice exclaimed something venomous in French. By common consent the two fish went down.

"Well, really," expostulated Old Trout, "I hoped you were above that kind of thing! Nearly to fall victim to a downstream angler. It's a little too much! And think of the effect it will have on my prestige. Why, that incompetent fool will go about boasting that he rose me. Me!"

For some minutes Rainbow was too crestfallen even to apologize. At last:

"I am afraid," he said, "I was paying more heed to what you were saying than to my own conduct. I never expected to be fished from above. The fly was an uncommonly good imitation and it is a rare thing for a Frenchman to use 4-X gut."

"Rubbish," said Old Trout testily. "These are mere half-pound arguments. 4-X gut, when associated with a fourteen-stone shadow, should deceive nothing over two ounces. I saved your life, but it is all very provoking. If that is a sample of your general demeanor, it is improbable that you will ever reach a pound."

"At this season we are apt to be careless," Rainbow wailed. "And nowadays it is so hard, sir, to distinguish the artificial fly from the real."

"No one expects you to do so," was the answer, "but common prudence demands that you should pay some attention to the manner in which it is presented. A May fly does not hit the water with a splash, neither is it able to sustain itself in midstream against the current. Have you ever seen a natural insect leave a broadening wake of cut water behind its tail? Never mind the fly, my dear boy, but watch the manner of its presentation. Failure to do that has cost many of our people their lives."

"You speak, sir," said Rainbow, a shade sulkily, "as though it were a disgrace for a trout ever to suffer defeat at the hands of an angler."

"Which indeed it is, save in exceptional circumstances," Old Trout answered. "I do not say that a perfect upstream cast from a well-concealed angler when the fly alights dry and cocked and dances at even speed with the current, may not deceive us to our fall. And I would be the last to say that a grasshopper skillfully dapped on the surface through the branches of an overhanging tree will not inevitably bring about our destruction. But I do most emphatically say that in such a spot as this, where the slightest defect in presentation is multiplied a hundred-fold by the varying water speeds, a careless

Continued on Page 119

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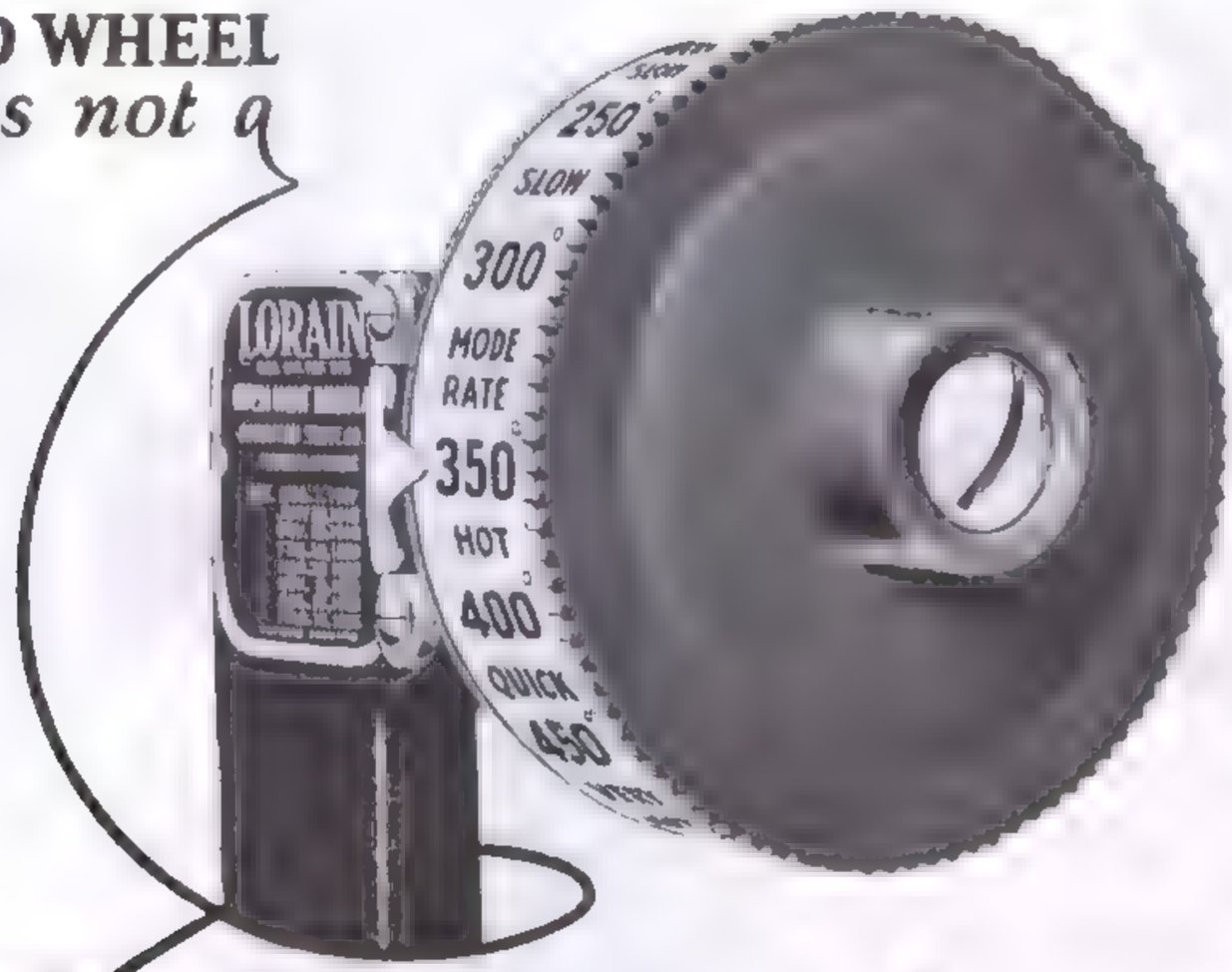

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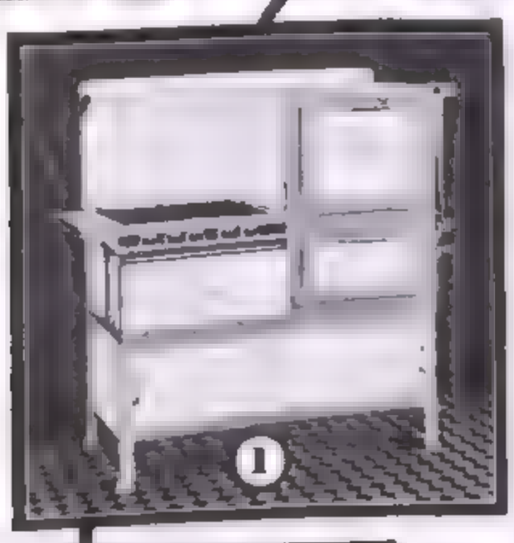

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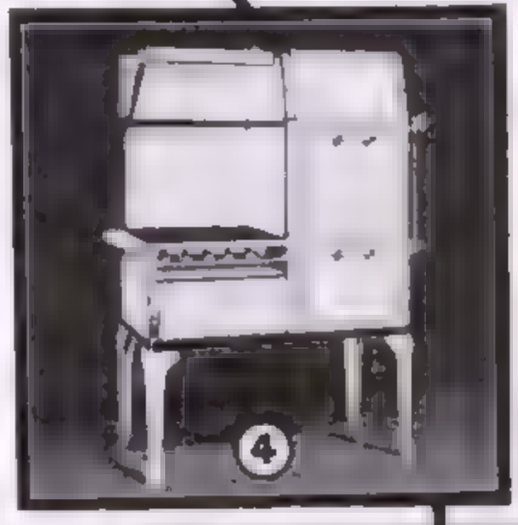

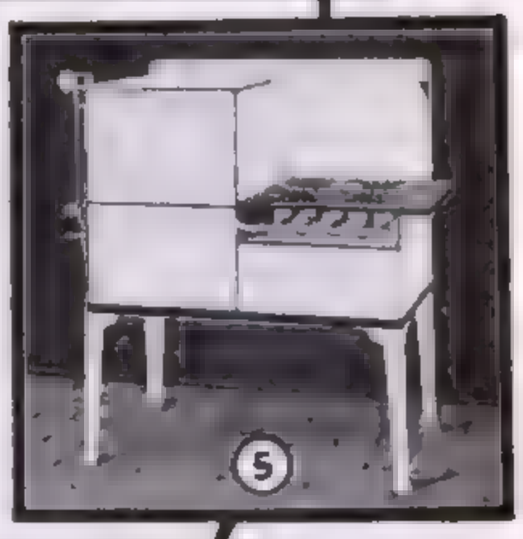

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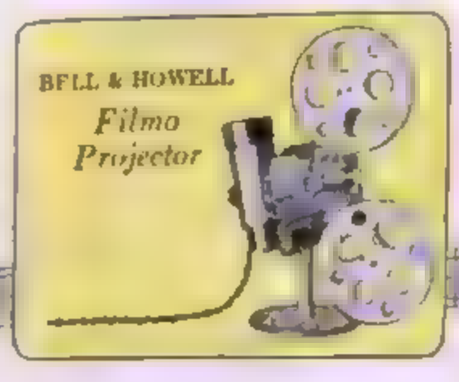

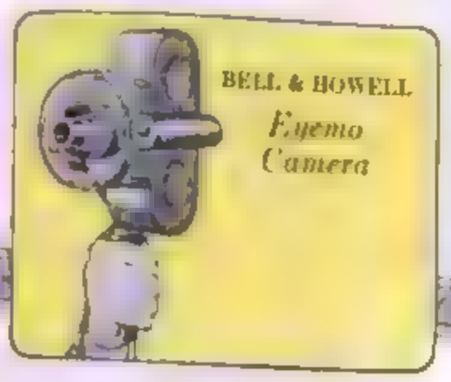

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(Continued from Page 116)

rise is unpardonable. There is only one spot—and that a matter of twelve yards downstream—from which a fly can be drifted over me with any semblance to nature. Even so, there is not one angler in a thousand who can make that cast with success, by reason of a willow which cramps the back cast and the manner in which these alders on our left sprawl across the pool."

Rainbow did not turn about to verify these statements because it is bad form for a trout to face downstream. He contented himself by replying, with a touch of acerbity:

"I should have thought, sir, with the feelings you expressed regarding sportsmanship, you would have found such a sanctuary too dull for your entertainment."

"Every remark you make serves to aggravate the impression of your ignorance," Old Trout replied. "Would you expect a trout of my intelligence to put myself in some place where I am exposed to the vulgar assaults of every amateur upon the bank? Of the green boy who lashes the water into foam, of the purblind peasant who slings his fly at me with a clod of earth or a tail of weed attached to the hook? In this place I invite attention from none but the best people—the expert, the purist."

"I understood you to say that there were none such in these parts," grumbled Rainbow.

"There are none who have succeeded in deceiving me," was the answer. "As a fact, for the last few days I have been vastly entranced by an angler who, by any standard, is deserving of praise. His presentation is flawless and the only fault I can detect in him is a tendency to overlook piscine psychology. He will be with us in a few minutes, since he knows it is my habit to lunch at noon."

"Pardon the interruption," said Rainbow, "but there is a gallant hatch of fly going down. I can hear your two neighbors at the tail of the pool rising steadily."

Old Trout assumed an indulgent air. "We will go up if you wish," said he, "but you will be well advised to observe my counsel before taking the rise, because if my angler keeps his appointment you will most assuredly be *meuniered* before nightfall."

At this unpleasant prophecy Rainbow shivered. "Let us keep to weed," he suggested.

But Old Trout only laughed, so that bubbles from the river bed rose and burst upon the surface.

"Courage," said he; "it will be an opportunity for you to learn the finer points of the game. If you are nervous, lie nearer to the bank. The natural fly does not drift there so abundantly, but you will be secure from the artificial. Presently I will treat you to an exhibition of playing with death you will not fail to appreciate." He broke off and pointed with his eyes. "Over you and to the left."

Rainbow made a neat double rise and drifted back into line. "Very mellow," he said—"very mellow and choice. Never tasted better. May I ask, sir, what you meant by piscine psychology?"

"I imply that my angler does not appreciate the subtle possibilities of our intellect. Now, my officer concerned himself as vitally with what we were thinking as with what we were feeding upon. This fellow, secure in the knowledge that his presentation is well-nigh perfect, is content to offer me the same variety of flies day after day, irrespective of the fact that I have learned them all by heart. I have, however, adopted the practice of rising every now and then to encourage him."

"Rising? At an artificial fly? I never heard such temerity in all my life," gasped Rainbow.

Old Trout moved his body luxuriously. "I should have said: Appearing to rise," he amended. "You may have noticed that I have exhibited a predilection for small duns in preference to the larger *Ephemeridæ*. My procedure is as follows: I wait until a natural dun and his artificial May fly are drifting downstream with the smallest possible distance separating them. Then I rise and take the dun. Assuming I have risen to him, he strikes, misses and is at once greatly flattered and greatly provoked. By this device I sometimes occupy his attention for over an hour and thus render a substantial service to others of my kind who would certainly have fallen victim to his skill."

"The river is greatly in your debt, sir," said Young Rainbow, with deliberate satire.

He knew by experience that fish as well as anglers are notorious liars, but the exploit his host had recounted was a trifle too strong. Taking a sidelong glance, he was surprised to see that Old Trout did not appear to have appreciated the subtle ridicule of his remark. The long, lithe body had become almost rigid and the great round eyes were focused upon the surface with an expression of fixed concentration.

Looking up, Rainbow saw a small white-winged May fly with red legs and a body the color of straw swing out from the main stream and describe a slow circle over the calm surface above Old Trout's head. Scarcely an inch away a tiny blue dun, its wings folded as closely as the pages of a book, floated attendant. An upward rush, a sucking kerr-rop, and when the broken water had calmed, the dun had disappeared and the May fly was dancing away downstream.

"Well," said Old Trout, "how's that, my youthful skeptic? Pretty work, eh?"

"I saw nothing in it," was the impertinent reply. "There is not a trout on the river who could not have done likewise."

"Even when one of those two flies was artificial?" Old Trout queried tolerantly.

"But neither of them was artificial," Rainbow retorted. "Had it been so, the angler would have struck. They always do."

"Of course he struck," Old Trout replied.

"But he didn't," Rainbow protested. "I saw the May fly go down with the current."

"My poor fish!" Old Trout replied. "Do you presume to suggest that I am unable to distinguish an artificial from a natural fly? Are you so blind that you failed to see the prismatic colors in the water from the paraffin in which the fly had been dipped? Here you are! Here it is again!"

Once more the white-winged insect drifted across the backwater, but this time there was no attendant dun.

"If that's a fake I'll eat my tail," said Rainbow.

"If you question my judgment," Old Trout answered, "you are at liberty to rise. I dare say, in spite of a shortage of brain, that you would eat comparatively well."

But Rainbow, in common with his kind, was not disposed to take chances.

"We may expect two or three more casts from this fly and then he will change it for a bigger. It is the same program every day without variation. How differently my officer would have acted. By now he would have discovered my little joke and turned the tables against me. Aye me, but some men will never learn! Your mental outfit, dear Rainbow, is singularly like a man's," he added. "It lacks elasticity."

Rainbow made no retort and was glad of his forbearance, for every word Old Trout had spoken was borne out by subsequent events. Four times the white-winged May fly described an arc over the backwater, but in the absence of duns Old Trout did not rise again. Then came a pause, during which, through a lull in the hatch, even the natural insect was absent from the river.

"He is changing his fly," said Old Trout, "but he will not float it until the hatch starts again. He is casting beautifully this morning and I hope circumstances will permit me to give him another rise."

"But suppose," said Rainbow breathlessly, "you played this game once too often and were foul hooked as a result?"

Old Trout expanded his gills broadly. "Why, then," he replied, "I should break him. Once round a limb of that submerged apple bough and the thing would be done. I should never allow myself to be caught and no angler could gather up the slack and haul me into midstream in time to prevent me reaching the bough. Stand by."

The shadow of a large, dark May fly floated cockily over the backwater and had almost returned to the main stream when a small iron-blue dun settled like a puff of thistledown in its wake.

The two insects were a foot nearer the fast water than the spot where Old Trout was accustomed to take the rise. But for the presence of a spectator, it is doubtful whether he would have done so, but Young Rainbow's want of appreciation had excited his vanity, and with a rolling swoop he swallowed the dun and bore it downward.

And then an amazing thing happened. Instead of drifting back to his place as was expected, Old Trout's head was jerked sideways by an invisible force. A thin translucent thread upon the water's surface and tightened irresistibly. A second later Old Trout was fighting, fighting, fighting to reach the submerged apple bough with the full weight of the running water and the full strength of the finest Japanese gut strained against him.

Watching, wide-eyed and aghast, from one of the underwater rat holes into which he had hastily withdrawn, Rainbow saw the figure of a man rise out of a bed of irises downstream and scramble upon the bank. In his right hand, with the wrist well back, he held a light split-cane rod whose upper joint was curved to a half circle. The man's left hand was detaching a collapsible landing net from the ring of his belt. Every attitude and movement was expressive of perfectly organized activity. His mouth was shut as tightly as a steel trap, but a light of happy excitement danced in his eyes.

"No you don't, my fellar," Rainbow heard him say. "No you don't. I knew all about that apple bough before ever I put a fly over your pool. And the weed bed on the right," he added, as Old Trout made a sudden swerve half down and half across stream.

Tucking the net under his arm the man whipped up the slack with a lightning-like action. The maneuver cost Old Trout dear, for when, despairing of reaching the weed and burrowing into it, he tried to regain his old position, he found himself six feet farther away from the apple bough than when the battle began.

Instinctively Old Trout knew it was useless to dash downstream, for a man who could take up slack with the speed his adversary had shown would profit by the expedient to come more quickly to terms with him. Besides, lower down there was broken water to knock the breath out of his lungs. Even where he lay straining and slugging this way and that, the water was pouring so fast into his open mouth as nearly to drown him. His only chance of effecting a smash was by a series of jumps, followed by quick dives. Once before, although he had not confessed it to Rainbow, Old Trout had saved his life by resorting to this expedient. It takes the strain off the line and returns it so quickly that even the finest gut is apt to sunder.

Meanwhile the man was slowly approaching, winding up as he came. Old Trout, boring in the depths, could hear the click of the check reel with increasing distinctness. Looking up, he saw that the cast was almost vertical above his head, which meant that the moment to make the attempt was at hand. The tension was appalling, for ever since the fight began his adversary had given him the butt unremittingly. Aware of his own weight and power, Old Trout was amazed that any tackle could stand the strain.

"Now's my time," he thought, and jumped.

It was no ordinary jump, but an aerial rush three feet out of the water, with a twist at its apex and a cutting lash of the

(Continued on Page 121)

your dog

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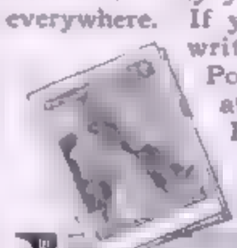

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(Continued from Page 119)

tail designed to break the cast. But his adversary was no ordinary angler, and at the first hint of what was happening he dropped the point of the rod flush with the surface.

Once and once more Old Trout flung himself into the air, but after each attempt he found himself with diminishing strength and with less line to play with.

"It looks to me," said Rainbow mournfully, "as if my unhappy host will lose this battle and finish up in that glass case to which he was referring a few minutes ago." And greatly affected, he burrowed his nose in the mud and wondered, in the event of this dismal prophecy coming true, whether he would be able to take possession of the pool without molestation.

In consequence of these reflections he failed to witness the last phase of the battle, when, as will sometimes happen with big fish, all the fight went out of Old Trout, and rolling wearily over and over, he abandoned himself to the clinging embraces of the net. He never saw the big man proudly carry Old Trout back into the hayfield where, before proceeding to remove the fly, he sat down beside a shallow dike and lit a cigarette and smiled largely. Then, with an affectionate and professional touch, he picked up Old Trout by the back of the neck, his forefinger and thumb sunk firmly in the gills.

"You're a fine fellar," he said, extracting the fly; "a good sportsman and a funny fish. You fooled me properly for three days, but I think you'll own I outwitted you in the end."

Rummaging in his creel for a small rod of hard wood that he carried for the purpose of administering the quietus, he became aware of something that arrested the action. Leaning forward he stared with open eyes at a tiny W perforated in the upper part of Old Trout's tail.

"Shades of the war! Dulverton!" he exclaimed. Then with a sudden warmth: "Old chap, old chap, is it really you? This is red-letter stuff. If you're not too far gone to take another lease of life, have it with me."

And with the tenderness of a woman, he slipped Old Trout into the dike and in a tremble of excitement hurried off to the *auberge* where the fishermen lodged, to tell a tale no one even pretended to believe.

For the best part of an hour Old Trout lay in the shallow waters of the dike before slowly cruising back to his own place beneath the overhanging bank. The alarming experience through which he had passed had made him a shade forgetful, and he was not prepared for the sight of Young Rainbow rising steadily at the hatch of fly.

"Pardon me, but a little more to your right," he said, with heavy courtesy.

"Diving otters!" cried Young Rainbow, leaping a foot clear of the water. "You, sir! You!"

"And why not?" Old Trout replied. "Your memory must be short if you have already forgotten that this is my place."

"Yes, but —" Rainbow began and stopped.

"You are referring to that little circus of a few minutes ago," said Old Trout. "Is it possible you failed to appreciate the significance of the affair. I knew at once it was my dear officer when he dropped the artificial dun behind the natural May fly. In the circumstances I could hardly do less than accept his invitation. Nothing is more delightful than a reunion of comrades of the war." He paused and added: "We had a charming talk, he and I, and I do not know which of us was the more affected. It is a tragedy that such friendship and such intellect as we share cannot exist in a common element."

And so great was his emotion that Old Trout dived and buried his head in the weeds. Whereby Rainbow did uncommonly well during the midday hatch.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE VANISHING LONGHORN

(Continued from Page 9)

bringing fifteen and twenty dollars each. Also the people of the East were getting cheaper beef than ever before in the history of the country—cheaper by far than it will ever be again.

Then in 1876 came the authorities of the state of Texas, who forced the cattlemen either to pay the state for the use of the land or buy it outright. The war for free grass and against fencing was a bitter one, but the law eventually prevailed and the open ranges of Texas passed into history. Barbed wire and the Texas fever tick closed the old cattle trail to the north.

With the lands in private ownership and fenced up, the cattlemen soon discovered it was not profitable to raise the old longhorns. "Too much legs, horns and speed," was the general comment. "Fewer cows and better ones" became the slogan all over the state. Millions were spent in bringing into Texas the very best blood of the time-tried beef-producing strains of cattle.

Thus within a comparatively few years this breed which had so much to do with the history and romance of the Southwest was driven from the Texas ranges, not by force but by the simple process of evolution—the survival of the fittest.

Famous Old-Timers

Men began to save as curios the horns that came with the occasional old-timer that found his way to the slaughterhouse. Fancy prices were paid for unusually fine sets. Here and there on the Texas ranges an enterprising cattleman kept a good live specimen or two in his pastures as a reminder of the old days—kept them until, gaunt and ragged, they died of old age. One well-known Texan, George West by name, maintained in peace and comfort one such steer on his ranch in Live Oak County, until in 1925, at twenty years of age, it became evident the old fellow was nearing his end. The steer was shot and the hide carefully removed and mounted. It stands today in a brilliantly lighted plate-glass case in a handsome brick building set on the lawn of the county courthouse—a real curio today even in the very heart of the old longhorn range. So fast has his tribe disappeared that hundreds of people visit this longhorn shrine every year.

Another old boy called Champion was sent to the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, where he attracted an immense amount of attention. He was a product of the famous Kentuck ranch in Live Oak County, Texas, owned by the late J. M. Dobie, of San Antonio, Texas. Later on, Champion was shipped abroad, exhibited at the Paris Exposition and then made a triumphal tour of Europe, returning to die of old age in Chicago. Unfortunately, Champion's remains were not preserved. He was probably twenty-five or thirty years of age when he died.

Still another celebrated longhorn was Geronimo, a noted outlaw steer that ranged the thickets of Dimmet, Uvalde and La Salle counties, Texas, for many years. Geronimo's horns were not unusually long, but due to his skill in escaping from every round-up party that attempted to bring him out of the brush and ship him to market as all steers are eventually supposed to be, he became a noted animal in Southwestern Texas. He was reputed to be thirty-five years of age when he died and carried the brands of six different owners, not one of whom was ever able to cash in on him. Geronimo belonged last to George W. Sanders, of San Antonio, president of the Texas Old Trail Drivers Association.

In the summer of 1910 a trail herd of Texas steers was drifting slowly across Oklahoma headed for the lush pastures of Southern Kansas. Their route led them along the western line of the Wichita National Forest, an area of government land embracing the entire Wichita Mountains, which ever since the first white man's coming to the Great Plains had been notable for its large number of game animals—buffalo, deer, elk and turkey—which occupied its rough oak-covered hills and picturesque canyons and vales. Here the Federal Government had made the first real attempt to meet the popular demand for saving the buffalo from extinction, a small herd of these animals having been placed upon it in 1906, together with a number of elk, antelope, deer and wild turkeys.

Trail herds from Texas were somewhat unusual at that time, and the supervisor in charge of the Wichita National Forest and Federal Game Preserve, a cowboy and practical range cattleman of many years' experience, sat on his horse watching the herd drift slowly past.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred of the animals were well-bred range steers, excellent examples of up-to-date modern range cattle. Occasionally came one that by his general appearance showed signs of being a throwback as to ancestry, the old longhorn blood of the pioneer Texas days asserting itself.

One such caught the supervisor's keen eye, a snow-white steer, long-backed, long-legged and rangy as to build, with a rather long slender head and two large kindly but all-seeing eyes. The animal's head, held high above his fellows, was even at his age—a long two—surmounted by a pair of wide-spreading horns that gave every indication of further development and stamped him as of the old and even then fast disappearing longhorn type.

A Perfect Model

There was a strong strain of sentiment in Frank Rush. As a boy he had seen the longhorns when they covered the prairies for miles around his father's sod house on the Kansas plains. He had watched the early trail herds come marching grandly up from the south, a mass of tossing horns, bound for Abilene, Dodge City and other shipping points, and marveled at their length and beauty. He had seen them give way to civilization as did the buffalo and the red man—a peaceful conquest, however, of the breeders' art, bloodless but absolutely effective in its operation. To Rush, the Indian and the Texas longhorn stood for all the worthwhile romance, sentiment and history of the Great Plains country of the Southwest.

Of this wonderful trio, the buffalo and the Indian were in no danger of total extinction—only the longhorn was passing out of the picture, with no hand raised to preserve his kind or person to mourn his departure. A quick ride to the tail end of the herd and a five-minute talk with the herd boss and for eleven dollars cash he became the owner of the white steer.

Placed with his milch cows at his headquarters ranger station on the forest, the animal became very tame. His horns grew fast and he was soon a feature of the place. He was photographed so often by the many visitors to the headquarters to see the buffalo and other animals that Rush used to claim that Old Whitey would pose as soon as he saw a camera opened up and trained on him.

Though a breed of animals cannot be preserved and continued by means of steers, it was the purchase of this white longhorn by Frank Rush that was the genesis of the plan to gather a few of the remaining specimens of the breed and preserve them where future generations of Americans could see them in their purity.

For several years officers of the United States Forest Service concerned with the

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management of livestock in the national forests tried to obtain from Congress funds with which to purchase the necessary animals to form the nucleus of a longhorn herd. These forest officers were old-timers themselves. They had grown up on the Western cattle ranges with the longhorns. They had rounded them up by day and stood guard over them in the herd at night. They knew their history and how fast they were disappearing from the ranges. The plan for preserving them became almost an obsession with these men. It wouldn't take much money to put the plan over, and down in Oklahoma on the Wichita National Forest Uncle Sam had a fine pasture all fenced up and ready for them.

The fifteen buffalo placed there in 1906 as a guaranty against that animal's complete extinction had increased to more than 200 head and about as many more had been sold or given away. Around them were thousands of Indians that once depended upon the buffalo for most of their food. Of the famous trio—the Indian, the buffalo and the longhorn—the latter seemed doomed to early and complete effacement. But the war was on and it seemed a poor time to talk sentiment to congressmen or budget chiefs when it involved spending money. Then came the reconstruction period after the war. Times were hard. Every government officer was being urged to cut down expenditures to the very last penny. But still these foresters persisted in their pleas for money.

"You spent $50,000 in good hard cash in 1906 to preserve the buffalo," they told the Western senators to whom they went for help. "You spent quite as much to preserve the Morgan breed of horses from completely passing out. The state of Massachusetts is spending more than $5000 this year to save the heath hen from extinction. You spent $65,000 for hay to save the Yellowstone elk from death by starvation in 1920. Why not a measly $3000 to purchase a few longhorn cows to save them?" they asked the Solons at Washington. "*Cui bono?*" the lawmakers asked in the old schoolboy phrase. "No economic purpose will be accomplished," was the stock argument. "Your whole plan is purely sentimental. Let the longhorns go and become extinct like the dodo and the passenger pigeon. Their place has been taken by better breeds of cattle. They are has-beens. Forget them." But they couldn't forget them.

Few and Far Between

One fortunate day they told their troubles to a man who believed in them and their plans. Born in Texas, cowboy, trail boss, cattleman, governor and finally United States senator from Wyoming, John B. Kendrick lent a willing ear to their request for help.

"You are too modest. Ask for $30,000 and you may get it." But they wanted only $3000, and so he agreed to champion the cause of the longhorn. So well did he work that the sum asked for was made part of the general appropriation bill for 1927, and under his enthusiastic leadership it went past the argus-eyed budget officer, was favorably reported by the appropriations committee, was eventually passed by Congress, signed by the President and the funds became available on July 1, 1927.

In the meantime these forest officers had been corresponding with many old-time Texas cattlemen in an endeavor to locate some of the animals. All over the range country the idea was received with enthusiasm, but the majority doubted the possibility of finding any worth-while specimens alive.

Uniformly, all agreed that if found at all it would be down in Southwestern Texas along the Rio Grande, in what Texans call the Prickly Pear Country. There, hidden away amid dense thickets of mesquite trees and huge prickly pear plants, there was some possibility of finding a few cows of the old type. But when it came to bulls, that was something else again. Longhorn cows bred to shorthorn bulls produce fairly good beef cattle. Scrub bulls, however, have long been banished from the Texas ranges. Hence nobody believed the true type of longhorn bull could be found, and without bulls the plan must fail.

For three weeks those two forest officers combed over the Prickly Pear Country which lies in a huge triangle between San Antonio and Brownsville, the Gulf of Mexico on one side, the Rio Grande on the other. They rode on horseback and by auto, on stages and by rail, into every nook and corner of the region. They followed no end of false tips as to where the very cow they were after could be found. Almost invariably they were found to be tainted with the blood of the sacred humpbacked cattle of India, otherwise known throughout Southern Texas as Brahmas—a comparatively new breed in this country which, due to certain qualities, bids fair to dominate in time the whole Southwestern range country. They crossed the Rio Grande in their quest and scouted through the Mexican herds on that side of the river, hoping to find some choice specimens hidden away over there.

Eventually they emerged from this triangle, having found and obtained ten cows and one bull, but no two at one ranch. Auto trucks with heavy crates upon them were used to concentrate them. The truck was backed up against a corral or a gate, holes being dug in the ground to drop the rear wheels into, and the cattle, coaxed, prodded and in some cases dragged into the cage, were then hauled across country to a central point on the railroad. There may be more of the cattle in this corner of Texas, but the explorers think they will be hard to find. Leaving this job of concentration in the hands of a competent agent, the longhorn hunters then went on an exploring expedition along the Gulf coast from Corpus Christi almost to Beaumont. In this region was gathered the herd of longhorn steers used in the movie, North of 36, and they hoped to find some suitable cows here.

Three weeks' search developed ten very good cows and two bulls, which were worked together at a railroad point by trucks and by driving. They also procured three unusually fine specimens of steers for an exhibit until some could be raised by the Government. This because of the fact that though the cows and bulls have longer horns than the well-bred cattle, it is only the steers that grow the great wide-spreading horns that make the breed unusual. Incidentally, this heretofore unnoticed fact that emasculation on this breed of cattle produces unusually long wide-spreading horns has attracted considerable attention from scientists and biologists, and will undoubtedly result in some studies of this peculiarity. Along the coast, as along the Rio Grande, the taint of the Brahma was over them all and showed plainly in many an otherwise excellent specimen.

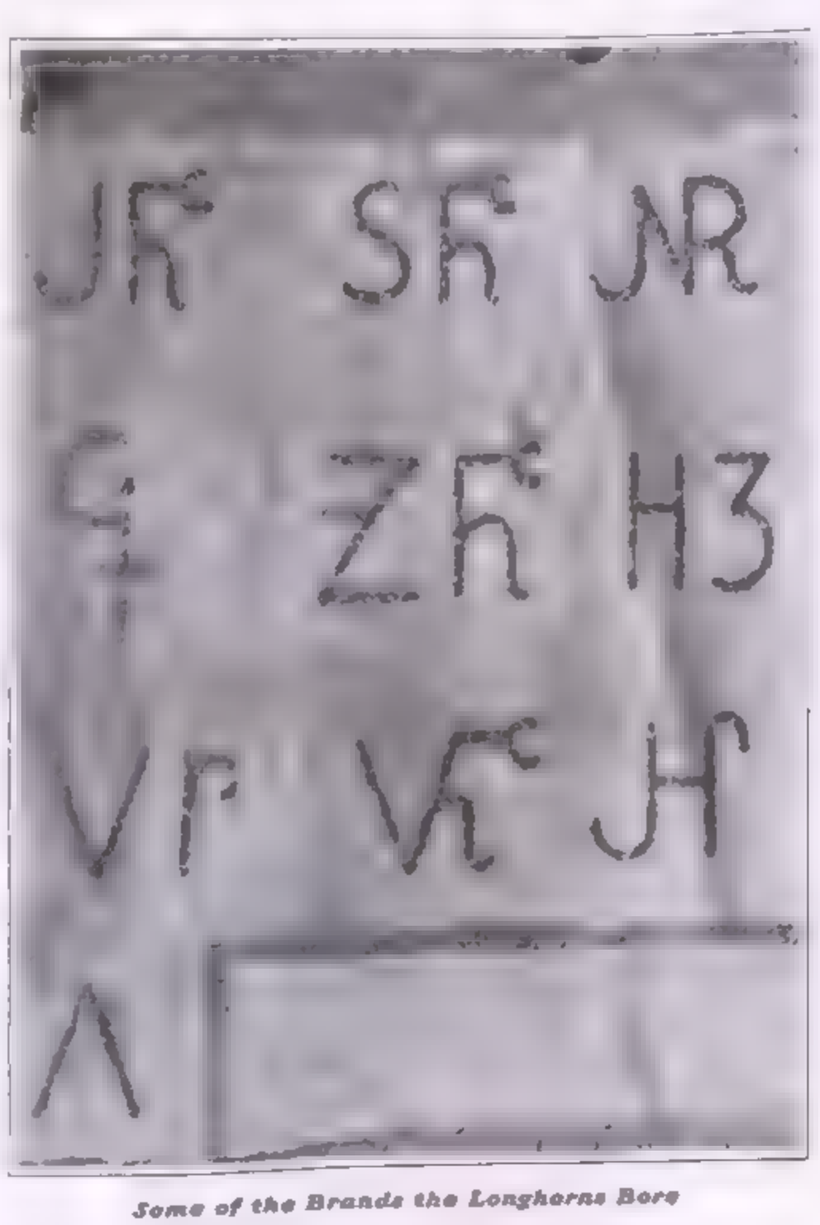
All the cows and bulls were naturally rather old, nearly all more than twelve years of age. But they are a long-lived, virile breed and all believed to be good for at least three or four more years of usefulness as calf producers.

The three show steers are young—three, four and seven years old. It is the general opinion of stockmen who saw them and knew the breed that their horns will continue to grow and spread for several years. In the meantime it is expected to have a number of young steers coming on in the herd the horns of which will rival those of their elders.

With the cattle concentrated at Fort Worth for shipment north, the forest officers began to see the end of their quest—or at least thought it in sight. But ahead of them was a purification ceremony which caused them and their bovine friends no small amount of grief and delay.

The dipping of the cattle to free them of the tick that carries the deadly Texas fever germ was quite an ordeal for our longhorns. The dip is a long cement tank ten feet deep, three feet wide and sixty feet long, filled with a vile concoction of various chemicals guaranteed to make life miserable for the cow, the tick or any other insect. The approach to the dip is under cover and rather dark. The animals come through a narrow plank chute, little recking of the experience that awaits them. At the end of the chute they find themselves about to step upon a sheet of steel some ten feet long, sloping at an angle of forty-five degrees into the liquid mixture ahead of them.

This sheet of steel has been polished smooth and slippery as glass with the feet



Some of the Brands the Longhorns Bore

of thousands that have gone before them. On its very edge our longhorn friend stops to investigate. His suspicions are aroused. So far his progress has been fairly easy. But in the semidarkness he has a craving to know what this smooth shiny place ahead of him portends.

Just as his nose touches the steel with an inquisitive sniff a man standing on a runway above him whom he has not before noticed leans over and touches our longhorn on the hip with an implement of stockyard warfare known as an electric prod pole. Into his large, soulful eyes comes a look of pained surprise. He launches out vigorously with both hind feet.

A second touch of that scientific improvement on the old prod pole with a sharp nail at one end stirs him to action. There comes a wild look into the eyes of the animal. He has a mad desire to get as far from the present location as possible. Very gingerly he steps his front feet on the shiny affair in front of him. Instinct tells him there's trouble ahead.

Alas for his caution! No boy with his first pair of roller skates ever took a more reckless plunge than he. With one final effort to save his dignity he makes a tremendous jump into space and lands with a mighty splash far out in the watery mess before him and goes clear under. A constant stream of his fellows comes after him. Through this they all swim, climbing out on the inclined runway at the farther end, a dripping, bedraggled, coughing bunch of bovines. It is longhorn life at its very worst.

The Coats of Many Colors

The first dip is supposed to kill all living ticks, but has no effect on any eggs laid on the animals. Hence they are held incommunicado for seven days to allow any eggs to hatch and they are then put through the dip for a second time. Three days after this they are placed in a chute where keen-eyed inspectors, to whom a seed tick as large as the head of a pin looks as big as a vanilla bean, give them a thorough going over. If no live ticks are found, the inspector in charge gives the cattle a clean bill of health and they can go anywhere in the United States. If a single tick is found, it means another ordeal of the dip for them all. They are a cold-blooded, inexorable lot, those Federal inspectors. They take no chances.

Incidentally, none of the dipping vats was wide enough to permit the passage of the three big steers with their wide-spreading horns. It was therefore necessary to rope them by the horns, tie them up to a post and spray them with the liquid just as the gardener sprays his rosebushes—a proceeding against which they all most vigorously protested, also causing the forest officer untold agony lest one of those precious horns should be broken in their frantic struggles to free themselves.

Their sorrows, however, are by no means over with the dipping. These cattle are going to the state of Oklahoma, and all breeding cattle shipped into that state, no matter where from, must be tested and found free from tuberculosis before they may enter.

So, with the animals all crowded into a long, narrow chute, a husky veterinarian stuck the long needle of a hypodermic into each animal's tail near the body and held them incommunicado for seventy-two hours. After that they were again placed in the chute and each animal carefully inspected to see if they showed any reaction. Then, because they were to be grazed in open pastures not with but in close proximity to other range cattle, it was necessary to run them through a branding chute, where with red-hot branding irons the letters U S were stamped on the left hip of each animal.

Thus branded, tested and twice dipped, the bunch of longhorn cattle gathered from some of the most out-of-the-way corners of the state of Texas was finally loaded into a stock car and eventually turned out in the lush grassy pasture prepared for them in the Wichita Forest in Comanche County, Oklahoma. Here they will be kept by themselves and an effort made by careful selective breeding to create a modest-size herd which will be fairly typical of the old-timers.

In color the old cattle were as varied as Joseph's famous coat. The men who selected this lot had to depend on their memory and the memory of others for the color scheme. The memory of one of the forest officers ran back more than forty years, which was quite far enough. Of the selected cows, four are pale red shading to yellow, seven are dark red, two strawberry roans, one red-and-white pied, two buckskin, one coal black, one brindle and two yellows—twenty in all.

(Continued on Page 137)

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You'll get new pleasure in driving this winter by having a complete set of PERFECT CIRCLE rings installed now. The *Compression* rings not only reduce "Blow-by" to almost nothing, prevent crankcase oil dilution and excessive cylinder wear, but will convert this lost pressure into new power and pep. The *Oil-Regulating* ring on each piston absolutely stops oil-pumping, at the same time insuring thorough cylinder lubrication.

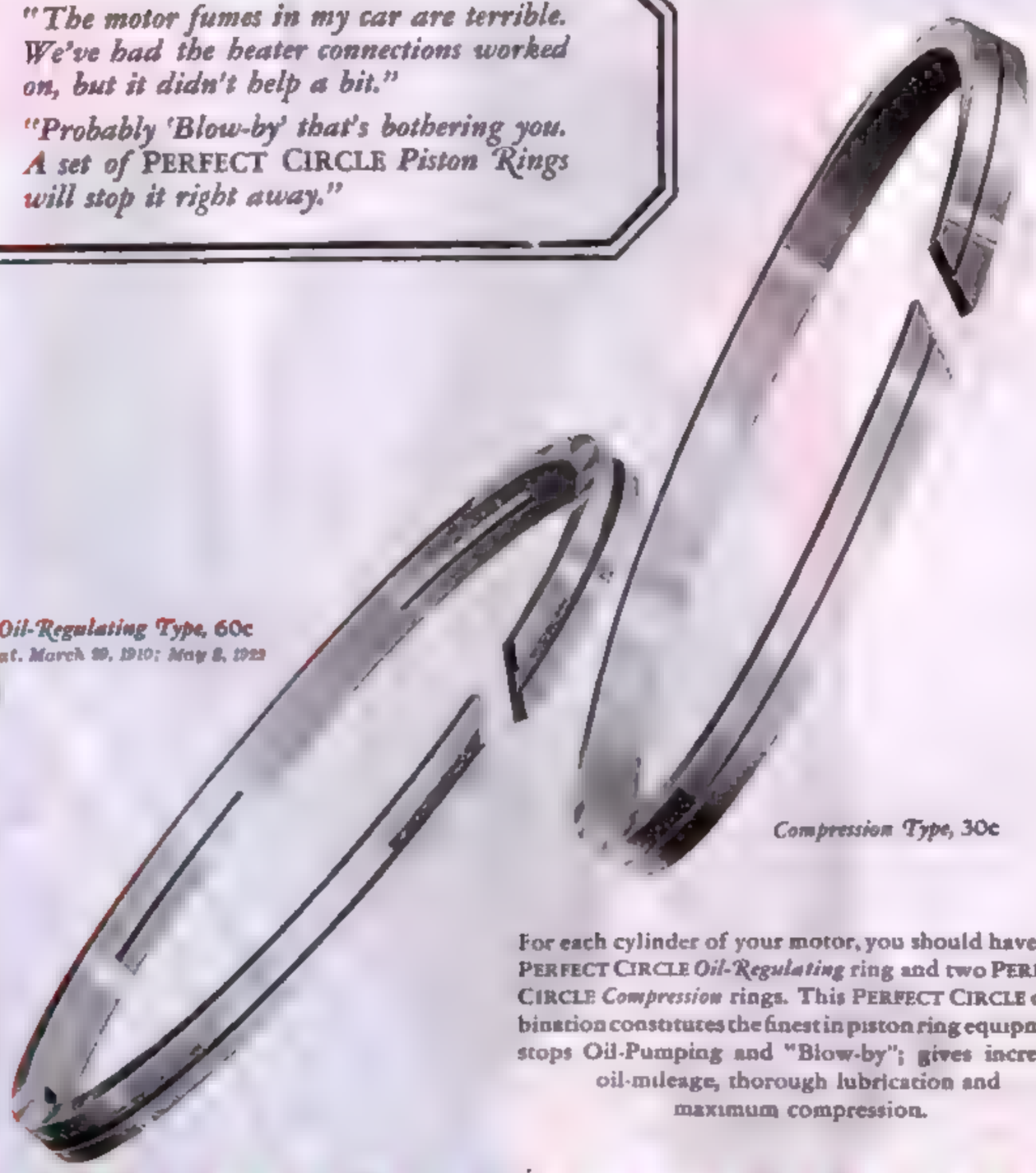
Be sure that you get PERFECT CIRCLES, for only PERFECT CIRCLES will give you the results you anticipate

*"*Blow-by"* is caused by inferior or worn-out piston rings which permit explosion gases to blow past pistons and into the crankcase. From there they penetrate the body of the car, bringing smarting eyes and headaches. Cases where 3,000 or more cubic inches of gas blow by the pistons every minute are common.

THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANY
HAGERSTOWN, INDIANA
America's Oldest Volume Producer of Piston Rings

"The motor fumes in my car are terrible. We've had the heater connections worked on, but it didn't help a bit."

"Probably 'Blow-by' that's bothering you. A set of PERFECT CIRCLE *Piston Rings will stop it right away."*



Oil-Regulating Type, 60c
Pat. March 20, 1917; May 8, 1923

Compression Type, 30c

For each cylinder of your motor, you should have one PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* ring and two PERFECT CIRCLE *Compression* rings. This PERFECT CIRCLE combination constitutes the finest in piston ring equipment; stops Oil-Pumping and "Blow-by"; gives increased oil-mileage, thorough lubrication and maximum compression.

PERFECT CIRCLE
PISTON RINGS

The Mark of Quality

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE

Are Trained and Equipped to *Save You Money and Serve You Better—*

Firestone has added thousands of the world's best tire dealers to its great distributing organization during the past year. Thousands more are seeking the Firestone Dealer franchise for this coming year.

This is significant to car owners because it means more convenient and better service, and is just another evidence of the leadership and quality of Firestone Tires.

Besides the tremendous consumer demand, there are other reasons for this ever increasing preference for Firestone among the best tire dealers of the country.

A few important reasons are that for 27 years the name Firestone has stood for the highest quality and value in tires; Firestone workers are all stockholders and take personal pride in producing the best and most uniform products; Firestone sells tires only through regular established dealers —the outstanding tire merchants in every community; this great manufacturing organization—controlling raw materials in primary markets—having 148 branches and warehouses, assuring fresh, clean stocks and quick, efficient distribution—is behind every dealer; and Firestone Dealers know tire construction and tire service, having been trained at Dealer Educational Meetings and Tire Repair Schools in Firestone factories and in principal branch cities.

Firestone Dealers have the latest equipment, the knowledge—the Firestone spirit and idea of service. No other dealer can give you the same values and serve you so well.

Firestone Dealers have lines of tires to meet the purse and requirements of every car owner. Besides the Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires and Steam-Welded Tubes of the highest quality obtainable, they have the rugged, serviceable Oldfield Tires and the low-priced Courier Tires, all manufactured by Firestone in its world-renowned, economical factories, carrying the Manufacturers' Standard Tire Warranty.

There is a Firestone Dealer near you to take care of your requirements, save you money and serve you better.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

THEIR OWN RUBBER.. Harvey S. Firestone

OUT OF THE WEST COMES MARLAND

FROM OIL WELLS TO MOTOR CARS

REFINED UNDER PATENTS EXCLUSIVE TO MARLAND

Marland Industrial Oils in the industrial field are rapidly gaining in favor. Plant operators who are seeking the highest efficiency at lowest cost are welcome to the services of our industrial engineers at no cost and without obligation. Let us show you some startling facts about *Marland Industrial Oils* for industrial machinery.

MOTORISTS and operators of commercial automotive equipment who are sincerely interested in increased motor efficiency, in economical motor operation and longer motor life, will find these brief facts about *Marland Super Motor Oil* of more than passing interest.

A crude supply that comes from the largest paraffin base oil area in the world. *Marland Super Motor Oil* is refined from only select, paraffin base crude oil.

A refinery that contains the most modern equipment known to the science of refining and a personnel of refining engineers and chemists who are recognized leaders in the industry.

An exclusive, patented refining process. This process is the discovery of a noted British scientist and a practical British oil man who labored more than twenty years in their search for a better lubricating oil.

On filing the patent papers with their Government in 1918, the papers were seized and retained until the end of the Great War to prevent enemy countries learning of or using the process.

This process is patented in more than thirty countries and is exclusive to Marland for all of North America.

Coupled with these outstanding factors is a nation-wide service through Marland stations and those of Marland Dealers—a service of an excellence that matches the quality of Marland products.

Dealers and jobbers are urged to write our General Office for specifications covering their requirements and complete sales plans. For car owners we have descriptive literature on *Marland Super Motor Oil* we will gladly mail on request.

MARLAND REFINING COMPANY

Subsidiary of MARLAND OIL COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICES AND REFINERY: PONCA CITY, OKLAHOMA

Division Sales Offices: New York City Boston Chicago Kansas City Denver Memphis St. Paul-Minneapolis

Export Terminal: Texas City, Texas

(Continued from Page 122)

One of the bulls is black, one brindle and one a regular old-time line-back with red sides and a white strip down his backbone—excellent types all.

The question naturally arises as to the length of these horns, many of which decorate offices and dens all over the Southwest. A large number of mounted specimens were examined and their measurements recorded. As far as could be discovered, there are now in existence two outstanding unusually long sets of horns more than eight feet from tip to tip. There may be others, but they were not seen and measured.

Of these, the largest pair is in the Buckhorn collection at San Antonio. They measure eight feet two and three-eighth inches from tip to tip, and eleven inches at the base. This undoubtedly is the most beautiful set of steer horns in this country. They are extremely slender and shapely, with the most graceful curve and taper. More than a foot of the extreme point of each horn is coal black, the rest a creamy white. Their owner is said to have refused $5000 for them.

The next in length is in the office of the Barse Livestock Commission Co., at Fort Worth, Texas. This pair measures eight feet one inch from tip to tip, the horns being eleven and a half inches around at the base and almost as perfect in curve and color as the San Antonio set. Mr. Barse procured this pair of horns from a steer shipped to the Kansas City Stockyards in 1877. The third largest is a pair on exhibition at Denver, Colorado, that measures seven feet four inches from tip to tip. Quite a number were seen that measured more than seven feet, but the above specimens are probably the monarchs of them all.

Of all the noteworthy animals seen in the flesh—and the longhorn seekers made it a point to look up every animal they could locate—only one had horns seven feet in length, with the true old-time, old-type spread and curve to them. He was seen in the mesquite thickets of Jim Hogg County, is fifteen years old and very gentle. His body, with those wonderful horns, should be preserved in some museum. He is unquestionably the king of the longhorns—the most perfect living specimen in this country today.

Entertaining the Visitors

Naturally, on such a jaunt some unusual experiences were bound to happen. Over near Laredo the men drove about seventy-five miles through dense mesquite and prickly-pear jungles to look up a steer said to be a world-beater for horns. Arrived at the ranch, they found the steer in the corral ready for inspection. The owner was out on the range, but his wife went with the men to the corral, warning them that the steer was very wild and dangerous and to watch their step. Perhaps her words of caution were due to the fact that one of the men introduced himself as "from the city of Washington." What could a government man from the effete East be expected to know about wild longhorn steers? She felt it her duty at least to warn them of the danger they were facing.

Turning the corner of a low shed that cut off a clear view of the corral, a pale-red thunderbolt shot across it toward the fence.

"Look out! There he comes!" shrieked the lady, who broke for an old wagon standing near and climbed into it with astonishing agility for her age and the length of her skirts.

The men stood their ground, realizing that the steer was not likely to go through the fence. He was too old and wise for that. But he was the grandest bluffer ever. Fifteen or sixteen years old, with a huge pair of horns on his head and the meanest imaginable look in his eye. For years he had been a show piece for the ranch, and people had stood outside the corral or upon its top and teased and baited him until he was ready to put on a show for visitors at any time. He was a half-breed Brahma, with the characteristic horns and build of those cattle. On one side of the corral was a small pen, between corral and pen a gate which was wide open. The forest officers divided forces. While one advanced slowly toward the corral, the other slipped around into the shed, from which a door opened into the smaller corral. Each man had a camera.

Action! Camera!

A cautious opening of the door brought the steer with his nose almost in the crack. Also the camera was hastily withdrawn. No time to make a snapshot anyway. This gave the other man a chance to climb the outer fence, which movement brought the steer promptly to his vicinity, when he proceeded to hook at the man's feet as he went up, and even as he stood on the very top plank. The opening of the shed door and the pointing of a camera drew him again in that direction. A slap on the nose as he poked it into the crack of the open door sent him through the gate and into the smaller corral, or pen.

"Shut the gate quick! That pen is much safer!" cried the lady from her coign of vantage on the wagon.

The man on the fence made a prize long-distance jump, hit the ground running and raced for the swinging gate. But the steer saw him first and reached the gate opening ahead of the man—and came on through. The man slammed on his brakes, skidded a few feet and dived for the side of the pen, the steer in close pursuit, his long horns reaching amiably for the man's shirt tail as he went up the fence, somewhat like an alley cat hustling up a city shade tree just one jump ahead of a lively fox terrier. Quite like some airplanes, the man seemed to lack speed and climbing power.

Safely on the top board, the man caught his breath while the steer rattled those long horns on the soles of his shoes. He justified fully all the things the man had heard about the mean qualities of the Brahmas. About this time the man undertook to unlimber his camera and get a picture. Photograph As You Go was not his motto just then. Rather, Photograph After You Have Gone. The longhorn eyed the proceedings with deep interest. Suddenly a slight breeze blew the man's white Panama from his perspiring skull. It sailed gayly over the steer, landing a few feet from him. He was at once in hot pursuit.

What the steer did to that Panama was a-plenty. He bawled at it, pawed at it, slobbered all over it, stepped on it and finally speared it with one of those long rapier-like horns, and then went on a wild rampage around the corral, bucking and bawling and wearing in triumph, like some captured flag, that head covering from the tropics. It was a million-dollar movie stunt lost to the world. Eventually the hat came off the horn, and the steer, apparently highly pleased with himself, backed up into one corner of the corral and watched the man take his picture without further action on his part.

The men closed their cameras and took their departure. He was a longhorn all right, but too much Brahma blood in his veins to justify his place in a purely longhorn herd.

But he furnished ten or fifteen minutes of highly exciting entertainment to two forest officers and one woman.

In their search for genuine specimens the men traveled almost 5000 miles over the grassy plains and through the mesquite thickets of Southern Texas. They searched through the dry *resacas* along the Rio Grande and looked through miles of cottonwood *bosques* for what they sought. They rode miles and miles through dense forests of mesquite or thickets of prickly pear, cat's-claw and huisache, where every limb was decorated with fishhook thorns or needlelike spines of the cactus. They went fifty miles down narrow mesquite-bordered roads, their only guide an occasional glimpse from some slight elevation of the silvery wings of a distant windmill that, standing high above the trees, marked the location of the lone cow ranch they sought.

Out of the Past

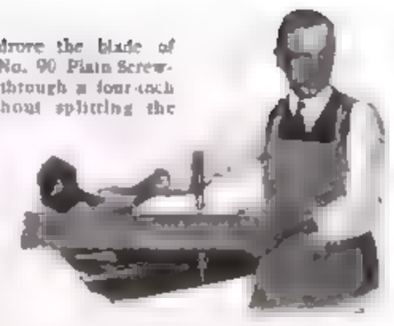
They looked through thousands and thousands of cattle in pastures, in round-ups, stockyards and open fields often 20,000 or 30,000 acres in extent. From them all they selected finally the twenty-three animals that they deemed worthy of being classed as true types of the historic old longhorn cattle.

To one of the men it was a genuine labor of love. As a youngster he had known the longhorns when they were the one breed of the Southwestern ranges. He had seen trail herd after trail herd marching solemnly and ponderously across the almost trackless plains, headed for the new and unoccupied ranges of the great Northwest. He had raced with them at night in wild stampedes when the clashing of their wide-spreading horns almost drowned out the cries of the cowboys, who, with waving slickers or noisy six-shooters, were striving hard to swing the crazed animals into a mill and thus get them under control. He had seen thousands of them turned over to Western Indian agents to feed and help civilize the noble red men. They had fed the major portion of the old-time United States Army on the frontier in the early pioneer days. He had seen great wagon trains a mile or more in length toil slowly across the plains and mountains, eight or ten yoke of longhorns to each wagon, making ten miles a day, finding their food at night when turned out to rustle for themselves.

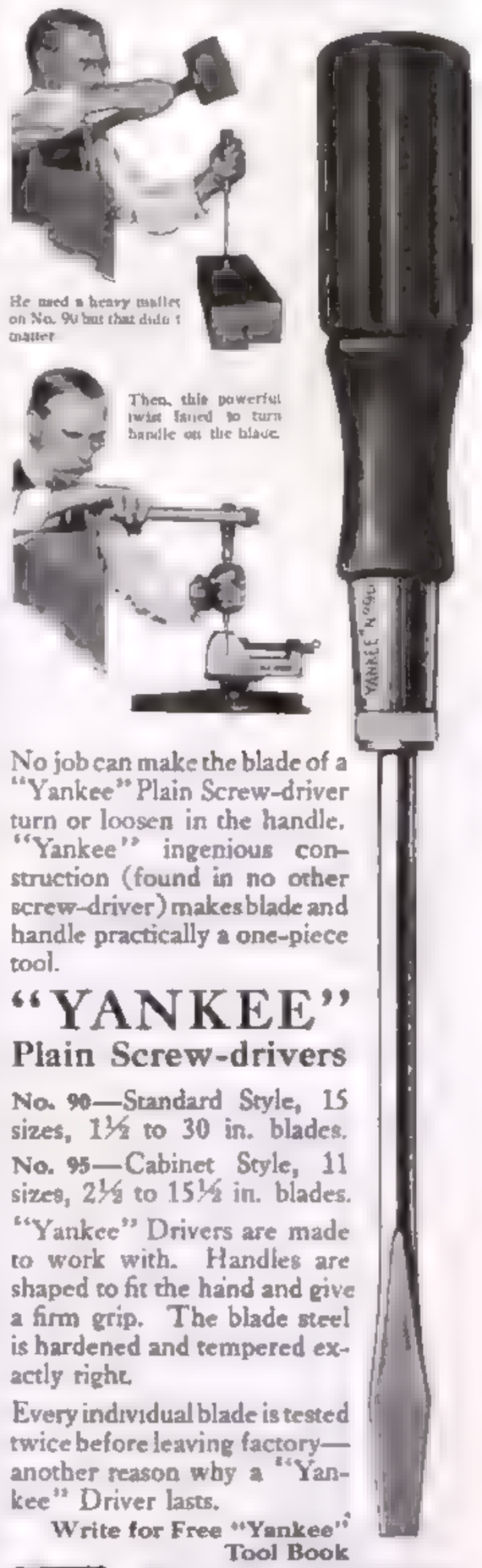
Yoked to great breaking plows, he had seen them turn the heavy sod on the prairies of Oklahoma to bring civilization where once they and the buffalo ranged supreme. To this man the gathering of this remnant of the old-timers that they may be saved from extinction was a real episode, a fitting climax to half a century or more of a somewhat active and adventurous life on the Far Western cattle ranges.

The Monarch of Them All. The Finest Living Type of Longhorn Steer in the Whole State of Texas

This man drove the blade of "Yankee" No. 90 Plain Screw-driver right through a four-inch plank—without splitting the handle.



You can't loosen a "YANKEE" Handle



No job can make the blade of a "Yankee" Plain Screw-driver turn or loosen in the handle. "Yankee" ingenious construction (found in no other screw-driver) makes blade and handle practically a one-piece tool.

"YANKEE" Plain Screw-drivers

No. 90—Standard Style, 15 sizes, 1½ to 30 in. blades.
No. 95—Cabinet Style, 11 sizes, 2½ to 15½ in. blades.

"Yankee" Drivers are made to work with. Handles are shaped to fit the hand and give a firm grip. The blade steel is hardened and tempered exactly right.

Every individual blade is tested twice before leaving factory—another reason why a "Yankee" Driver lasts.

Write for Free "Yankee" Tool Book

Shows how "Yankee" Tools make work easier: Spiral Screw-drivers, Ratchet Bit Braces, Ratchet Breast, Hand, Chain, and Bench Drills, Automatic Push Drills, Ratchet Tap-wrenches, Vises, with removable base, etc.

Dealers Everywhere Sell "Yankee" Tools

"Yankee" on the tool you buy means the utmost in quality, efficiency and durability.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U.S.A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

The Iver Johnson Juniorcycle

stays out of the repair shop

DON'T buy your child a cheap, poorly made sidewalk bicycle that may break, with possible injury to the rider. Buy your child the beautiful, sturdy and safe Iver Johnson Juniorcycle. Finished like a high-priced automobile, yet it has the rugged qualities of a truck. Vital parts are drop-forged for double strength.

Equipment includes New Departure Endee coaster brake, full one-inch non-skid cushion rubber tires, strong steel stand, and mudguards front and rear. Colors: Red, Blue or Gold, with "Duco" white head. Full nickel fork and steering column. *Write for Free Color Catalog "B."*

Safe and sturdy

IVER JOHNSON VELOCIPEDE

Tiny tots long for this famous Velocipede. Just as beautiful and safe as the Juniorcycle, because made in the same high-class way. Comes with same type tires as the Juniorcycle, and in the same colors. *Write for Free Color Catalog "B"*

IVER JOHNSON BICYCLES

Good to look at, good to ride, and good for long use. Made with high carbon seamless steel tubing and genuine drop forgings for safety and durability. The two-point ball bearings make pedaling easy as walking. Colors: Iver Johnson Blue, Maroon, Green or Black. *Write for Free Color Catalog "B."*

Dealers: Throughout America the demand for Iver Johnson Juniorcycles and Velocipedes is increasing. Some new territories are still without adequate dealer representation. Write at once to Fitchburg concerning this golden selling opportunity.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
7 RIVER STREET, FITCHBURG, MASS.
New York, 151 Chambers Street
Chicago, 108 W. Lake Street
San Francisco, 717 Market Street

IVER JOHNSON

RESTOCKING THE COVERTS

(Continued from Page 40)

Two men on Prince Edward Island engaged in the business. Within a few years' time they shipped to the London fur market twenty-five pelts that brought the highest average price in history—close to $3000 a pelt. Naturally, that touched the match to the business and a new industry had been launched. One of the men realized more than $500,000 in his business and one was knighted by the British Government. Up to date the sale of breeding stock to those who wished to engage in the business has been very lucrative to the fox ranchers who were already established. That phase will soon pass and the industry will be placed on a pelt basis. As early as 1916 there was $31,000,000 invested in silver-fox farms on Prince Edward Island alone. It has spread all over the world. In fact, it may be classed today as one of the recognized occupations, and both silver and Arctic blue foxes may be considered as numbered among our domestic animals henceforth. But there are allied fields that have not yet been conquered.

It Could Not be Done

The fisher is a vanishing American fur bearer. At least his numbers are not plentiful. The price of his pelt has gone up from between fifteen and thirty dollars to very much higher figures. Fisher pelts vary widely in beauty and price. I have seen exceptionally good skins priced as high as $350 retail within recent years; fair silver-fox pelts for half that price. I venture the prediction that before many years, probably within the next decade, the price of fisher skins—which brought perhaps twenty-five dollars average when silver-fox pelts sold for an average of $1000—will command as high an average price as silver foxes. The man who first succeeds in rearing fishers in captivity will duplicate the success of the pioneers in both the silver and blue-fox industries. I have visited some surprisingly successful fox farms. Quite recently one fox farmer told me that he had purchased three fishers. Others, too, are experimenting along that line. Some of them will succeed and another valuable American fur bearer that is approaching the end in a wild state will be added to the semidomesticated list.

Marten pelts sold for from two to eight dollars between 1907 and 1912. A decade later I saw traders paying $90 and $100 average in trade to the natives of Northern Canada, beyond the Great Slave Lake, for marten pelts. Coincident with this rise in price, many individuals began experimenting with marten farming. I visited one place just out of Juneau, Alaska, where a man had achieved partial success.

Late in the fall of 1920 I was with Charlie Hedrick in the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming. He trapped a pair of yearling beavers out of a colony that was backing water into his lower pasture and we packed them to a landlocked pond where natural food was abundant. Some eighteen months ago Hedrick wrote me that from this one pair the colony had grown to sixteen individuals, with prospects for a good spring increase. He feared that unless he fenced the pond the beavers would begin to migrate when the colony should increase to twenty-five or more; to which numbers it should attain that year. Still a second spring's increase has graced the pond since then, so the colony should number close to forty by now, unless some have migrated. Hedrick has only to fence that pond to have a going beaver concern on his own premises, with aspen, willow and water-lily stems in profusion for natural food. And in 1925, when I was in Alaska, the Bureau of Biological Survey was preparing to advertise for live beaver which they intend to purchase for the purpose of liberating them in areas where the native beavers have become depleted almost to the vanishing point.

The bureau was preparing to purchase live mink which were to be liberated on the Kodiak-Afognak group of islands several hundred miles to the northwest. On Chichagof Island, a day's trip out of Juneau by gas boat, I talked with a man who had raised forty-two young mink from seven females during his first year's operations and had raised them all to maturity. He was that year breeding thirty-odd females.

Muskrats, also, were to be purchased for stocking purposes. From 1905 to 1920, muskrat pelts rose from ten and fifteen cents to as high as seven dollars a pelt. The price has since dropped more than half, but during the period of peak prices literally hundreds of individuals prepared to engage in muskrat farming. If the price had remained at even half of the top levels there would be thousands of successful muskrat growers in the United States and Canada today.

Within the past twenty-five years many of our native fur bearers—red, cross and silver foxes, the blue fox, raccoon, opossum, mink and skunk—have been reared in captivity with such success that they will soon be classed with the semidomestic list. The experimenting with fishers, martens, muskrats and others may also accomplish the domestication of those creatures if fur prices hold firm or increase with the years. There were approximately 500 new fur farms launched in the northern tier of states in 1926. Yet, as evidence of the skepticism with which the three thousand view the efforts of the one, no more than a dozen years ago some of the large fur houses were advising trappers against attempting fur farming, predicting that it could not be done and that even in case fur bearers were raised in captivity the pelts would be relatively valueless. Instead, with the same ingenuity with which man has bred up his other domestic animals and birds, he has, in these past few years, bred up the silver fox, which is no more than a freak color phase of the red fox, and fixed the silver strain. Today there are probably fifty superior ranch-raised silver-fox pelts marketed for every one wild-caught silver.

As wild fur bearers become more and more depleted and fur prices rise there will be, in all probability, more ranch-raised fur bearers purchased for liberation in order that they may revert to the wild and restock certain areas with their kind, thus still further reversing the old order of things. However, the fur farmer has no particular need to market his output alive. Any raw-fur buyer will pay cash for all the pelts that he can produce. In the final analysis his prosperity will depend upon fur prices as the prosperity of the stockman depends upon the market price of his particular commodity.

Though there is some little purchase of ranch-raised fur bearers for restocking purposes, and which may increase, the chief market for live native birds and animals for restocking purposes is ranging more and more heavily into the class of game birds and small game animals. It bids fair to become an industry of considerable proportions and it is one of the few where the demand is so far in excess of the supply that there need be no apprehension as to markets.

The one best illustration of this relatively new business is that of K. C. Beck, of Hutchinson, Kansas, widely known throughout the West as Koon Beck. Beck's business is a revelation as to the ease with which many creatures, presumably with no market value, are disposed of at good prices while the customers clamor for more.

A Few Rabbits and Things

It so happened that I had not been in those parts for almost four years. The town had grown until it claimed a population of 30,000. If anyone had made a moderate success of the grocery business, garage business or any other recognized pursuit in the interim I would be sure to hear of it, and did. But when I made inquiry about the live bird and animal business, no one seemed to know.

"What Koon really ought to do is to start raising coyotes for the bounty," one wag told me. "That's about the only thing he hasn't tried." The general impression seemed to be: "Koon? Oh, I guess he's still handling a few rabbits and things."

His place is in a grove on the river bank at the edge of town, and I drove down there. It was Saturday and the farmers were driving up in automobiles and wagons to dispose of the rabbits that they had trapped during the week. I've never seen such a swarm of cottontails as were disgorged from boxes, baskets, crates, sacks and other receptacles. One man brought seven dozen. A half-grown boy carried in an old automobile tire. Placing his hands inside the aperture at various points, he spread it apart. At each pry a cottontail hopped out, until he had extracted eleven. Beck was paying thirty cents apiece for rabbits. He disbursed upward of $600 to the farmers of the

(Continued on Page 131)

Pet Elks From a Herd of Over 500 on a Farm at Middleboro, Massachusetts

A photograph of a mid-western home painted with 40-40-20

"What an Attractive House!"

40-40-20 Paint Keeps it Looking that Way

The most noticeable thing about a house is its color. Do you know that both the original color of the tint and its stability depend upon the natural and permanent whiteness of the pigments from which the paint is made? This is true of gray, cream, yellow, or other tints used for exterior painting.

A tint made on a base not truly white lacks clearness and brightness in the beginning—it looks "muddy." And as time passes, any such deviation from whiteness in the base pigments changes the shade of the tint.

The pigments used in **40-40-20 paint** are all truly and permanently white. The **40-40-20** base is insurance that tints will be pure, clear and unchanging. If you wish to paint white, **40-40-20** gives a permanently white finish.

40-40-20 has been called the greatest advance in the science of exterior paint making in the last 100 years. Yet it costs no more than other quality paints.

Send for a free copy of the booklet "When White is White."

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY

160 Front Street, New York City

40-40-20
The Permanently White
OUTSIDE PAINT

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SAFETY-RULE number one:—Kill the danger-germs in your mouth by using a dash or two of ASTRINGOSOL on a moist tooth-brush. More than a mouth-wash—a germ-killer. Harmless to you, deadly to germs that always lurk between the teeth and around the gums, causing Receding Gums, Pyorrhea, Bad Breath, Tooth Decay and other serious ailments. Use ASTRINGOSOL as a mouth-wash too. Use it often. Breath-purifying, invigorating, tingling, delightful. Dilute to suit your taste. Goes many times further than any ordinary mouth-wash. Use ASTRINGOSOL at least twice a day. Visit your dentist twice a year. Fill in the coupon for a Three-day Free Supply of ASTRINGOSOL.

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Established 1855

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(Continued from Page 128)

countryside during the day. Figure the number of rabbits yourself. During the rabbit-shipping season of approximately three months he seldom ships less than 1200 cottontails on a Saturday. Weekdays the receipts are not so large. They would seem large, however, except in comparison to Saturdays. His largest day was 172 dozen—2064 rabbits—for which he paid an average of thirty-three cents apiece, distributing $681.12 among the farmer-trappers. During his best three months' season in a good rabbit year he shipped somewhat more than 33,000 live cottontails. There was no doubt in my mind but what he was handling a few rabbits and things.

And of "things" there are many. Raccoons, opossums, skunks and civets stray into the farmers' box traps that have been set for rabbits. There are few living creatures that he will not purchase, in fact. Coyotes and badgers appear and he takes them. Coyotes, incidentally, and black-bear cubs, strange as it may seem, are two creatures with which the markets are usually overstocked.

The big red fox squirrels, natives of the wooded districts farther to the east, began pushing along the hedgerows to inhabit the young groves of trees round farmers' houses as this flat prairie country was settled. Settlers from wooded districts were glad to see these old friends and but few of them were shot. There developed the curious situation that while fox squirrels became depleted almost to the vanishing point in much of their native habitat, out here on the prairies they flourished in amazing abundance. The towns, too, were full of them. We never had less than half a dozen nesting in our yard. The oncoming generation began to shoot them, but still they remained plentiful. Frequently a fox squirrel strayed into a farmer's rabbit trap and he would bring the creature in to Beck.

Beck has uniform shipping crates partitioned to hold an even dozen live cottontails. His deliveries on rabbits are always so far in arrears of orders that he ships by express on the same day that the rabbits are received, whether the number is one dozen or a hundred dozen.

Cranes—Slightly Damaged

The squirrels, however, he had not arranged to market; but he bought all that came in. A number of years ago I wandered into his place in the height of the rabbit-shipping season. There were fox squirrels all over the place—several hundred of them busily feeding, and, to all appearances, not at all perturbed by their captivity.

"What are you going to do with that swarm of squirrels?" I asked.

"I'll sell 'em some place as soon as this rabbit rush is over and I get a chance to write a few letters. I don't know yet. But you can bet there's somebody round the country anxious to buy them as soon as I locate the right party. It won't be any trouble. I just had an order for 7500 cottontails from one state and 3600 from another that I won't even be able to start on."

Some time later I went down to see Beck again. The squirrels were gone. The market had been waiting, just as he predicted—such a voracious market, in fact, that as soon as it became known that he had shipped fox squirrels, he was literally swamped with orders. Everyone, it seemed, wanted fox squirrels. He told the farmers to bring on their squirrels. Since then he has shipped as high as 5000 fox squirrels in a year and has never been within a mile of filling his orders.

"What can't you sell?" I asked.

"I haven't found it yet. All I ask is that it's alive and in good health and I'll find a market." In this he merely echoed what Horne had told me. "They've killed so much stuff in this country," Koon said, "that almost anything that's got life in it is in demand."

Later he proved this in several ways that would have seemed beyond the possibilities of reason even a few years ago.

The one largest item of the business is the cottontail end of it, as may be imagined from the fact that Beck sold more than 100,000 live rabbits to the state of Pennsylvania alone in six years. I'll say he handles a few rabbits and things.

Speaking further of "things," one day Beck received a wire from the Texas Panhandle country asking how much he would pay for sand-hill cranes with broken wings. He wired back that he would pay ten dollars, provided the wing was broken at some point well away from the body. That would be necessary in order that it might be clipped at a point where it would heal readily. He confided to me later that he thought perhaps some hunter had crippled a great blue heron and believed it to be a sand-hill crane. He had a return wire asking how many he could use at that figure. He wired back laconically "All you can get," and thought no more about it. Several days later two flivvers drove up to Beck's place, the back of each fashioned into a crate, and out of each crate the necks of sand-hill cranes were thrust in profusion.

"Well," Beck said, hands on hips, surveying this scene, "I didn't know there were that many sand-hills anywhere in the country. But I'll sell them somewhere. Let's unload them."

Dinner for a King

A huge gang of cranes, it seemed, had been wintering on or near the Staked Plains country of Texas. A violent hailstorm had broken the wings of many of the big birds. The man who had wired Beck had then set forth and chased the cripples down on his horse. Koon had not expected such a deluge of cranes. He would, of course, have to keep the birds until such time as their wings had healed before shipping them. The percentage of losses among the crippled animals and birds that are brought in is large. He sent out a few wires and a number of letters pricing cranes at fifty dollars per bird. Instead of being deluged with cranes, as he had thought possible, he was literally swamped with orders. Inside of three days the twenty-four cranes had been purchased in reply to his wires; and wires were piling up in response to his letters. There was a bull market on cranes. Orders have piled up ever since. Beck corresponded with his Texas friends to no avail. About a year later I met him on the street.

"I'm taking a trip," he announced. "I'm going to drive down into that country and see where those cranes winter. Then I'm going to pray for hail."

His supplication was unavailing. Apparently the Panhandle has been free of hailstorms since then. In any event, there have been no more cranes forthcoming from those parts. Beck did have a sand-hill and, what is much rarer, a pair of little brown cranes in his pens the last time I visited his place. They were all sold and he was holding them until their shot-broken wings had healed before shipping them.

Also, he had two of the extremely rare trumpeter swans. Some unknown hunter had shot into a little flock of these birds and crippled two, which had remained on Little Salt Marsh. John McGuire and Bill Petrie, two former market hunters whose places border one side of the marsh, instructed all hunters not to fire a shot at those two crippled swans. Eventually they were caught and taken to Beck. He spent something more than $100 having their wings X-rayed and reset. He thought he might be able to breed them in captivity, he said. Then the Federal Government stepped in and confiscated the birds.

The Texan who chased and captured alive those sand-hills was much wiser than the young farmer who, with his dogs, chased a wing-tipped whooping crane in his pasture lot. The dogs kept it occupied and the farm boy killed the magnificent

(Continued on Page 133)

They're rebuilding *Old Ironsides* with durable Douglas Fir

One hundred and thirty years ago America's forests gave of their best to build the good frigate Constitution. Today, they are called upon again—this time to rebuild the historic vessel—and from the vast forests of the Pacific Northwest, America's permanent lumber supply, will come timbers, masts and spars of durable Douglas Fir.

The wood of many uses

All the world knows this most widely useful wood—knows that in strength, durability, sizes and lengths it offers a combination of properties that cannot be duplicated in any other commercial species. What, then, could be more natural than the use of Douglas Fir—from the area of perpetual forest growth—to rebuild the Constitution . . . . . the same sort of wood that construction experts demand—upon which they depend when they build a home, a factory or a bridge?

So widespread is the increasing use of durable Douglas Fir that—to give a specific example—shipments of this lumber to the Atlantic Seaboard have increased more than *forty-fold*—from 50 million feet per year to 2,000 million feet—since 1919.

An ideal wood for home building

Wherever you live, you can obtain from your retail lumber dealer Douglas Fir framing lumber that is nearly all *heartwood*—durable, strong and stiff, weather-resisting exterior trim, siding, frames, columns and gutters; wear-resisting flooring; beautifully grained interior paneling, trim and fixtures. Your dealer can show you how Douglas Fir stays straight—resists warping and checking—how light it is for all its strength—how easily it is worked—how well it takes and retains paint, stain, varnish and wax.

And along with the Douglas Fir grows the West Coast Hemlock, the Sitka Spruce and the Western Red Cedar. You need only to send us your name and address to receive illustrated books on Douglas Fir and these other West Coast woods. Just write West Coast Lumber Bureau, 562 Stuart Building, Seattle, Washington.

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Deep sleep brings vibrant energy to make the most of life. You, too, can enjoy this radiant vitality if you sleep soundly, dreamlessly, fully relaxed . . .

Mentally alert . . . physically active . . . he gets this NEW DEEP SLEEP

FOR the haste and hurry of modern life there is no tonic like sleep.

But it must be deep, restful sleep . . . sleep that builds up mind and body because each tired nerve and muscle is relaxed.

This is the kind of sleep you get when your bedspring is a De Luxe. For the De Luxe spring fits your body—molds itself to meet each curve—brings soothing comfort that gives new pep and energy to tired nerves and muscles. You gratefully relax into the yielding depths of a De Luxe . . . drop gently off into sound, refreshing sleep.

Sidesway is impossible with a De Luxe spring. It is perfectly noiseless, too; never creaks, squeaks or groans just when you're in the borderland between wakefulness and sleep. And a De Luxe doesn't tip you towards the middle of the bed, either; two persons, no matter how different their weights, can sleep together in complete comfort without disturbing each other's rest.

If you have never slept on a De Luxe spring a delightful experience awaits you. Arrange at once with your furniture or department store for a trial. But be sure the spring is a De Luxe, for the downright comfort and lifetime wear of a De Luxe spring is found only in bedsprings that bear the De Luxe label.

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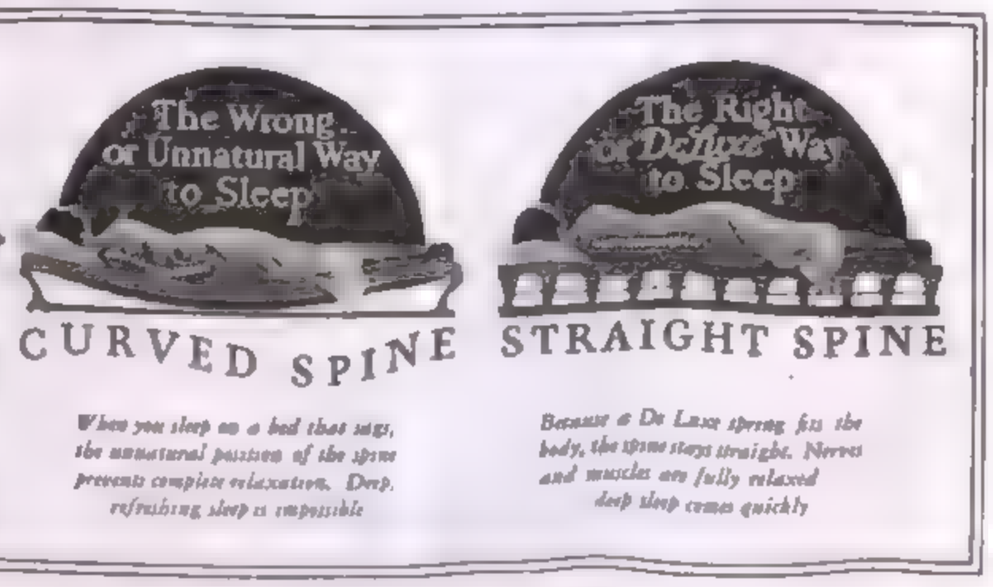
Distributing Warehouses Everywhere

This DeLuxe label stamped on the side rail is your guarantee of getting all the quality points that only the De Luxe spring has. Look for it and be sure!



CURVED SPINE

When you sleep on a bed that sags, the unnatural position of the spine prevents complete relaxation. Deep, refreshing sleep is impossible

STRAIGHT SPINE

Because a De Luxe spring fits the body, the spine stays straight. Nerves and muscles are fully relaxed deep sleep comes quickly

ROME QUALITY PRODUCTS FOR RELAXATION AND SLEEP

(Continued from Page 131)

bird with a club, roasting it later. Only the very tip of its wing had been hurt by a hunter's shot. Bill Petrie and John McGuire, hearing that the bird had been wing-tipped by a hunter, were out searching for the big whooper at the time it was killed. That was a number of years ago, but even so, the young farmer had an expensive roast that day, probably the last one of its kind that will ever be indulged in by mortal man. Alive, the bird would have been worth close to $1000.

The great white whooping crane, the trumpeter and whistling swans, the Canada goose and the wild turkey probably rank as the grandest of all America's larger game birds. The turkey, of course, has been domesticated and the annual turkey business mounts well into the millions. The Canada goose is still relatively plentiful. A few of them are even raised in captivity. The few remaining whistling swans seem to be holding their own. The pitiful remnant of trumpeters is holding on, but seems doomed to ultimate extinction. The whooping crane, stateliest and most beautiful of them all, is doomed.

Eggs at a Price

Probably the last pair of whooping cranes that will ever be taken into captivity were exceptionally tame and contented. The owner had hopes that this pair would breed. No doubt if he had been located in the country where he could have fenced in a small strip of marsh or meadow for them they would have mated. He kept the whoopers for three years, refusing to part with them. A zoo in Pretoria, Africa, offered him $2500 for them. The United States Government instructed him to keep the birds in this country. He sold them to an Australian, who, I believe, agreed to keep them in the United States. Eventually they were seized by the Government. One was killed accidentally. The other is in some zoölogical garden in the East. It is to be regretted that this grandest of all American birds had passed to the point of virtual extinction before any experimenter secured a few and tried to raise the species in captivity. However, it is too late now.

There are a great many such curiously opposite couplets as that afforded by the contrasting fates of the turkey and the whooping crane. The guinea, originally a wild African game bird, has been domesticated and is now a familiar figure in American farmyards, with untold thousands of them for sale at seventy-five cents to a dollar apiece, its eggs marketable at approximately the prevailing price of hen's eggs. The prairie chicken—one of our native game birds and a far finer one than the guinea, once swarming our prairies in untold millions, its eggs gathered by the bushel by settlers—is now in great demand alive at prices ranging from $120 to $180 a dozen, with the demand far in excess of the supply. Yet I do not know of any experiment under way to raise prairie chickens in captivity. Possibly that is another of those things which have never been done and are therefore accepted as proved impossible of accomplishment.

We have domesticated and raised in captivity an enormous number of various foreign pheasants to the end that they might be liberated in areas wherein our own far finer native game birds have been depleted by overshooting. There is now excellent pheasant shooting from Oregon to Pennsylvania. But the heath hen, close Eastern relative of the prairie hen, is now represented only by a very few specimens in one restricted area in Rhode Island. No doubt it will soon join the ranks of the passenger pigeon, the whooping crane and the Carolina parrakeet in oblivion, although every effort is being made to save it. Had anyone had the foresight to try domesticating the heath hen a few years ago, there is little doubt that he could dispose of his increase today at $100 a bird.

We are stocking various vicinities with the Hungarian partridge. Yet our own bobwhite is in great demand at prices of thirty-six to forty-two dollars a dozen. Some game farms are already experimenting with raising bobwhites in captivity for the purpose of liberating them. I have been told, though I cannot verify it from first-hand knowledge, that a fifteen-year-old boy in Illinois started raising quail as pets and was so successful that within a few years he was raising them as easily as the average poultry fancier raises chickens, and that his hobby had been converted into a business of considerable proportions.

Many bird fanciers have found it so relatively easy to raise most birds in captivity that they do not hesitate to pay fancy prices for a pair of some rare birds in the hope of breeding them. Some years ago one man told me of an order he had received from a woman pheasant grower. She wanted a pair of very rare pheasants of a variety that had not yet been raised in captivity. He informed me later that the foreign-bird market had been canvassed and a pair had been secured for her at a price of $1200. The result of her breeding experiment I have not learned.

The annual market for live wild ducks, of course, is enormous. The mallard, which one would assume to be in greatest demand, is actually the least sought after, though the annual turnover in mallards is large. The reason for this lesser demand is occasioned by the facts that the mallard is one of our most abundant ducks in a wild state and that within the past dozen years the birds have been brought under domestication and are now raised in considerable numbers. The wood duck, one of our most beautiful birds, was nearing extinction in many parts of its range when its shooting was prohibited. Fortunately, the live birds commanded such a price that a number of people conceived the idea of rearing them in captivity. Many hit upon the proper methods and succeeded to the point where thousands of the gaudy little wood ducks are now raised annually. They are still in good demand at about ten dollars a bird. Even in the face of this, it was said that the diving ducks, such as redhead, canvasback, scaup, ruddy, and others, could not be raised in captivity. This is still contended in some quarters. Nevertheless, some years ago Beck had a pair of canvasbacks, each of which had lost a wing near the body, which wrecked their chances as birds to be displayed in city parks. He sold them to some experimenter in Ohio, and from that one pair and their offspring the man has raised some 300 canvasbacks. Beck informed me that two men, one in Saskatchewan and the other in Alberta, were raising redheads and bluebills in captivity. I know of no one who is raising ruddy ducks. The time for that is ripe, if it is ever to be done. The ruddy is nearing extinction. At the present rate another dozen years will suffice to place the ruddy in the gallery of the departed.

Too Much Demand

One man I know pays five dollars apiece for wing-tipped ruddies, stands the loss, which in ruddies is large, and has a market for ten times the number that he can supply at ten dollars apiece. I could go on indefinitely reciting the market status of our different ducks, but it will suffice if I state without fear of contradiction that the demand for every variety of live American wild duck—with the possible exception of ranch-raised mallards, and the demand for them is good—is at least double the supply, and in most instances far greater.

The same thing is relatively true of our geese. The blue goose, Canada, Hutchins', the cackler, greater and lesser snow geese, the American white-fronted goose and the emperor goose, all are in demand. There are few American game birds that I have not seen at one time or another in one animal dealer's lot. His only source of supply for waterfowl is the duck hunters themselves. He urges them to save all ducks that are only winged, instead of killing them. The great majority of them,

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WE are often asked—"Is Barreled Sunlight enamel or paint?"

We smile and are tempted to reply that it is neither.

It has all the smoothness of the finest enamel, which makes it as washable as tile—and yet none of enamel's dazzling sheen—but a deep, soft, handsome lustre all its own.

It has all the easy-flowing qualities of a high-grade oil paint and covers so well that it costs no more on the finished job than many paints priced less per gallon.

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In Gloss, Semi-Gloss and Flat. Cans and drums. For priming, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat.

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Ordinary flat finish white paint

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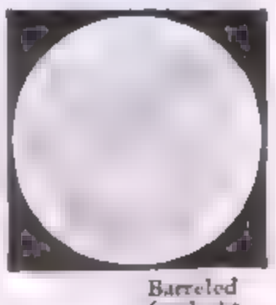
These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Smooth, unbroken and non-porous, it resists dirt and washes like tile



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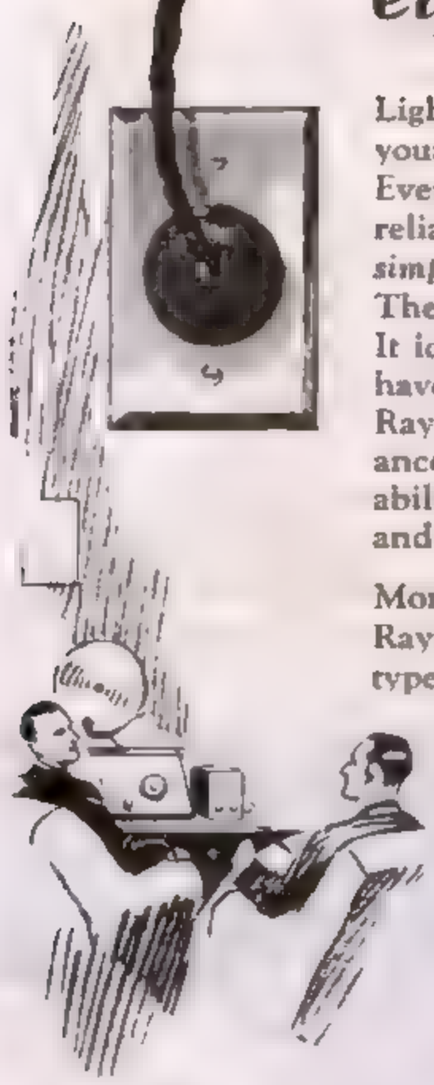

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More than 40 leading manufacturers build Raytheon-equipped power units for various types and styles of receiving sets. Select the one that meets your requirements and buy with full confidence in the performance of the device and the integrity of its makers.

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125 m. a. 300 volts	2½ Amps.
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RAYTHEON MANUFACTURING CO.
Cambridge, Mass.

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THE HEART OF RELIABLE RADIO POWER

however, do not bother to save the birds alive.

Several years ago a friend and myself were prowling along the Ninnescah River when a bird ran ahead of us in the tall slough grass. Swinging my gun sidewise, I pressed the grass down across it with the barrel until my friend captured it. The bird proved to be a king rail. We gave it to a dealer friend. Some time later he told me that he had sold it for five dollars to the first man to whom he had offered it—a bird fancier who had purchased quite a consignment. I asked him how the market was on king rails.

"I don't know," he said. "But if you go out and run down 100 of those fellows tomorrow, I'll give you two and a half apiece. I can sell ten times the number of shore birds that I can get."

Upland, golden and black-bellied plover, greater and lesser yellowlegs, avocets and willets, jacksnipe and curlews, sandpipers of any variety, he told me, were snapped up instantly whenever he could supply them. What was said of the ducks applies equally to shore birds in that the demand for every variety of the latter far exceeds any possible source of supply.

A White Elephant

The majority of the creatures cited here are game birds and animals in which the great army of sportsmen of the nation are more or less interested, so it is not too difficult to understand a certain demand for them. But there is also an active though more limited market for nearly every variety of song birds and insectivorous birds. That, too, is comprehensible—that a certain percentage of individuals should desire to possess various birds either for their vocal ability or for the brilliance of their plumage.

But we descend still further down the scale of "things" and the end is not yet. With the jack rabbit considered a pest in many parts of the West, and with a bounty on his scalp in Kansas, who wants jack rabbits? Nevertheless, as intimated earlier, it was the jack rabbit that first launched one of the big dealers in the live bird and animal business on a large scale. He had been raising pheasants and also experimenting with various kinds of wild ducks and other game birds and was induced to make an exhibit at various county fairs. Farmers seemed very much interested and inquired the price of a pair of this or that.

Then someone confronted him with an offer from an Eastern coursing club to pay two dollars apiece for 200 live jack rabbits. He decided to take it on. The jack is a hare, a creature of the open country, and it will not enter the box traps that the farmers put out for the cottontails. He induced a hardware dealer to lend him a quantity of light poultry wire, and he erected V-shaped wings several hundred yards in length with a small trap pen at the apex. The end of one wing rested on the bank of the Arkansas River. The farmers of the vicinity turned out in force to help him. He had estimated that the drive should net him approximately 100 jacks and that he would secure the rest at some other point. The farmers made one enthusiastic drive. Hundreds of jacks were killed by dashing against the wire at top speed. Others swarmed through the narrow orifice until the too-small trap pen at its end was packed.

Many escaped by running over the others and leaping out. Scores were trampled to death. When the excitement was over, 715 live healthy jacks had been loaded into farm wagons with covers over the top, an equal number had been killed or crippled by running against the wire or by the trampling feet of their fellows, and no one knows how many escaped.

This dealer had filled several orders for live wild ducks previously, also small orders for other birds and animals. The jack-rabbit drive landed him in the business with both feet. Orders began to pour in for every known variety of game. His jack-rabbit orders reached 5000 a year, which is about the number that he now ships annually.

But the life of the animal dealer is not all roses. This one had visions of larger catches of jacks without such great losses. When he felt able to afford it, he had a very expensive, mile-long cotton net made for the purpose. This, be believed, would not injure the speeding jacks when they collided with it in their flight. The net was set one day in the usual V shape, with a much larger pocket trap at the apex, and preparations were made for a huge drive the next day. The drive was made, and the jacks seemed to run right through the net. During the night the cottontails, whose foraging ground it obstructed, had amused themselves by cutting the cotton net to shreds. It was absolutely ruined and the drive was a failure.

While on the subject of jacks it might not be amiss to relate an instance of another boomerang flyer this same man took in the jack-rabbit business. His bird and animal business was getting started off nicely when the war came on and put a sudden crimp in it. Later it appeared that there would be a serious food shortage. He took the matter up with the Government. What about canned jack rabbits for food? Certainly—good idea. The Government contracted for canned jack meat. Ammunition was difficult to secure. The dealer contracted for a carload of shotgun shells so that his hunters would be supplied. He sent hunters afield, storing such jacks as they brought in until he had completed a little canning factory. In one year he canned and sold to the United States Government 567,000 of the long-eared jacks of the prairies. He made arrangements to can between 600,000 and 750,000 jacks the following year. Then came the Armistice. The Government canceled the contract. This left him with an enormous number of the big prairie hares in storage—something over 250,000. This was not a case of can what you can't. It was a case of can't sell what you can; for the dealer also had a large supply of canned hare, delivery on which had been canceled. This was one instance when the supply exceeded the demand—oh, by far! It would not be an apt metaphor to say that the canning machinery was a white elephant on the dealer's hands. He would have known what to do with white elephants; they were right in his line of business. In fact, had opportunity offered he would have been delighted to trade the canning equipment for a white elephant and pay the difference in cash. He peddled the remainder of his ammunition and cast about to salvage what he could. Some commodity broker disposed of a carload or so of canned jack meat abroad at bargain prices.

Barnum Was Right

It so happened that I had not been in that part of the country for some little time and so had not heard of this canning venture. In December, 1918, I chanced to be in New Jersey. My brother-in-law, commuting from New York, spoke up one evening and inquired, "You like almost any kind of game, don't you?"

I explained that I preferred poker and bridge. He, in turn, explained that he was referring to edible game; that the water-front markets in the city were offering quantities of large White Mountain hares. The following day I went over to view these same White Mountain hares. The water-front markets were, as he had described, literally flooded with the same. They were displayed by the thousands.

"Ha!" I said. "I seem to sense the fine Italian hand of an old friend in this matter. Those are prairie jacks and he is the only man I know who is capable of playing such a little joke on New York."

And I was not wrong. The dealer had shipped an express-car load of frozen jacks to New York and sold them all. But the shipment scarcely made a dent in his surplus; and, eager as that great city is for

(Continued on Page 137)

The Footprints of Success

THERE are shoes that put pride into a man's stride. There are shoes that keep their shape—and their looks. Such shoes make the footprints of success.

Smith Smart Shoes are that kind of shoes. They stand up to the job. After the lifetime of most shoes they are still in their sturdy prime, *and look the part.* Tailored linings, counters of full grain leather, uppers from the heart of the finest hides, double stitching throughout—these are some of the excellences built into every pair.

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"VELMO UPHOLSTERY IS AN INVESTMENT IN ENDURING LUXURY"

(Continued from Page 134

new titbits, it cannot absorb too great a quantity of White Mountain hares.

He went down to St. Louis to confer with the fur men. Fur was booming. He hired men to skin frozen jacks and dispose of the carcasses. That relieved him of storage charges. He marketed over $17,000 worth of jack-rabbit fur in one shipment. The Government effected some sort of settlement on the jacks that had been canned under contract. He managed to settle his obligations and to get his feet under him again. When the live bird and animal market began to pick up—which it did with a bang—he started in once more to handle a few rabbits and things.

Reverting again to "things," who would suspect that there was a demand for live hawks? The general impression is that hawks are a good thing to rid a community of, so naturally they would not be purchased for restocking purposes. Yet the state of Pennsylvania, now the shining light of constructive conservation, once placed a bounty on hawks and owls in various parts of the state. Soon certain localities were infested with swarms of mice, rats and many other rodent pests upon which most hawks and owls subsist. It became necessary to purchase live hawks and owls and to restock the depleted areas with them to check the rodent scourge. Sometimes perfection by poison does not work out. Nature has a delicate balance that is all too easily disturbed by man when he tinkers with things by means of extermination campaigns. But these hawks that are sold nowadays—some 50 to 200 a year—probably go to bird fanciers and parks rather than for restocking purposes.

Some three years ago a dealer had an inquiry from the French Department of Agriculture for nonpoisonous snakes. And these were for restocking purposes. It seems that in some of the war areas snakes had been depleted to the point where rats and mice had become almost a plague. Apparently, French snakes did not increase with sufficient rapidity, so they were looking for some efficient American snakes to keep this rat scourge in check. Could Beck supply them? He instructed the farmers who trapped rabbits for him to bring in snakes when the spring came again. Came the spring, and with it came the snakes. Youngsters no longer slew every snake that crossed their paths. Instead, they captured the reptiles. The bulk of this traffic was conducted by the youth of the countryside. Bull snakes, garters, blue racers, spreading vipers, they brought them in, until there were some 3300 snakes on hand and they were still coming. It began to look like a case of too many snakes.

Snakes by the Foot

However, the French Government took several thousand, and almost immediately there occurred a sudden demand for snakes. Foreign dealers and zoölogical gardens wanted American snakes. American dealers wanted foreign snakes. Mystics, fakers and side-show artists wanted snakes. The dealer had always handled the South American boa and pythons from the Orient. Now he began shipping American snakes—the copperhead and rattler, in addition to nonpoisonous varieties—all over the world and purchasing foreign snakes, including the cobra, bushmaster and other deadly reptiles, for the American trade. One day he showed me the most amazing assortment of rattlesnakes I have ever seen. The local supply of snakes—and that is a snake country too—was not sufficient and he was having them shipped in from other localities. These were rattlers that he had just received from various parts of the South. I have seen numberless rattlesnakes in their native habitat ever since I could walk abroad, also those exhibited in captivity in all parts of the country, but among numerous big rattlers in that assortment there was one that would make two of the largest that I ever had seen. How such a monster rattlesnake occurred is a mystery. Even in zoos, where the best procurable specimens are kept, I have never seen a rattler even half the size of that one.

While on the subject of large snakes, here is another story: A farmer drove into a dealer's yard one day and from a sack extracted a huge bull snake some seven feet long. He inquired how that was for a snake. The dealer informed him that it was a dandy. The farmer pointed to a cage of small reptiles perhaps fourteen to thirty inches in length and inquired how much he paid for them. Twenty-five cents apiece, he was told. His eyes glistened. According to that he must have $100 worth of snakes in one. But when he was told that twenty-five cents was the flat price for all he was considerably upset. Some neighbor had played it lowdown on him, he explained. The man had told him that the dealer was paying a dollar a foot for snakes, and shortly thereafter he had chanced across this beautiful specimen, captured it and started for town.

"You don't get this old fellow for no two bits," he declared. "I'll take him home and set him to killing gophers on my own place."

That was in the first flush of the snake trade, before the zoo demand had come in, and a snake was a snake, two bits or nothing. The farmer sacked up his prize snake and took it home with him.

A Market for Pests

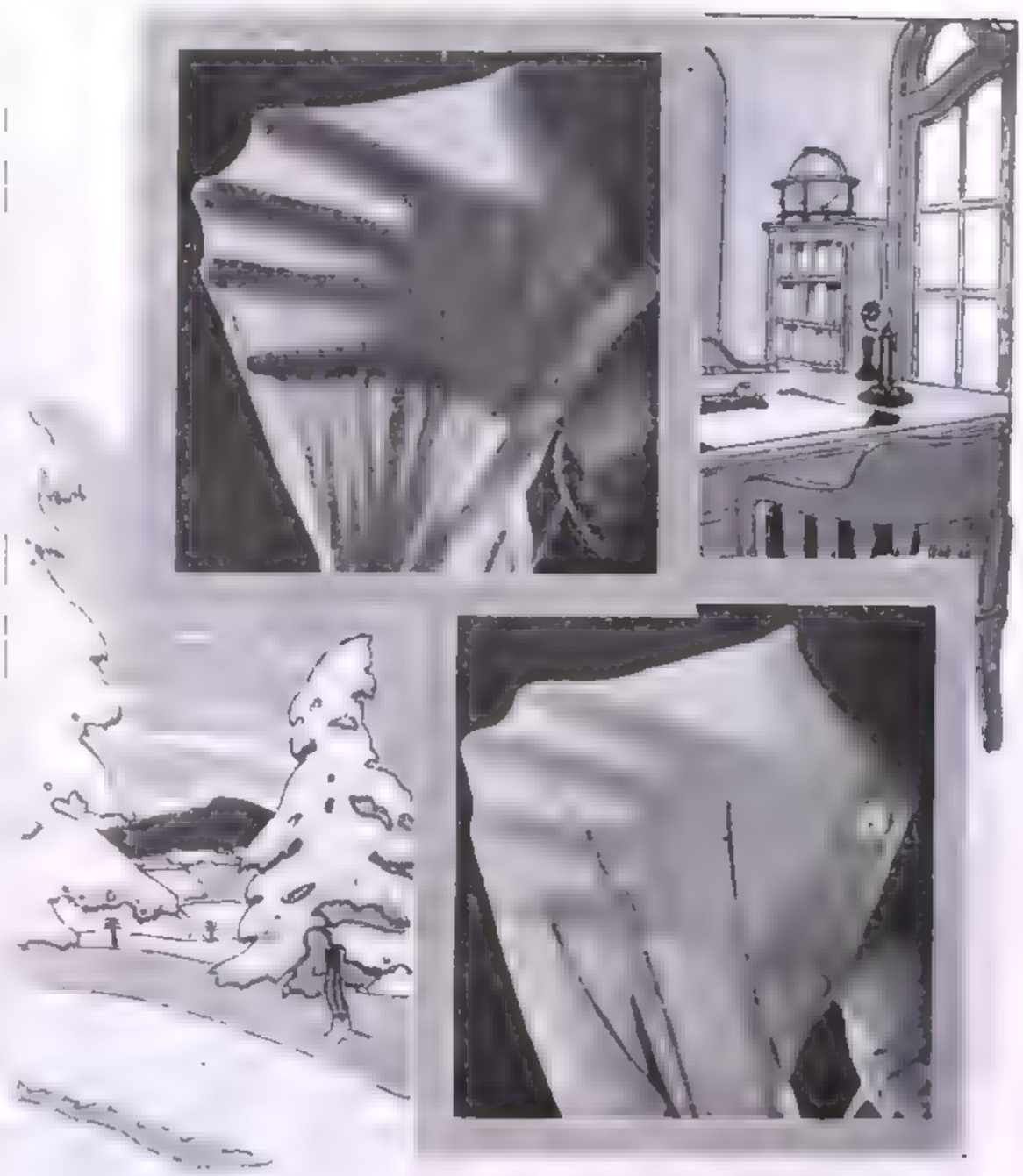
From the foregoing it is apparent that where beneficial varieties of hawks and snakes become depleted, rodent pests increase. Perhaps there are some localities where rodents have become so scarce that there are not enough to feed the hawks and the snakes, for recently, for no apparent reason, there has been a brisk demand for various sorts of ground squirrels and kangaroo rats. I had word from one dealer that he was doing considerable business in those lines this year, though he did not state what the purchasing parties had in view.

Terrapins wander broadcast over the dry plains of Western Kansas, while the ponds and prairie sloughs are swarming with turtles of several varieties. Many fishing clubs or private-pond owners install turtle traps to rid the waters of these pests. They are killed by the thousands. This intrigued one man I know to the point where he sent out a few tentative feelers, with the result that he has inserted an opening wedge and shipped a few hundred turtles to the Orient and has orders from Germany for terrapins.

At nearly all times one animal dealer I know has at least one litter of lion cubs on the place. Although not a fur farmer, he has had as high as 100 or more young foxes, skunks, minks and raccoons on hand in a single season. Though not specializing as a breeder of birds, he had on hand at the same time the young of versicolor, ringneck, Mongolian, Amherst's, golden and Reeves' pheasants, peafowl, wood ducks and others.

I knew that mountain lions were more or less prolific, but just how amazingly prolific I did not imagine until he bred a pair of young pumas. The female gave birth to four litters in two years, totaling sixteen kits. Her last two litters before he sold her numbered four and six respectively. Of these sixteen offspring she raised twelve. She was saved from rearing the unlucky number of young only by an accident. In the adjoining cage was a lioness that the dealer had raised from a cub and mated with a jungle-bred Nubian lion. This lioness had four cubs of her own at the time and was touchy. One of the half-grown cougar cubs managed to squeeze round where he could stick his head in the adjoining cage and view his larger relatives, whereupon Mrs. Nubian removed said head with one bite.

Though not an ostrich farmer, he has handled not only the African ostrich but also the South American, Australian and New Guinea representatives of that family—namely, the rhea, the emu and the



(Below) Outdoor men choose medium or heavy Carter weights. Warm but never cumbersome In cotton, cotton-and-wool, and wool

(Above) New light Carter weights are chosen by indoor men Sheer, smooth, comfortable. Cotton, cotton-and-wool, rayon-and-cotton, rayon-and-wool

For stuffy offices—or winter hikes
here's comfortable underwear

THE North Wind in the open tells a different story about underwear from the calendar on the desk . . .

North or South, wherever you work or play, there's a Carter's Union Suit to meet *your* requirements.

From the first stitch every Carter's Union Suit is built to *be comfortable.* Every model is tailored like a suit of clothes—on living men. Altered—fitted till it's right. On short or long men, broad or narrow. That's why Carter's "feels right" on men of any physique.

But more. Carter fabrics are knit by a special method. They are made so springy that they adjust themselves to every movement of the body—fit just as well after repeated washings, after the roughest wear.

Men like the care taken with Carter details: flat seams, snug-fitting cuffs, military "sag-proof" shoulders, special flap, buttons that stay on—these features are in every Carter suit. At the store be sure that the clerk takes your right crotch-to-shoulder measurement. The William Carter Company, Needham Heights (Boston District), Mass.

The new Carter athletic styles feature some striped woven fabrics in the drawers, and knit athletic shirts

You may have Carter Union Suits with either short or long sleeves and legs

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For Thompson's is the rich, creamy "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk that can be made at home in 15 seconds because it goes so quickly into solution. It is made of full cream milk.

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Made at home it gives you 30 drinks to every pound. One pound costs 60 cents. The chocolate malted milk makes the best cold drink; the plain makes the best hot drink.

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Go to any grocer's or druggist's, get your first pound of Thompson's and your individual aluminum shaker free. Take it home and either you or the children can make a delicious, bubbly "real professional" "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk in 15 seconds.

But be sure it's Thompson's, because if it's Thompson's it's "DOUBLE MALTED." And "DOUBLE MALTED" means double value in taste and quality. Try it and your taste will tell you why. Drink it and your health will also tell you why.

Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk

30 drinks in every pound Plain or Chocolate Flavor

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Gentlemen —
☐ Send me a full pound of Thompson's Sweet Chocolate Flavored "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk and a 25¢ value aluminum shaker FREE. I enclose 25¢
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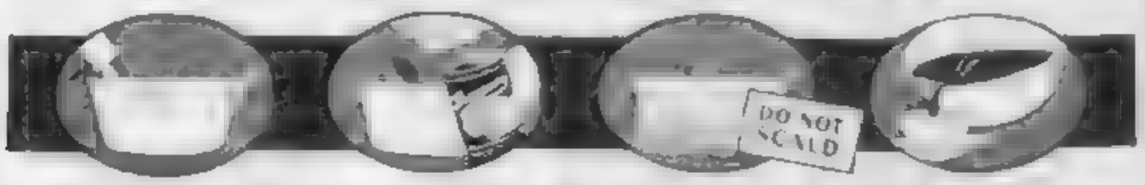
Name
Address

At the Soda Fountain



IF IT'S THOMPSON'S IT'S "DOUBLE MALTED"

cassowary. In fact, he handles a vast variety of foreign birds and animals every year. The past season he imported some fifty pairs each of Chinese mandarin ducks and Formosan teal, in addition to some thirty-odd other varieties of foreign game birds for various bird fanciers. But as this article deals mainly with the tremendous trade in native creatures, I shall not attempt to go into detail as to the foreigners. Also, he has handled alligators, large and small.

When cold weather came on one year it caught him with a number of large alligators still unsold, and he had no winter quarters for them. Having a spare basement room beneath his house, he filled it with 'gators, which proceeded to become semidormant, and he dismissed the matter from his mind. Some weeks thereafter the household was roused by ghastly outcries. It happened that the meter—water, gas or light—was situated at the far end of the 'gator room, and the man who read it, in making his monthly rounds, had descended to the basement, opened the door of the room as usual and proceeded to throw the rays of the flash torch upon the dial of the meter. Hearing a slithering sound behind him, he trained his flash in that direction and promptly forgot all about meters. His retreat was cut off by an array of fearsome monsters. He was extricated without having suffered any harm other than a shock to his nervous system.

A Horse on the Dealer

The unusual occurrence is the usual thing at this dealer's. One must not take things for granted. When my son was five years of age we were in what, presumably, was a bird house, though there was the usual variety of savage apes in cages awaiting shipment and an assortment of odd monkeys roaming the rafters. I banished my child to the front end of the place where there was naught but bird cages, only to find him a few minutes later wrestling contentedly with a lion cub, which the dealer assured me was too young to be harmful.

At a later date the dealer had a tiny cougar cub and conceived the idea of raising it with a dog, believing that the pair would go well in a trained-animal act. He secured an odd Mexican pup and the two proceeded to grow up together in perfect amity. This pair had the freedom of the receiving room. Being no animal trainer, I viewed this cougar askance when he was about half grown, although he seemed as tame as a house cat. A large assortment of birds and monkeys had just been received. Makeshift, open-top pens were fashioned on the floor for geese and other large birds. Various parrots, cockatoos and monkeys were wandering round at will.

Presently an uproar started; apes screaming, monkeys chattering and birds screeching in every key. Either some monkey had twisted the young cougar's tail by way of a humorous prank or some parrot had nipped his ear, as one of those members was found to be slit at the tip after the ruckus had subsided.

Whatever the cause, the young cougar harked back to the wild instanter and went on the rampage. He took a bite or a belt at everything that moved, leaped into the open-top pens and proceeded to lay about him, slaying every one of a pen full of large South American screamers among others. He wrecked the plant from one end to the other before human aid arrived on the run and quelled the riot.

Shortly thereafter a farmer whose place is in the sand hills phoned the dealer that he had an old horse that had outlived its usefulness and which he wished to send to a painless end. Would the dealer come get the animal and butcher it for meat for his lions? The dealer's eldest son was home on vacation from the university and was sent after the horse. He found the house in the sand hills as described, but there was no one at home. However, a horse drooped dejectedly in a fence corner, so it was hauled into town and converted into lion food. The next day an irate truck gardener charged in. What did the dealer mean, stealing his only horse thataway? It seemed that the son had taken the wrong sand-hill road. At first the man thought the horse was worth perhaps thirty dollars. The dealer offered to settle for fifty dollars and the man accepted. Later he returned, saying that it would retard his work to look for another horse and that he should have seventy-five dollars. The dealer agreed.

The man returned still another time, stating that the horse had been a very valuable one-row horse, having been worked single for so long a time that he would follow a row with a one-row cultivator or other light implement almost without attention. The inference was that the departed animal had attended to most of the gardening. One-row horses were very difficult to replace and he felt that he should have a team of good work horses in its stead. Apparently he felt that he had the dealer where he wanted him and could demand almost any kind of settlement.

After a certain amount of this increasing demand, the dealer finally rebelled and declined to make any settlement whatever, whereupon he had the accusation of being a horse thief added to his other sins. Win, lose or draw, life is seldom dull routine in the animal business.

Ridicule is the lot of every experimenter. Within the past twenty-five years the automobile and the airplane, to mention two among a host of innovations, have been howled down from press and platform as ridiculous dreams of visionaries, each serving its turn as the butt of the wise-crackers. It is probable that there are fewer experiments in the bird and animal line than in almost any other field of human endeavor.

Still, there are many. In Fairbanks, Alaska, they are trying to cross the Asiatic yak with Galloway cattle. If the experiment proves a success it may result in an animal that combines the beef-producing qualities of the Galloway with the cold-resisting and burden-packing qualities of the yak. The Bureau of Biological Survey is endeavoring to cross our native caribou bulls with the reindeer to increase the size of the latter. I camped at an abandoned Biological camp at the head of Savage River and viewed the old corrals built across a migration route where they had attempted to catch caribou. This has occasioned great amusement to many Alaskans and I heard considerable comment about the impractical ways of these theorizing scientists.

A Sport-Model Mule

Yet Lee Considine, an Alaskan guide who once had charge of a large reindeer herd, assured me that wild caribou bulls frequently joined bands of domestic reindeer, and he showed excellent pictures to prove it. It is well known that the animals interbreed freely; also it is a matter of general knowledge that reindeer desert to the wild and join the caribou herds. I saw a number of such reverts among the caribou and managed to take a picture of one reindeer bull that had reverted to the wild. That experiment, far from being derided as impossible, should prove easier than most. There are various experiments under way to cross the horse or the jack with the zebra, in an effort to produce a beast of burden that will combine the tractability of the horse with the zebra's resistance to the ravages of the tsetse fly. The man who accomplishes this feat may be responsible for revolutionizing the trend of agriculture and civilization on the continent of Africa, as the importation of the European horse was largely responsible for the sweep of civilization across North America.

Texas cattlemen have crossed the Brahman cattle of India with various of our beef cattle. The hide of the Brahman is so thick as to resist ticks and other insect

(Continued on Page 141)

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Partly, too, it is because they are prospering here, where they have brought their ability and their capital, like the writer of the authentic letter on this page. Statistics show that in comparison with the average American family, the California family has *twice* the average wealth, owns *twice* as many automobiles, puts *twice* as much money in the savings banks; and *twice* as many of them pay income tax.

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Giant redwoods, 30 centuries old, reach from San Francisco to Oregon

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This man came—and stayed

"San Francisco, August 1, 1927.

"Twenty years ago I sat on the courthouse steps of a small city near San Francisco, with my suitcase beside me, and picked that city as the place where I would establish a big business.

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"With our home in the city and a week-end place in the hills, the seashore right at hand and the mountains not far away, California has furnished unending opportunities for year-round pleasant living. Like all Californians, I count these opportunities among the greatest of my assets."

(Name on request) "J.N.B."

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Mr. Cowl, the President of Jas. A. Hearn & Son, the great, century-old, New York department store; writes us that their recent purchase of twenty-five Model "A" Autocar Delivery Trucks was the result of competitive demonstrations made by trucks of six different makes.

These demonstrations were checked on three sets of charts covering more than forty points. They left no doubt that Autocars would best meet Hearn's requirements of speed, safety, stamina, economy of operation and fine appearance—all vitally important points as the Hearn Autocars are used day in and day out, *for both light and heavy loads*, over long and short, city and country routes.

Before finally authorizing the purchase of this Autocar fleet, Mr. Cowl personally drove one of the Autocars through the densest part of New York's traffic. That's good truck buying!

Some sales territory is open.
Write for The Autocar Dealer Plan.

Autocar Trucks

The Autocar Company, Ardmore, Pa. Established 1897

Thirtieth Anniversary Year

(Continued from Page 138)

pests. The cross has proved successful. A Hutchinson stockman purchased several hundred head of Brahman white-face steers and fed them on his ranch in Kansas. Not many miles from Beck's place a man was engaged for several years in raising various kinds of rare foreign wild geese and other foreign birds. Another near-by farmer is raising skunks, foxes and other fur bearers. Still another fashioned a series of prairie ponds fed by springs and amassed a moderate competence by raising fish. If I am not mistaken, his ponds are now leased by the Bureau of Fisheries. They try everything once in Western Kansas. Still, at that, it seems that Kansas will have to concede the yellow dog to California. A man has started a snake farm near Los Angeles. That will provide a big laugh. Then, if the present demand for snake skins continues and they deplete the country of snakes to fill it, he may have a double market—one for snake skins and one for live snakes for liberation purposes in areas where restocking becomes necessary to hold rodent pests in check.

He may fail. So may the grocer, the proprietor of a filling station, the wholesaler or manufacturer. Statistics reveal a surprisingly high percentage of failure—somewhat more than 90 per cent of all human ventures end in ultimate failure, I believe. And that, of course, includes all recognized occupations where the rules of the game are known and have been mapped for one in advance. On the other hand, in pioneer fields of endeavor where there is no previously charted knowledge upon which to draw, there are numerous successes. How many livestock men in the West weathered the postwar deflation? Consider the many ventures in hog raising, horse breeding and poultry farming that fail annually.

It is fitting that the three thousand should confine their efforts to the well-charted highways of recognized occupations. But it may prove to be not only poor taste but unsound judgment for the three thousand to condemn in advance as impractical the efforts of the one who deviates from the beaten track. He may prove to be a magician who has up his sleeve a few rabbits and things. In any event, since the great American romance is business, why should a man not engage in some untried field of business that holds forth some prospect of romance?

BLOOD BROTHERS AIN'T RELATIONS

(Continued from Page 60)

"You had better talk to Bulldog, Nate," he said, when Judge Barringer had grasped the situation. "He knows you and you'll probably get more out of him."

"Come over here, big boy," Judge Barringer began kindly.

Bulldog shuffled uneasily up to the desk. "'Deed, Jedge Barringer, yo' honor, jes' lak Ah tol' yo', Ah suttinly been tryin' fo' two whole days to keep offen de chain gang. What yo' got on me now?"

"You don't have to worry this time, Bulldog. We only want you to answer a few questions. Who was your father?"

The giant's face became a stolid mask. He looked at his feet, at the ceiling, at the two white men sitting before him, and finally turned to look out the window. The only sound was the slight shuffle as he shifted from one foot to the other.

"Who was your father, big boy?" Judge Barringer asked again.

"Why fo' yo' ax me a thing lak dat, Jedge Barringer, yo' honor?" Bulldog mumbled, looking away.

Judge Barringer had dealt with negroes for more than fifteen years from the bench. He knew all their artless traits, the brazen naïveté with which they avoided direct answers. But he sensed at once that the hesitation in the giant's attitude was a great deal more than subterfuge.

"Do you mean, big boy, that you don't know who your pappy was?" he asked quietly.

The giant looked from one white man to the other. His gaze came back to rest fixedly on Judge Barringer. "Please, suh, Jedge Barringer, mebbe Ah don' answers yo' dat one unless Ah has to."

Judge Barringer found himself suddenly looking at a man's naked soul. The giant's eyes never wavered, but looked squarely into his own. Here was a Bulldog he had never seen before. The boisterous, herculean roustabout had little in common with the man who stood before him. It was the white man's turn to hesitate. He glanced away to look out the window. When he looked back a mutual understanding had sprung up between them.

"Ah don' know who was mah mammy, neither, Jedge Barringer," Bulldog said trustingly. "Fac' is, dey ain' nobody in de worl' on'y me." He paused. His forehead slowly wrinkled. His lower lip stuck out. There was a slow deliberate set to his jaw. "But dey ain' no nigger ev' says dat to me!"

"Right!" said Judge Barringer, without knowing quite why he said it. Then he turned to his colleague. "You couldn't ask for anything more honest than that," he said seriously. "I wonder if Daddy Ike isn't telling the truth after all."

"That's the most convincing statement I've heard today," Judge Allen answered. "I'm almost tempted to believe that the old man has been telling the truth. Let me call him again." He pushed a button, and in answer a clerk came to the door. "Send in Daddy Ike."

If the old negro had lost any of his self-assurance he did not show it when he entered a moment later. Judge Allen wasted no time with preliminaries.

"Is there any resemblance between Poonce and Bulldog?" he asked. "Let us say, if Poonce were alive and you stood him alongside Bulldog over there, could you see by looking at them that they were related?"

"Yo' means does dey look lak dey was kinfolks, Jedge Allen?" Daddy Ike asked, turning to look at Bulldog.

"Ol' nigger!" the giant glowered with a suddenness that split the room. "Yo' speaks de whole truf!"

Daddy Ike stepped back in alarm. "Don' yo' go lookin' lak dat at me, Bulldog, boy. Ah ain' done yo' no hahm. Ah's jes' an ol' man mos' a hunder' yeahs ol' an' de mos' bes' belov' ol' nigger in this county."

"Don' makes no diff'ence, Daddy Ike, what yo' is," Bulldog declared earnestly. "Jes' yo' speaks de whole truf!"

Daddy Ike faced the two judges, who had been nearly as surprised as he was by the giant's blunt participation. "Dey is de spittin' image, bofe ob 'em," he exclaimed nervously, with one eye on Bulldog. "If yo' has to 'cide between 'em, den mebbe Poonce win out as de bigges'. Yas-suh, Jedge Allen, and yo', Jedge Barringer, one time a co'nfiel' mule git to sulkin' an' lay down in de ha'ness, an' 'long come dat big Poonce an' he reach down wiv one han' an' he gib dat mule one yank an' dat mule is standin' up again on his all fo' feet so fas' he don' know yit what grab 'im!"

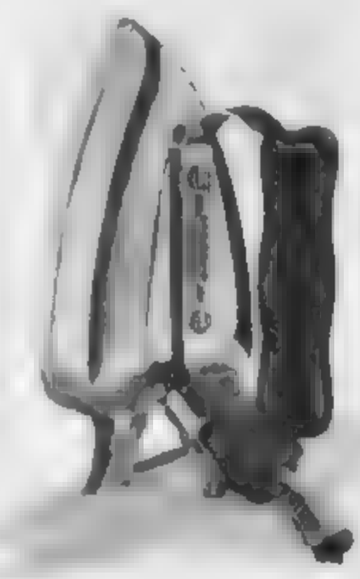
Both judges smiled and Bulldog cackled. Daddy Ike remained unperturbed as though picking up mules with one hand was an everyday occurrence in Poonce's life. Judge Barringer leaned across the desk to his colleague and said in an undertone, "He's certainly lying up one side and down the other. But it all happened so long ago that you can't prove it. I think you've stirred up a mare's nest for yourself, Shelby."

Percolator Urn Set 4290/9—with stately urn, creamer, sugar bowl, cool frosty tray. Rich with dignity, and with lustre. Price, $54.

Simple breakfast now wears a charming sophistication..

SIMPLE as breakfast is, it often lacked in perfection—coffee carelessly brewed, toast cold and ungolden—till these table electrics came wisely into use. Now toast takes on fragrant tints while you watch it, turns and slides out crisply without your touching the hot crust. . . . There's bubbling music in the stately percolator urn—and when you hold under your cup, turn the little spigot—out comes the brightest coffee! Pure, smooth, clear—heavenly to drink! Sugar and cream if you wish . . . they come richly from this silvery bowl and creamer with insides of pale gold. And whether breakfast is a family affair, or for one ariser, then another—here is perfect self-service. Glowing, steady electric heat does the work.

Manning-Bowman table electrics promise morning and evening pleasures for a long, long while. Manning-Bowman is standard for enduring electric excellence. Wedding-gift quality. Designs inspired by fine old silver pieces—and each piece guaranteed for service. Silverplate or nickel. Manning, Bowman & Company, Meriden, Conn. Wholesale distributors in Canada, Northern Electric Company Ltd. Canadian prices on application. . . . Write for "From Breakfast to Midnight Bridge," free booklet of electric cookery.



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Electric Appliances

Come back, after several hours' interruption, and lower this iron to the board. It is still at perfect heat for pressing the little business dress, the fine guest linen. It cannot get over-hot. It cannot get cool—even in pressing many cold damp laundry pieces one after another at highest speed. It is suitable for ironing—always—as long as heat is attached. It uses not one degree of extra current. . . . And—suppose you should leave it for days, tilted on its heel, heat turned on—there is safety and no damage to the iron. Automatic Electric Iron No. 1456. Price, $7.75.

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"So do I," Judge Allen agreed.

"There's no use putting any blame on Bulldog, that I can see. Let me feel him out about the money," Judge Barringer suggested.

"Big boy," he began, "come over here."

Bulldog shuffled forward.

"What would you do with twenty thousand dollars?"

Bulldog's mouth gaped. "Who, me?"

"Yes, you. Say someone died and left you that much money. What would you do with it?"

"Now, listen, Jedge Barringer, yo' honor; lak Ah tol' yo' when Ah firs' come in, Ah ain' done nothin'."

"I know you haven't. I asked you what you would do with twenty thousand dollars if someone died and left it to you?"

"Dey ain' gwine nobody die an' leaves me no money," Bulldog answered emphatically.

"But just imagine that they did," Judge Barringer coaxed. "What would you do with the money?"

Bulldog shuffled from one foot to the other, fearing a trap. He swallowed and wet his lips. "Jedge Barringer, yo' honor, ef it's all de same to yo', Ah's 'magine Ah ain' got it," he said seriously. "Ah's happy jes' lak Ah is."

"You wouldn't be sorry if you didn't get the money?"

"No, suh, Jedge Barringer, yo' honor. Ah don' hab no trouble a-tall gittin' anything Ah wants 'cept mebbe gittin' offen de chain gang."

For the life of him Judge Barringer could not help grinning, and Bulldog felt at ease and grinned back.

"All right, big boy, that's all. You go on back to my house and finish mowing the lawn."

"Yas-suh, Jedge Barringer, yo' honor."

When Bulldog came out of Judge Allen's office he did not see the diminutive figure that ducked behind the iron staircase that led up to the court room. Not an hour had passed after Daddy Ike made his early start before Chinkapin was following him. The county constable had dropped by to make certain that the old man had gone to court. Chinkapin had begged a lift over to the mainland, and the moment he got ashore the little negro had headed for the courthouse. All morning he had waited for some sign. He had seen Judge Barringer come with Bulldog, and his heart had pounded hopefully. Now Bulldog was coming down the corridor grinning. Chinkapin waited until the giant was nearly abreast of him.

"Ps-s-st!" he signaled.

Bulldog jumped sideways nervously and swung around. "Who dat?"

"'T ain' on'y me, big boy." Chinkapin groveled, realizing that he had made a mistake in startling the big negro.

"Ho!" the giant chortled. "Den comes fum out behin' dem steps. Ah been lookin' fo' yo' fo' two whole days. Li'l' boy, yo' comes wiv me!" Bulldog grinned, but Chinkapin saw by the look in the giant's eye that he was in for it.

"But, big boy ——"

"Yo' but me, han'ful, an' Ah butts yo' haid agin de wall. Is yo' comin' nach'el o' is yo' drug?"

"Ah's comin', big boy."

"Den comes fas' an' don' yo' opens yo' mouf onless yo' is spoken at! Heah me, li'l' boy? Us travels!"

When Judge Barringer went home for the two-hour lunch period that was his custom, he was surprised to find Bulldog lazing beneath the big tulip poplar on the side lawn. He could have sworn he had heard the lawn mower down the other side of the house. The big negro jumped up at his approach.

"Kin Ah speaks wiv yo', Jedge Barringer, yo' honor?"

"Certainly, go ahead," the judge said, wondering what was coming.

"Dat Daddy Ike, he's been lyin' to yo' an' Jedge Shelby Allen down to de co't-house," Bulldog said bluntly.

"Can you prove it?" Judge Barringer asked with equal bluntness.

"Ah don' wants to prove it, jedge, yo' honor."

"You don't want to prove it? Why?"

"It's thisaway, Jedge Barringer, yo' honor," Bulldog began, and the judge, knowing the big negro's method, leaned back against the tree and waited. "Jes' lak Ah tol' yo', Jedge Barringer, yo' honor, dey ain' nobody in de worl' on'y me. Dey ain' no kinfolks a-tall. So Ah 'cided long time ago to git me some kinfolks jes' between me an' mahself. An' dat Poonce nigger dat yo' all was speakin' 'bout he was gran'pappy ob 'em all. All de ol' Depfo'd niggers useter say dat. An' Ah raickon one mo' o' less don' make no d.ff'rence to Poonce. So Ah jes' makes it up between me an' mahself dat Poonce was mah ol' man. Does Ah 'spress mahself, Jedge Barringer, yo' honor?"

"So that's where Daddy Ike got it," Judge Barringer said. "Why didn' you say so down at Judge Allen's?"

"No suh, Jedge Barringer, Daddy Ike nev' got dat fum me. It was thisaway. I jes' nach'elly lets it slips out befo' dat li'l' Chinkapin. An' Ah nev' thought nothin' 'bout it ontil las' Sunday night when yo' a.l was out to Cap'n Jim's. Dat li'l' nigger jes' jump at me an' yell, 'Bulldog, who is yo' mammy?' Dat boy ain' big enuf to bit Jedge Barringer, yo' honor, so Ah jes' nach'elly picks dat li'l' nigger up and sets him on de steps."

"That was the noise when Captain Jim had to go out," Judge Barringer said with a grin. "That was you setting Chinkapin on the steps."

"Yas-suh, jedge, Ah raickon dat was me."

Judge Barringer hadn't fully grasped the whole idea yet. "But why should Daddy Ike and Chinkapin be so anxious for you to get the money without saying anything to you about it?"

"Yas-suh, Jedge Barringer; Ah 'splains dat easy. Yo' see me an' Chinkapin, we is blood brothers."

"You're blood brothers?"

"Yas-suh, jedge, dat ain' got nothin' to do wiv no relations. Dat's jes' a quality word means fifty-fifty jes' lak one and two is ace-deuce. We divides what we gits. Chinkapin gits half ob de cigarettes what yo' so mos' kin'ly sen's us down, an' Ah gits half ob de gin dat's lef' when dat li'l' boy mixes de drinks at de bungalow. An'——"

"That explains everything," Judge Barringer interrupted. Already he was chuckling inwardly at the story he had to tell Judge Allen.

"Yas-suh, jedge, but yo' don' tells anybody," Bulldog pleaded. "Dey ain' hahm done, is dey? An' if yo' 'splains it lak Ah knows yo' kin, Jedge Allen won' git mad."

"I'll explain it for you, Bulldog," Judge Barringer said. "You certainly don't lie, I'll say that for you. It's too bad you can't keep off the chain gang. Now if you'll hurry up with this lawn I'll ——"

It was the sound of the lawn mower coming around the corner of the house that interrupted the judge. "Why, there's Chinkapin now. I was sure I heard that lawn mower as I came down the street."

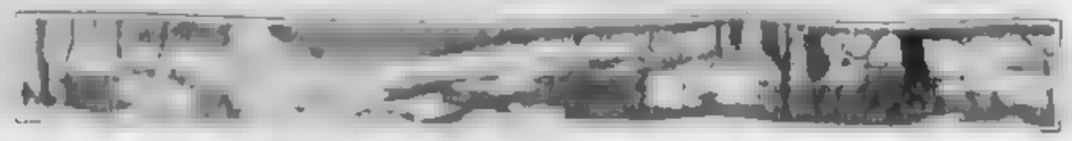
"Yas-suh, jedge, dat li'l' boy is a houn' fo' wuk when Ah stan's ovah him!"

"You mean he's working for you?"

"No, suh, Jedge Barringer, yo' honor, he ain' wukkin' fo' me. Didn' Ah tells yo' we is blood brothers?"

"Oh!" Judge Barringer grinned. "He's cutting his half of the lawn."

"Yas-suh, Jedge Barringer, yo' honor, dat's it! Blood brothers ain' relations, dey on'y divides what dey gits!"



SHE *has astonished her* HUSBAND *....and the world*

A new, basic Idea in Household Buying sponsored by American Women

THE best fed men in the world—American husbands! And now at last they are beginning to appreciate it—to realize just what their wives can accomplish in serving better meals at lower cost.

Today many men are deeply impressed by one thing women have achieved—a new plan of household buying that is sweeping the country.

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To select and buy each article uninfluenced by salesmen, *purely on its merit, using their own knowledge of actual values—*

To have the choice foods of five continents assembled by experts for them to look over—

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Dowagers in limousines, brides on foot—old and young, rich and poor—American women are coming by the millions to the Piggly Wiggly stores to get these advantages.

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Can your husband answer these questions?

What are the names of the two or three "best buys" — the actual biggest values in terms of quality and cost from among the hundreds of foods on sale in this country?

Food	No. of brands*
Mustard	over 500
Canned Peaches	" 1,000
Wheat Flour	" 100
Canned Corn	" 4,000
Tea	1,000

It is vital questions like these that are answered for you by the able men who run the Piggly Wiggly stores. They select the finest kinds of each food and offer them at the lowest prices for you to choose from.

*Based on estimates from authorities on food [illegible] and marketing

...and at the Piggly Wiggly

Most markets [illegible] six varieties of each item are open for your choice at the Piggly Wiggly

They make their own choice—no clerks to bother them

Here, ready at hand on the open shelves, with prices plainly marked, American women find the pick of the world's markets.

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Your daily food purchases cost you less at Piggly Wiggly. You save money by Piggly Wiggly's modern plan of operation.

2,000,000 women now use this method of buying

A few years ago a single Piggly Wiggly store. Today over 2,500 stores in 824 cities and towns—the amazing record of how American women have adopted and supported this new method of household buying. Only because they *know* that it brings them the finest foods at the lowest prices, are two million women today using Piggly Wiggly.

To serve even more tempting meals, to please your husband even more both at the table and with household expenses, try out this new method of buying today. Visit the Piggly Wiggly store in your neighborhood.

[illegible] and [illegible] the market, the best of each kind of food are rare [illegible]

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Cutler-Hammer engineers are ready to co-operate with your plant men or consulting engineers in making a survey of your plant to see that Motor Control is correctly chosen for every drive. More than 30 years' experience supports their recommendations and this service entails no obligation or expense on your part

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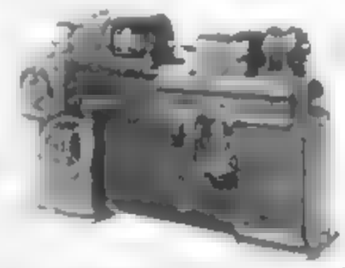
Report 1214—In this printing plant, Cutler-Hammer engineers recommended that the obsolete hand operated starting and speed regulating controllers on the presses be replaced by C-H Push Button Automatic Controllers. These controllers were mounted on nearby posts and the push button stations installed on the presses. Production showed an immediate increase, as the foreman or pressman preset the controllers to maximum speed for each job in hand, and the push button control in easy reach of the press operator so simplified control that full attention could be given to production

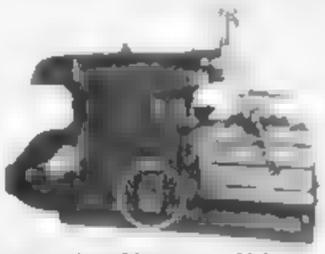
Cutler-Hammer Motor Control—the Mark of Careful Machine Design

Many machinery manufacturers now build C-H Motor Control into their products to insure their customers the greatest possible economies in the operation of this equipment. The C-H trade-mark on the Motor Control is sound indication of careful machine design and good construction throughout. You may well expect economical operation and low maintenance costs from such equipment installed in your plant The machines shown below are typical examples



Internal Grinding Machine—Cutler-Hammer Automatic Controller is mounted on back of machine—push button control at left, as shown, at the operator's position.

Turret Lathe—Cutler-Hammer Automatic Controller is mounted on base at right, as shown—push buttons and speed regulation control in easy reach of operator.



Shaper—Cutler-Hammer "Across-the-Line" Automatic Starter is mounted on the base—push button control at operator's position on the other side of machine

13
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CUTLER-HAMMER

Industrial Efficiency Depends on Electrical Control

CLEANING UP

(Continued from Page 53)

indirectly responsible, because if the stage manager had not seen me he might not have been prompted to do his stuff so earnestly.

It is a human trait to take ourselves more seriously under observation. I know that I myself was once directing a rehearsal at the Booth Theater, when out of the corner of my eye I saw, poking his head in the door, Laurence Stalling—at that time a mere reporter, and not the successful dramatist he is today. Whereupon I suddenly felt the urge to show Louis d'Arclay, who was rehearsing, just how to put exactly the right inflection into his reading of Chico, that very remarkable fellow—and I did.

I went up to speak to the actor who had had the hard luck to drop the tray.

"Don't worry about it, old boy," I said. "They're only prop apples. I think you're a good butler and I'm going to keep you, no matter how high you bring the overhead on plates. Besides, they came from the five-and-ten."

"Thank you, Mr. Golden," said he, with a fervor which made me feel abashed at having earned so much gratitude at a total cost of thirty cents.

The rest of this story reads exactly like a modern version of the lion and the mouse. André Charlot, of Charlot's Revue, had made a proposition to produce Three Wise Fools in London.

"—— if I like it," said Mr. Charlot. "But I must see it tonight."

"I'll be with you," said I.

Just before the rise of the curtain, I learned, to my exasperation, that Claude Gillingwater, who so ably played the most important of the Three Wise Fools, had a throat attack and could not appear. I knew an understudy would go on. But I did not happen to know who the understudy was. I was truly concerned. A bad performance might kill the play in Mr. Charlot's eyes and its chances for London. And as the curtain went up, whom did I behold in the principal rôle but our hero, the frightened butler who at rehearsal had not been able to carry a tray of apples without stumbling! He played the part superbly. He gave such a splendid performance that Charlot was delighted with Three Wise Fools and took it to London, where it ran at the Comedy Theater for nine months. And in telling me how much he liked the play, he added, "If that man were English, I'd take him over with me. But I must do the play with Englishmen."

And only then I told Charlot that he had been watching an understudy acting the part for the first time. That understudy's name was Harry Forsman.

Right Around the Corner

When Jack Hazzard described to me the character of the light-hearted, light-fingered Slippery Muggs in Turn to the Right, I had a mental picture of the sort of boy we wanted—good-looking, quick as a flash in his every motion, shifty on his feet. Scouts whom we sent out looking for such a man kept us posted on any potential candidates they unearthed, and on the strength of their reports I would hop on a train and look over the prospect. After traveling as far west as Milwaukee to look at a boy in a stock company out there, and combing all the big cities in the East, including Hoboken, when I had almost given up the search, I found my man just where you would expect him—around the corner from my own office.

I happened to drop into a theater during the performance of a play called Moonlight Mary, at the Fulton Theater, and as I walked down the aisle, there was my man on the stage. He had a very small part and it was over before I was comfortably settled in my seat. But that one flash was enough to convince me that there was my ideal picture of the lovable young crook, Muggs. Unfortunately, or fortunately, Moonlight Mary waned that week. And overnight Billy Meehan became the hit of Turn to the Right, the sensation of the town and a new star on Broadway.

One day while we were casting, Winchell Smith came into my office and said, "Come to the door and look out. There's a young girl out there I saw in a cheap stock company and she's mighty good." I looked out and saw Leila Bennett, who will probably be recalled as the wooden-faced colored girl in The First Year who, when her mistress asked her "Hattie, did you seed the melons?" replied, "Yes'm, I seed 'em. They're in the sink."

Leila Bennett, now with The First Year in London, has been in four or five of my productions and though she has not yet reached stardom, I consider her one of the best character actresses in the theater. And the way I discovered that girl was to have Winchell Smith find her for me.

Some time ago I was working on the manuscript of a play. I had been hard at it for hours, and in the hope of relaxation I stretched myself upon the couch and turned the jigger on my radio. A voice was reciting something. For a moment I was tempted to seek my relaxation elsewhere. The ordinary recitation is a sad thing. But something about this voice held me—the diction, the art, the sincerity, above all, a personality, came through the air.

An All-Starch Cast

I found myself sitting up, intent, all my faculties alive. My first reaction of puzzled curiosity gave way gradually to astonished admiration, mounting to hynotized fascination, while at the same time some separate compartment in my brain began to reason that here must be some great genius, limited probably by some physical defect—a cripple, no doubt.

Surely, thought I, if this man could be seen before the public he would not have to be hidden in the radio. Most likely he is a hunchback. If he is, I will search until I find a play with a great, sympathetic rôle for a cripple or a hunchback, because this actor must have his opportunity.

I was carried away by the thought of John Golden's great find, while continuing to listen to every syllable that came through the air. I had a vision of the opening night, with this new wonder whom I had discovered and whom I—I—would bring to the theater, and as the speaker approached his finish, while the tears coursed down my cheeks, I reached automatically for a pencil so that I might make a note of his name, in order to lose no time in communicating with this new star I had determined to pick up.

The booming voice of the announcer cut short my suspense: "This is Station WEAF broadcasting on behalf of the Near East Relief Fund. You have just listened to the voice of Mr. John Drew ——"

Not so long ago I produced a play called Going Crooked, by and with William Collier. There may have been something prophetic about the title, because the piece certainly did not go the way all good little pieces should go—straight to success. But I had more fun and joy in producing a play with an artist and a true comedian like Collier than could be paid for in dollars.

Going from rehearsal one day, we saw Sam Bernard and Louis Mann, both of whom seem to have the sartorial notion that they cannot rest their heads on anything smaller than a six-inch collar.

"For our next production," said Willie as we neared them, "let us engage Louis Mann and Sam Bernard in White Collars, with an all-starch cast."

Another incident I recall goes much further back—you can figure how far when I tell you they were laying the Broadway trolley. At the corner of Forty-second Street, on the west side of Broadway where I stood, was a perilous gap lined with jagged rocks and stones and pieces of

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Mrs. Know Not entertains informally *in honor of a balky drain!*

A FEW years ago, in even the best of families, a clogged waste-pipe meant a drain party like the one pictured here.

But not now! For Drāno has put an end to this sort of thing in millions of households.

Just shake a little Drāno down the waste-pipe when it begins to slow up. Add water. Instantly, Drāno begins to bubble and boil as it dissolves the grease, soap-fat, hair, lint or other obstruction. Another dash of water to rinse out the dregs, and the pipe is free-running and clean.

And Drāno is guaranteed not to harm enamel, porcelain or plumbing—so use it regularly to avoid annoying stoppages.

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Drāno will scour grease-encrusted iron pots and pans to a bright newness. It will remove the burnt-on grease from oven glass. It will disinfect and deodorize garbage cans—clean blotchy garage floors and clear out downspouts!

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For choked downspouts!

Drāno and water will clear out the downspout and save you a tinner's bill.

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35¢ *in Canada*

Slightly higher in Rocky Mountain states

piping. In front of the Knickerbocker Hotel across the street, in a beautiful, flashy new roadster, sat the sartorially perfect play producer, Charles Dillingham. Along the street came William Collier, known to his friends as a somewhat nervous man.

"Want a ride?" inquired Dillingham.

"Sure," said Collier, and hopped in.

Charlie grabbed the gear-shift, gave one or two quick jerks and the car shot across the street, straight for that gaping abyss. One wheel hung over the edge of the chasm, which seemed yawning in the face of China. There was a shriek from Collier, but Dillingham, not to be outwitted by any mere steel monster, gave a dexterous twist and a pull which shot them back to the Knickerbocker Hotel. Dillingham made a few swift passes, there was a protesting explosion from the car, and off they shot again, but once more toward the same abyss.

"What's the matter with it?" Willie managed to gasp.

"I don't know," Dillingham replied guilelessly. "I just got it this morning and I never drove it before."

Again came a shriek from Collier as two wheels dangled over the edge of that terrible precipice. But once again Dillingham, with a twist, a grab and a jab, landed back to the Knickerbocker.

"Don't worry," he reassured Collier. "I'm not afraid of this thing. By the way, where did you want to go?"

"Well," said Collier, "I wanted to go to the Knickerbocker Hotel. And isn't it funny—here we are! I guess I'll get out." And he did.

There are finer things about Collier, even, than his rare humor. I had had with me for many years an actor who had found for himself a little spot in the theater, for there are always bits for a conscientious old trooper like Mart Heisey.

Mart was a great, vigorous hulk of a man, admirably qualified to play mean, villainous rôles on the stage. But offstage he had a sweet wife and a beautiful baby boy who were always with him. I have seen him on tour sitting in a train, with a cheap phonograph playing, bouncing his baby on his knee and singing, making twice as much noise as the baby.

The Manager's Job

The Going Crooked company had been playing for three weeks when this bad villain, who made the gallery shudder, took cold and died, leaving his wife and boy destitute.

Stars are not what they used to be in the good old days when a star was a star and everything else in the cast was dust. This man Collier took upon himself the responsibility of looking after Mart Heisey's wife and child in their hour of severe need. Simultaneously with the wire advising me of Mart Heisey's death, came one from Collier saying that there was going to be an extra performance for the benefit of Mrs. Heisey and the baby, and inviting me to a gallery seat for as much as I could afford. Mart Heisey had not hitched his wagon to a star. He had hitched it to a man.

Some of the stars of whom I am proudest had had their hour in the firmament and retired, and I was fortunate enough to bring them back.

I wonder how many people remember Minnie Palmer, who played in My Sweetheart—the first play to go to England in the days when transatlantic travel was slow and rare, and for American actors to go to London required an almost unheard-of daring. Minnie Palmer, the Toast of Two Hemispheres, went to London and so completely did she captivate the English metropolis with her vivid soubrette impersonations that the excited populace ripped the horses out of her carriage and hauled her triumphantly through the London streets.

And I wonder how many people who read the program of Lightnin' recognized in one of the divorcees the Minnie Palmer whose diamonds had been the talk of two continents? However, you must not think she had during the years of her retirement become an old woman. Far from it. So far from it, in fact, that one day Winchell Smith came to me during a rehearsal, and said: "Say, John, Palmer looks too young. She will have to wear a white wig."

"Is that so?" I responded. "Well, how would you like to be the one to tell it to her?"

"You're the manager, aren't you?" demanded Smith. "That's your job."

I don't think I ever had a more difficult one. Minnie Palmer knew she had friends and curious acquaintances who would want to know what the years had done to Minnie Palmer, and many of them would be there on the gala occasion of the much-heralded première of Lightnin'. And despite the fact that she had no big rôle, she was looking forward with all the excitement of an ingénue to showing them—showing them that she was still young, still graceful, still Minnie Palmer. And mine was the task of telling her that she had to wear a wig and look old!

It took all the courage and tact in the world to break it to her. But there is something about the real actor that makes him three parts actor and one part human being—and the three parts come first. Minnie Palmer the actress came before Minnie Palmer the woman. Minnie Palmer the actress accepted our decree. But I wonder how many people realize what it cost Minnie Palmer the woman to put that white wig on her head and meet the curious eyes of that opening-night audience as an old woman.

The Return of Rip

One night when we were looking for another man to play Lightnin' on the road, Frank Bacon and I sat in a little movie house in Bayside. We didn't know the title of the picture we were watching, because we had come in late. Suddenly onto the screen walked Lightnin' himself. Movie shows give no programs, so if you miss the beginning you don't know whom you are watching. But that didn't deter us, and after all the people had left the theater, we persuaded the owner of the playhouse to run the picture once more for us privately. On the screen came the name—Thomas Jefferson.

"Of course!" I cried. "Who else could it have been but old Rip Van Winkle himself?"

The names of famous actors are so soon forgotten that to the newer generation they are often not even names. But surely even the sub-flapper has heard of Joseph Jefferson and his thousands of performances in Rip Van Winkle, in which his son Tom—a lad now in his sixties—followed him.

I located Tom Jefferson in Hollywood, retired and living in affluence, but taking occasional pictures to keep himself young. A telegram brought him here, and that was how one star was picked up in a little out-of-the-way movie house in Bayside.

Another star I picked up in an even unlikelier place. In fact, right on my own doorstep lay a star obscured from my view by his very nearness. Percy Pollock had been with me for years as a featured player, but I must confess I might never have thought of him as a star if it hadn't been for Heywood Broun, who in one of his articles stated that "this man, playing a small part in Spite Corner, should make good material for Golden if he ever needed a Lightnin'." And after Bacon's death, when we needed somebody to take his place in the Number One company, I took Broun's advice. And Boston, San Francisco and all the West Coast will testify to the soundness of it.

Among the many actors who hung around my outside office was a little tired-looking fellow. Every time a new play was under consideration there he was trying to get a part. But there were never any parts for Fred Halloway. I had noticed him about for a year before I spoke to him, or rather he spoke to me.

(Continued on Page 148)

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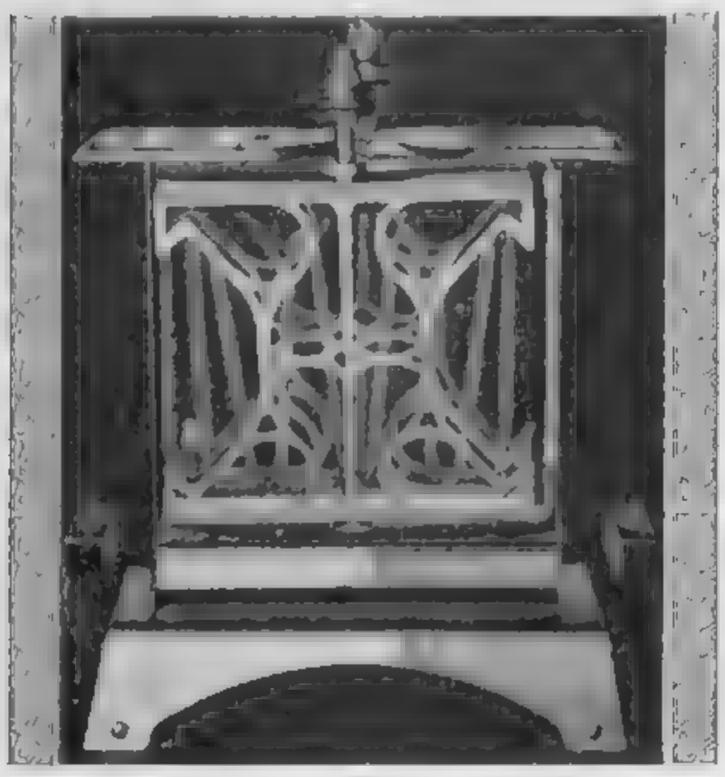

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(Continued from Page 146

"I'd like to be with you, Mr. Golden," he said. "Isn't there any chance?"

"I'm going to do a play called Flying Colors," I told him. "I'm afraid there's no decent part in it for you, but there's a bit. It's a jockey. You're about the right size for it."

"I am it," said he, and he was.

After playing for one week in Atlantic City, my play closed—without, I may add, flying colors. So poor Halloway, whose one dream was a chance to show them on Broadway, was out of luck and a job. People not connected with the theater have no idea what that means—a chance on Broadway—and how men spend their lives chasing the opportunity merely to be judged on their merits, merely to be able to prove whether they have the stuff.

From the time of the untimely flight of Flying Colors, Fred was a steady visitor at my office, as he probably was at many others.

And then one day Austin Strong came in with the manuscript of a one-act sketch of which we decided to make a three-act play. As we came downstairs, there was Halloway, who had been waiting heaven knows how long for a chance to ask me the usual, "Anything doing, Mr. Golden?"

I turned to Strong: "What do you think of him for the sewer rat?"

"All right," thought Strong.

Halloway jumped at it. "All right?" he challenged. "Perfect. I'd make a swell sewer rat. When do I begin?"

"Begin?" said I. "Strong is going to Nantucket to write the play. And if he ever gets it finished and I like it, and if you are not doing anything else at the time, I'll give you the job."

Making a play is somewhat different from making a pair of pants. For one thing, neither the man who orders it nor the man who makes it can have any assurance when it will be done. Weeks and months and more than a year passed before there was any semblance of a workable play. And during that time Halloway would wait for me in the hall, meet me on the stairs, stop me on the street, and inquire, "When am I going to be that sewer rat?"

One day he added, "Not that it makes any difference to me, but my landlady is getting rather curious about it."

This time I had an answer for him. "We begin rehearsals next week." Fred almost cheered.

His Dream Attained

It was not a big part, but it was one of those small rôles where the actor has a chance to make a showing. On the opening night no actor in the Booth Theater was as excited over the fate of Seventh Heaven as our little sewer rat.

He made up the character so that he looked more like a rat than any human being has a right to look—little, wizened, beady-eyed, with a long wispy mustache which stuck out like a rat's whiskers. He even wore a belt made of rope, a piece of it hanging below his coat with a knot and a little curl for all the world like a rat's tail. With his crouched walk he had made a new stage character—a queer, original caricature. And the next day there was scarcely a newspaper which didn't mention the little sewer rat. Fred Halloway had attained his dream. He had made Broadway and he had received his notices.

A few weeks later Beatrice Noyes, one of the girls in the company, came to me and said, "Couldn't you put Fred Halloway in a dressing room farther downstairs? I noticed that climbing those stairs he makes a funny sound when he breathes."

I mounted to Halloway's dressing room and asked him how he felt.

"Great," said he. "Just a little something the matter with the pumps or the bellows."

"Perhaps I'd better ask one of the other actors to change dressing rooms with you until you get over this little trouble with your breathing," I suggested.

"Don't bother about me," said Fred. "But say, isn't it wonderful this hit of Seventh Heaven? Isn't it great?"

However, Marian Kirby fixed it with the stage manager so that an old portable dressing room I had once given Marie Tempest was rigged up temporarily for Fred. Then the company themselves arranged to shift places and Miss Menken's dressing room—the star room—was given to this poor, sick boy.

But his condition, far from improving, grew worse. We asked him to take a rest. But what! Give up the sewer rat, the rôle he had created? His first good part on Broadway? The thing he had waited for all his life? His breath came harder and harder and he grew daily noticeably weaker. But he would not give in. And then one night there was something about his performance—a touch of real greatness, so that the other actors stood silently in the wings and watched.

After it was over he could scarcely stand, and Miss Kirby called up and made arrangements for him at the hospital. She did more. George Gaul had a magnificent velvet robe in his dressing room. Somebody else had slippers. Others had silk pajamas and sundry articles of toilet equipment. Miss Kirby went around and collected all the things a sick man might need, and then, long after midnight, she took him to the hospital.

The Mask of Tragedy

The first thing I knew about it was when I received a phone call in the morning from Marian Kirby, the villainess who lashed her poor, terrified sister with a snake whip, on the stage, but offstage was fighting along gamely to save the life of a poor boy.

I went in at once, and found the morning sun streaming into a room filled with flowers. Beside the bed stood three doctors with grave expressions, but they could not dim the excited eagerness of that face. Propped up in bed in his magnificent dressing gown, like Beau Brummel himself, was Fred.

As he caught sight of me, "Hello, Mr. Golden!" he cried. "I'm glad you're here. Maybe you can get these fellows to tell me how soon I can get back and play the sewer rat."

The doctors nodded to Marian Kirby and me to meet them in the hall. "He won't live twenty-four hours," they told us. We stood there after they had gone, trying to twist our faces into some semblance of a mask which would not tell the boy inside what was going on in our hearts.

At last, when our continued absence might have alarmed him, we went in with our hard-won masks in place.

"It's all right, kid," I said. "I got the dope from them. You're all right."

"When do I go back?" he asked.

I did not lie to him. "You'll be out of here by tomorrow."

He sank back contented. "By the way, Mr. Golden, did you ever look at my notices?" And from beneath his pillow he drew a much-worn but neatly folded bundle of clippings.

I suppose a critic is as human as anybody and would like to give as many favorable notices as he can. And maybe some of those boys would like to know what their words of praise mean. For Fred Halloway they meant that he had had the one thing he wanted in life—the chance to show Broadway, and he had shown them. He had fulfilled his destiny.

Moved from a star's dressing room to a star's sick room filled with flowers sent him by admiring friends, even wearing a star's dressing gown, there was nothing further he wished to ask of life. He left with a happy smile on his face, clutching in his hand his dearly won reward—perhaps the credentials he meant to show his Maker to prove that he had done his job well.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by John Golden, written in collaboration with Viola Brothers Shore. The next will appear in an early issue

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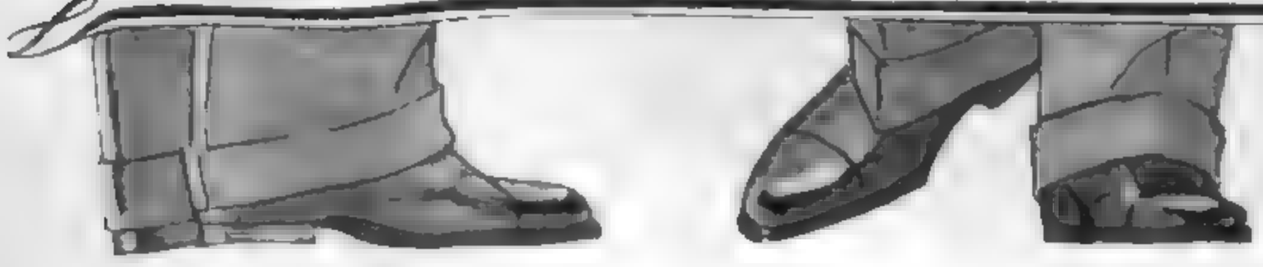

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MISS HENNESSY, P. S.

(Continued from Page 23)

"Oh, no! Of course not!" says I. "It doesn't matter though. I know now what you think of me and I don't ever want to hear any more. I wish I'd never ——"

"But please!" he breaks in. "Please let me ——"

Just then we hears Mr. Carney coming back and I snaps out of it, straightens up, and sits there biting my lips. Mr. Carney doesn't notice anything and in half an hour I'm through, walking out without a glance at Tuttle.

But I knew I had him going. He stood it until quitting time, and I was putting my hat on when he comes over and says he hopes I'll give him a chance to apologize.

"You don't need to do that, Mr. Tuttle," says I. "I'm only one of the help. So it's all right."

"But it isn't," says he. "And I would like to explain. I can't do it here. Could I—would you ——"

I looked over and saw Tessie and Mayme taking in the tableau, and that was enough for me. "All right," says I. "I'll wait outside."

'Course, I knew they wouldn't miss seeing him hurry after me. It was Mr. Tuttle who suggested dinner, but I was the one who told the taxi driver to take us to Tortoni's. The hors d'œuvres there are simply elegant and Tony always gives me one of those little tables behind a potted palm.

Also, there's no better way of getting acquainted than by starting with a perfectly good row. On account of his being such a shy bird, I had to do most of it myself; but as I had a lot of things to say that I thought he needed to hear, it came easy.

"I could guess how you had me listed," says I, "long before you said a word. Saw you sizing me up as I was taking a jolly from some of the guests. But what should I do—show my teeth and growl when a man comes near? The thing that gets me, though, is why you should crash in, give me sour looks, and then tell me I'm hopeless. I didn't try to vamp you, did I? Then what's the idea? Are you some field agent for the Purity League, or what? I'm just asking."

He sits there kind of dazed, dangling a slice of salami on his fork, and pinking up under the eyes. "I'm sure I don't know," says he. "Why I did whatever I did do, I mean. If I seem to you as much of a boob as all that ——"

"Absolutely," I breaks in. "Giving me what-for because Paul Leroy pats my hand a little!"

"But I—I ——" he starts to protest.

"Well, it amounts to that," I comes in. "And I don't stand for it; not from anyone. Makes me just furious to think anybody would dare tell me what I should or shouldn't do. I'm my own boss, I am, and I intend to stay so. Also, I know my way about and I don't need any advice, especially from rookie room clerks that drift in from the country."

That should have crumpled him up, but the next thing I know he's grinning across the table at me.

"Well?" says I. "What's so funny?"

"I was thinking," says he. "My getting roasted like this, you know. You're doing a beautiful job of it, Miss Hennessy. And I believe you are a viking's daughter. Probably that's why I was so much afraid of you."

"Eh?" says I. "Mean to say you were scared? Of me!"

"Stiff," says he. "You are rather regal, you know. I think it must be that calm way you have of looking at anyone, with your chin up, like a young queen on her throne."

"Sa-a-ay, if you were panicky, you're getting over it nicely, aren't you?" says I.

"I believe I am," says he. "Strange too. Usually I can't talk to girls at all—that is, good-looking ones. Never know what to say. But since you gave me that razzing for something you trapped me into saying—something I didn't intend to say and didn't mean—I feel different. As though I'd known you a long time. It's wonderful, Miss Hennessy—no, it's you who are wonderful."

"So I've heard," says I. "Have some soup. That's wonderful too."

"Here's another proof," he goes on: "I don't even mind your laughing at me. In fact, I like it. But you mustn't think I don't mean everything I say, especially that about your being regal. If some of your people weren't vikings, I'll bet they were captains of steamships."

"I had an uncle who was engineer on a tugboat," says I.

"What about your father?" says he.

"A lot about him, Mr. Tuttle," says I. "He made a noise in the world, Tim Hennessy did. He was a riveter. No joke. Worked one of those air jacks that they put skyscrapers together with. Rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat! Always stood high in his profession—sometimes twenty-five stories high. But as a father he rated low. Anyway, he wasn't missed much when he went."

"You mean," says Mr. Tuttle, "that he ——"

"Just strayed off and forgot to come back," says I. "I was too young to know much about it, and mother, being Swedish, didn't have a great deal to say. 'Maybe he coom, maybe he don't,' was her motto. She got her old job again in the beauty parlor and didn't seem to worry. She didn't need to, with her looks."

"But," says he, "is she still waiting for – "

"No," says I. "Flu, when I was sixteen, and I've been hustling for myself ever since. So you see that viking's-daughter stuff is all bunk. And if I have any regal airs about me, I must have worked 'em up when I was selling movie tickets in front of an arcade. There! Having sketched the story of my life we will now tackle the spaghetti. Can you wind it on a fork? Then you better let Tony serve it."

So what begun as a scrappy affair ended almost chummy. He wants to know if we can't have another dinner together some night next week.

"I don't know about that," says I. "Meanwhile I might do something else you didn't like."

"If you do," says he, "you'll never hear it from me. I believe you're all right just as you are."

"My, my!" says I. "Passed by the national board of censors! Well, I'll take a chance once more."

And the next forenoon I had the satisfaction of knowing that Tessie was curious enough to send Mayme over to give me the third degree about Mr. Tuttle.

"What's he like?" asks Mayme.

"How should I know?" says I.

"Ah, come!" says she. "Didn't we see him dating you up?"

"How silly!" says I. "Just a few friendly words of advice as to how a young lady stenog should behave in public."

"Pineapple juice!" says Mayme. "Whaddye think we are—goldfish?"

"Well, they do a lot of peering about, too," says I.

So what she found out from me wouldn't take her long to tell. Nor anything she could see across the lobby, for from then on Mr. Tuttle and I barely swapped nods during working hours. But Wednesday night we met again at Tortoni's, and this time it was him that got confidential.

I heard all about the rich uncle who'd brought him up—a fussy old bachelor who had always been skirt shy and had almost succeeded in making Vernon that way. Must be an odd old party, but he'd had great luck in the hotel business. Starting with a twenty-room inn in some junk town up in New Hampshire, he'd pyramided his profits, branched out, organized a company, picked the right spots and the right time, and now he was head of the Gloriana Corporation, with a whole chain of hotels, some bigger than this. He lived in the Boston one, had high blood pressure, wouldn't travel, kept four pet parrots in his suite, and of late years had turned religious. Wanted Vernon to be a great evangelist, like Billy Sunday, build a whaling big tabernacle on the Fenway, and give those wicked Boston plutes a razzing every night in the week. It was a great blow to him when Vernon balked.

"Why did you?" I asked. "I bet you'd been good at it."

"Now you're kidding me again," says he. "All I want to reform is the hotel business."

He had a grand little scheme of his own too. According to him, there were too many frills and too much service that people had to pay for, whether they wanted 'em or not. He'd make everything plainer, simpler and a whole lot cheaper. No gilded palm rooms, no jazz orchestras, no coat-room holdups, no tips; but good, plain food, good beds, and mostly self-service—the Tuttle plan. And a Tuttle House in every city in the land.

"Might not be so crazy as it sounds," I agrees. "I expect when Uncle Ethan leaves you his pile you'll be trying it out on a big scale."

Vernon says there's no chance of that. "All I'll ever get," he goes on, "will be the old Adnock Inn where he started. The rest will go to charity. I'm glad you like the idea though, Helma. I—I'd like to talk over the details with you as I work them out."

"I don't see any harm in that, Verne," says I.

Which shows we were getting on. And you know how those things go. Wednesday nights got to be a standing date, then Sunday afternoons, and the next I knew we were meeting somewhere nearly every evening. No night club or cabaret stuff. He didn't care for that and wasn't much of a dancer anyway. But he had a college chum who'd turned artist and gave little studio parties; nothing you'd call wild—mostly tea and talk. I kind of liked the crowd—cub reporters, young hicks trying to sell bonds, a Wellesley girl who was doing settlement work, another who was making a stab at interior decorating. Sort of a highbrow bunch, but they didn't rub it in on you. They were nice to me, called me "Verne's viking girl," painted pictures of me. And it was a scream to hear 'em debate about this and that. Some had the nuttiest ideas.

As for Verne, he listened mostly, except when we were by ourselves. Then he'd have spells when he'd spiel away for an hour, telling me about this South Adnock place, what a fine old town it was—streets lined with big elms, and the old houses, some built over a hundred years ago, and green hills that circled around.

"Must be a jay burg, though, way up there," I'd say.

"That's why I like it so much, I guess," says he. "I believe you would like it, too, Helma."

"That far from Times Square?" says I. "I can't feature myself."

"Not if you were there with—with me, Helma?" he asks.

"Well, that might help, Verne," says I.

'Course, I knew I was falling for him in a way. He's a lot different from most of the men I'd kidded along. You had to know when to stop with them and how to stop 'em. And I'd learned both. I'll say I had. Young too. But you didn't need to watch Verne Tuttle so sharp. Somehow you knew he wouldn't do anything but the right thing—what he thought was right anyhow. And though he's serious and kind of solemn at times, then again he'd say the weirdest things that would get you laughing. Original, I mean. And when he was sitting quiet, just looking at me—well, it

(Continued on Page 152)

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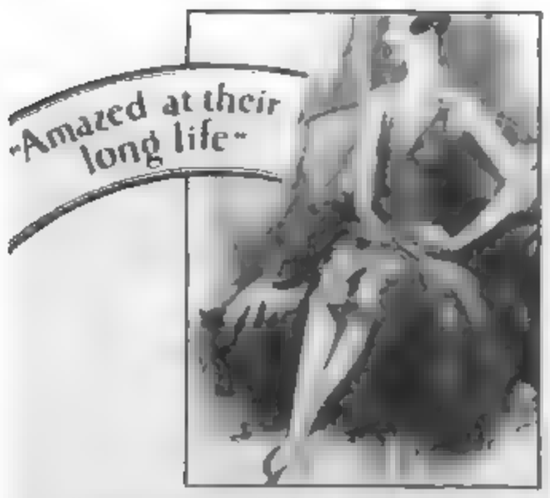

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(Continued from Page 150)

was almost as if I was on one of those throne affairs; and I knew I didn't belong on any throne, or in any place like South Adnock either. Also, I felt we'd started something that ought to be headed off.

I thought I was good at blocking such things too. First I tried throwing the switch on him. "That Miss Chapin who does the decorating," I suggests, "seems like a nice girl."

"Yes," says he. "Rather arty though."

"But cute and cunning," I goes on. "She's strong for you too. You'd team up well."

He only laughs. "Why try to wish me on her?" says he. "I doubt if she'd allow it, for one thing, and for another, I'm in love with you, Helma."

"Oh, no, you're not," I objects. "I'm not your kind, Verne."

"You're the loveliest young person I ever saw," says he.

"Now you're talking about my Swedish complexion," says I. "But I've got an Irish disposition, remember. Makes me flighty with men."

"I'll risk all that," says he.

"Better not," says I. "Suppose Paul Leroy should get serious about me."

That sobers him up for a minute. Then he shrugs his shoulders and smiles. It's a winner, that smile of Verne's, I can't deny. "I know you better than I did, Helma," says he. "You're too fine and sensible a girl to have your head turned even by a movie star."

"I wouldn't guarantee it," says I. "'Course, it's such a long shot it's hardly worth talking about, but if he should happen to come along some day and crook his finger at me——"

"We'll fix that right now," says Verne. And the next thing I know he's grabbed me up and we've gone into a fond clinch and I'm being kissed as I never was kissed before. I didn't mean to, but I was doing my share too.

"There!" says he. "In case of emergency you can say to Paul Leroy or any other rotter who might get ambitious, 'Sorry, mister, but you're too late. I'm going to marry into the hotel business.'"

"I can tell 'em I've been tagged, anyway," says I. "I know you mean it now, Verne, and I'm not sorry for myself on that account. But a month from now, or in two or three, you may feel different. So we're not going to call anything settled—just left open."

Well, he was all for getting a ring and writing to Uncle Ethan about me, but I held him off. Somehow I didn't want to be rushed or have him rush into it. I'd seen so many mistakes that way—bad ones. But he would make plans and talk up dates. We saw more of each other than ever. I got to liking him a lot. There was something solid and substantial about Verne. You always knew where he stood. And he did have a good chin and wavy front hair. A bit slow and sober, but a nice, clean boy.

I wouldn't lay off joshing a bit with clients though. That was Article 1 of the bargain. I told Verne it was natural for me, and part of my job. He agreed to that. Used to look over and grin when I was giving some old boy a thrill.

And then one day Palpitating Paul shows up again. I didn't see him when he checked in, but I heard he'd arrived and was on his way to Europe. Everybody around the lobby got the news, and about the going-away party some friends and admirers were staging for him. It all meant as much to me as it ever did, no less and no more.

I remember I was just getting ready to call it a day when this merry bunch swarms out of the elevator, all very chatty and well chirked up. In the center was Paul Leroy, sleek and glossy and chesty from all the bunk that had been fed him. First off I didn't think he was going to see me, standing there by the desk, and he did almost get past before he spots me.

"Good luck, Paul!" I calls out, and blew him a kiss.

"What ho!" says he, stopping. "Look, my good people. Helma, loveliest daughter of Lief the Rover, salutes me. And by the gods I must salute Helma."

If I'd had time I might have sidestepped him, but he lurched over sudden and pinned my arms down. What I got was a Hollywood fade-out highly flavored with gin.

"And just for that," says Paul, "this divine girl goes to the boat with us. Come!"

"Nothing doing," says I, trying to wriggle away.

But they pulled me into the crowd, a man on either side, and hustled me out through the lobby. I got a glimpse of Verne Tuttle's face as I went by the desk. I'll never forget that look—like he was being hurt something fierce.

What was I to do though? I was shoved into a taxi and held there by a couple of half-soused birds who wouldn't listen. And it wasn't until we got to the pier that I convinced 'em they'd better turn me loose, and I'll bet they were considerably mussed by then.

I had a seven-o'clock date with Verne, and as soon as I got back to my room and washed up and changed, I hurried down. He wasn't there. I waited and waited. I couldn't blame him for being peeved. How should he know I hadn't gone right along to Europe?

But tomorrow I'd see him and calm him down. I'd tell him how it all happened and what I did to those souses.

Next day, though, there was no Mr. Tuttle behind the desk. I couldn't work up the courage to ask until towards six o'clock, and then it didn't do me any good. The other clerks thought he was just taking a day off. Finally I went to Mr. Carney.

"Tuttle?" says he. "Why, he's resigned. I don't know what got into the fellow either. He was doing well. And then all of a sudden last night he comes in and says he's quitting. Wouldn't give any reason or say where he was going. Didn't even leave a forwarding address. You'd been doing some work for him, Miss Hennessy?"

"It's about finished, I expect," says I. "I'll hold it. He may send some word."

He didn't. A month dragged along, two months. I had plenty of time to think about Verne, and the longer I thought, the surer I was that I'd missed my one chance of tying up with a real man. I remembered how mother had been left waiting for Tim Hennessy, and what she'd said about it. But I decided that this was a different case and that I was going to act different. If he was worth being sorry for he was worth waiting for. And because he was so crazy about this South Adnock place, I was sure that some day he'd be wandering back here. So I came and camped on the trail.

The first few days I wondered how long I could stand it, but I've been here three months and I'm not dead yet. It is a nice little town, with shady elms, fine old houses, and hills strung around, just as advertised. I joined up with a Miss Perkins who works in the bank, and we got rooms on the top floor of the Bullen block, with windows overlooking the square and the soldiers' monument, and Adnock Inn and the Congregational Church in plain view. Twice a week we go to the Palace, when they have news reels and vaudeville.

"Funny how you should come up here from New York, Helma," says Ella Perkins. "Just how did you happen to?"

"I didn't happen to," says I. "I looked it up on the map. But it's funny, all the same. Sometimes I think it's the most comical thing I ever did."

"I don't think I understand," says Ella.

"You got nothing on me," says I. "I don't know the answer either."

That was a few hours ago. But now—well, it was like this: From my alcove in Adnock Inn I could see the front door. The railroad station being only a block away, I could hear every train come in, and I was all set to spot the new arrivals. Four trains a day—and in three months I never missed one. Get that?

And then, after the 4:15 rolled in this afternoon, who should walk into the lobby but Verne Tuttle, still with that hurt look in his eyes. Of course, the first one he sees is me. He stops in his tracks, stares as if he didn't believe it, and then makes to turn away. He'd swung only half around when he changes his mind and walks over to my desk.

"You?" says he, short and kind of husky.

"Looks like me, don't it?" says I.

"But—but why?" he demands.

"Well," says I, "I thought it was a good place to wait."

For a second he stares some more. "Waiting?" says he. "For what?"

"For a poor prune who couldn't trust a viking's daughter to take care of herself among a lot of soused cut-ups," says I. "His name was Tuttle. Sort of a serious gink, with a mind that could work up suspicions easy, and a habit of running off when ——"

"Don't, Helma!" says he. "Let's—let's go somewhere and talk this out."

So we did. Up off Washington Street there's a path that leads along Silver Creek under the white birches. Ella Perkins led me there one Sunday and said that it was Lovers' Lane. Giggled when she told me. Verne and I weren't at the giggling stage.

"So you thought Palpitating Paul had crooked his finger and I had followed, eh?" I asked him.

"I didn't know what to think," says Verne.

"You might have known what not to," says I.

"Yes," says he, and hangs his head.

After a while he asks how long I've been waiting here, and I tells him.

"But I don't see why you should," he goes on, "when you ——"

"Listen, Verne," says I; "did you expect I was the kind that would sit and wipe my eyes?"

"Helma!" says he. "Do you really mean that—that —— Oh, Helma, dear!"

And say, when these slow starters really get going they can pull stuff the Paul Leroys only give a weak imitation of. Verne convinced me it was Lovers' Lane, all right. I didn't find it such a poisonous experience either.

As soon after as I got a chance I asks how he happened to drift back, and he tells me he's on a business trip. Seems Uncle Ethan has passed out.

"I see," says I. "He left you the old inn and you've come to take hold. Well, if I've stuck it out this long I guess I can take a life sentence here. Anyhow, I'll do my best, Verne."

"You're a brick, Helma," says he, giving me another bear hug.

"You didn't say hick, did you?" says I. "I may come to it, you know, unless we can break loose once in a while and ——"

"Sorry, Helma," he breaks in, "but that isn't going to be the program at all."

"Eh?" says I.

Then he tells me where I've made a wide guess. For dear old Uncle Ethan had done another flop along towards the last, soured on the philanthropy act and left the whole shooting match, including the four parrots, to Verne.

"Oh!" says I. "Then everything's off."

"Helma!" says he.

"I mean," I goes on, "that with all that you're not going to need me."

"More than ever," says he. "Besides, I am going to have you. See? I've got you."

"Cave-man stuff!" says I. "I never thought I'd like it. All right, then. But do we have to live in Boston with those birds?"

"If you like," says he, "we will take one of those suites at the Gloriana for our headquarters."

"If I like!" I squeals. "Oh, Verne!" And I gave him a demonstration of what a shady lane was for.

"There's just one thing more," I adds: "I think I'll have all four of the parrots hung over the news stand. They'll be such a comfort to that Maymie girl when she feels chatty."

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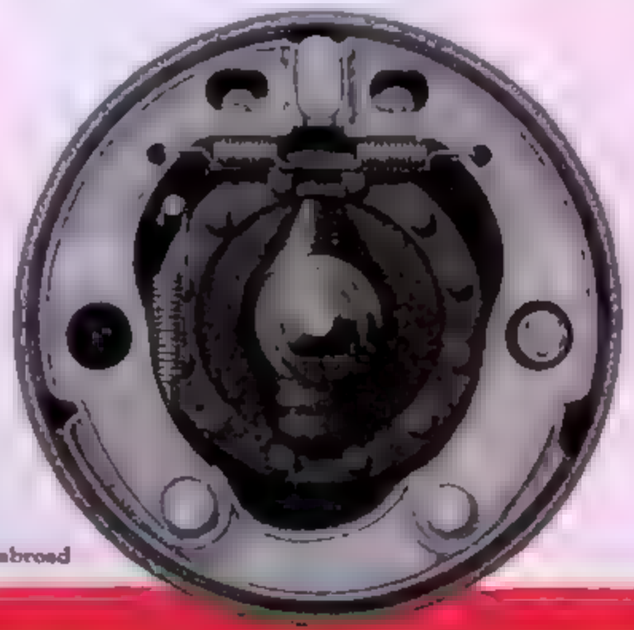

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WINGS OF SONG

(Continued from Page 29)

word, that is true. He had the knowledge that comes from wide experience of the technic of singing, of drawing and of modeling; he knew sixty-four operas, he spoke seven languages; but he never read a book or pretended to any knowledge of literature. He had never regularly attended school when he was a child. As a little boy he spoke the Neapolitan dialect, but his mother, with that extraordinary vision of future glory for her son, had him taught the Italian language, the beautiful tongue of Tuscany. Incidentally his teacher gave him a little instruction in history and geography.

Growing up as I did, under the watchful eye of a father who was an author and whose daily fare of books was more important to him than food, it seemed strange to me that Enrico should not read. However, I did not dream that he recognized any deficiency in respect to his education, until I noticed that for ten minutes before going to sleep at night he read attentively in a little worn book that always lay on his bed table. One night I asked him what the book was, and he showed me that it was an Italian book of facts arranged alphabetically, something on the order of a small abridged encyclopedia. Every night he read religiously a few of these dry-as-dust facts, hoping in this way to make up for the scholarship he had been deprived of in his youth.

In learning a language—French, for instance—he would translate some libretto he was working on from Italian into French and then back again into Italian. In writing English—and he always wrote me in my own language—he used words in a new and vivid sense, in fresh combinations which made his descriptions unusually vivid and sometimes amusing. If he was in doubt about the spelling, he spelled the word as it sounded to him, often with strange results.

In one of his letters, written from Mexico, he thus describes an outdoor performance of an opera:

> At moment to go on the stage there was illumination plenty by the sun. I had like a shower of rays in my eyes, terribly hot like a Shweedish bath. I was forced to close my eyes and it was impossible to look at the conductor. One sang with me who had a voice which bark like an old dog doing "Whau, whau!" Who, you say, is that? But I do not tell you, because he is my companion, so I go on singing with bag of sunshine in my face.

Christmas Throughout the Year

But at the time of which I am writing we were together and there was no need for letters. Life was full of new and interesting events. Every day was like Christmas, because we were always receiving presents from all sorts of people, from all over the world. Enrico took all this as a matter of course, for I suppose it was an old story to him by that time, but to me it was great fun to untie mysterious packages and to open big white boxes. Flowers came into the house every day, often from friends, but even more often from strangers who had heard Caruso sing perhaps for the first time, and who sent them as an expression of their admiration.

I have already spoken of the paintings and drawings of himself; and then there were magnificently decorated cakes, fresh country eggs, milk, Italian chocolate, spaghetti, wines, books with the compliments of the authors, engraved testimonials from music societies, and sometimes a rare piece to add to his collections. At regular intervals there arrived a sort of aquarium full of fiat herring in oil and bay leaves. Enrico enjoyed these immensely and late at night ate them in place of the steak sandwich. I could not cultivate a real liking for these delicacies, but I ate them anyway so as not to hurt Enrico's feelings by refusing what he assured me was a typical Neapolitan dish. Once, in Philadelphia someone sent us an enormous roast of beef. I expressed some surprise when the large bundle was unwrapped, but Enrico told me reproachfully that it was the gift of a good friend of his, an Italian butcher.

Though these votive offerings were accepted as a proper tribute to his fame, nevertheless Enrico was always touched more than he would admit by such remembrances. He seldom said anything in the way of praise, and because of this reticence, those who lived around him and who were constantly serving him often felt discouraged, not sure that they were carrying out his wishes. It was perhaps harder on Zirato than anyone, for besides being a most conscientious secretary, he was a trustworthy and devoted friend. On one occasion Zirato had done an unusual amount of work, requiring the exercise of tact and diplomacy. Caruso, however, had not indicated by a word or a look that he was pleased with the result. On the day that Enrico sang he was usually in a quiet and relaxed mood, and Zirato chose this time when they were talking together in a friendly way to say, "Commendatore, why is it that you are always scolding me? I am very thankful that you teach me, but you never praise me, no matter how hard I try to please you. You never say, 'That's well done, Zirato.'"

A Contract Broken

Caruso thought a moment and replied: "I sing for the public. If I sing an opera and I sing it very beautiful, the newspapers only say, 'Caruso sang last night.' But if I don't sing the opera well, in the morning there are headlines: Caruso Has Lost His Voice. Greatest Tenor in the World is Finished! And then follows a two-column article to say how badly I sing. When you do something wrong, if I keep you with me one minute after—not a day after nor a week after but a minute after—that is a proof that I value you."

Zirato nodded. "I understand, Commendatore—and I am very thankful for those minutes," he added, laughing.

But if Caruso was exacting with others, his sense of honor and justice made him equally hard on himself. I remember the evening that we attended a Red Cross benefit at the Manhattan Opera House, given for soldiers and sailors. As soon as Caruso was recognized in the box the audience began to cheer and to shout to him to sing Over There. His contract with the Metropolitan did not allow him to sing in public except at concerts specified in his agreement. But the huge audience knowing nothing of this continued to yell and shout for him to sing to them. A delegation of soldiers and sailors came to beg him to sing to the boys, and the committee in charge of the concert also added their persuasions. It was more than human endurance could stand. Enrico yielded at last and going on the stage, sang Over There, with the immense crowd of men joining enthusiastically in the chorus. As soon as the song was finished he took me back to the hotel; then he went at once to Mr. Gatti-Casazza and told him he had broken his contract. I need not say that under the circumstances he was promptly forgiven.

Another time, in Mexico, he did not want to accept the fee for his performance. I will let him give an account of this incident himself. The Opera, Ballo in Maschera, was given in the Plaza de Los Toros—the bull ring—in Mexico City:

> At 3:30 the performance begin. My voice was fine and my spirit very high, but there were some black clouds that beginning to come up, and at the end of the first act beginning to Schizzichiare—in Neapolitan, drizzle—very thin, thin. We begin the second act and the success was great even more than the first act. I sang those two acts wonderfully and everybody were glad and enjoy very much. But in the second act when I sing the barcarola in

(Continued on Page 158)

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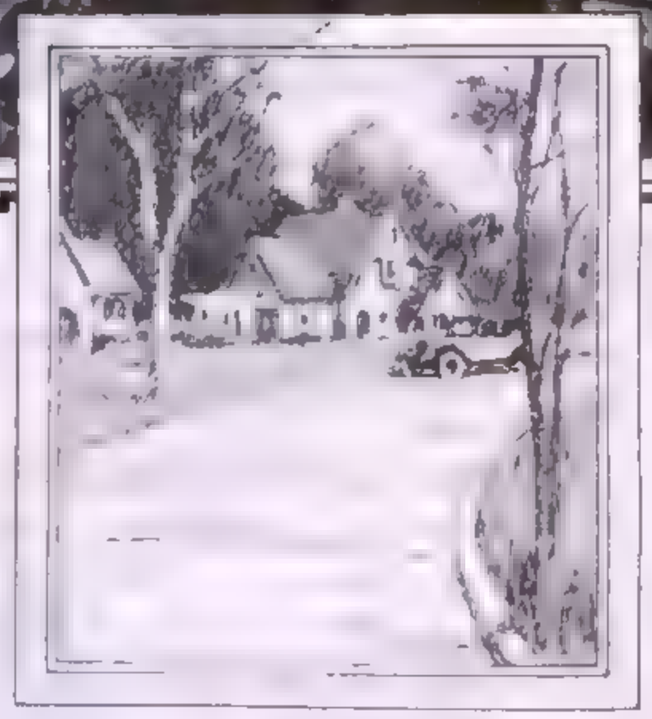

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The car's all-around brilliance on the road is simply an expression of the all-around integrity that has gone into its making.

DODGE BROTHERS *Senior Line*

(Continued from Page 156)

which are the words "*Io sfido i venti, i lampi, i tuoni,*" etc. —I defy the winds, the lightning, the thunder—there was real wind, light and thunder and the clouds open and water come down like a storm.

I went in my dressing room to be ready for the third act, and I was ready, when the water begin to come down in my dressing room. We stay like that for half an hour, and the public was there with umbrellas and overcoats on the head. When I saw that it was impossible to stay in the dressing room I went out and put on a mantle and ask to the public which were in the boxes, "What go to do?" They answer, "Go home." So I undress under the raining which come down in the dressing room and come home. I think it is the first time in my artistic career that I bring home some money without work. I don't feel to take such money. What you think if I give my check to the poors?

This money, which he did not feel he had earned, disturbed him so much that he did not feel easy in his mind until he had distributed it, as he suggested, to the "poors."

Toward those who tried to injure him Caruso was equally just and merciful. He received many blackmailing letters, which of course, in most cases, were written by people who were not responsible for their words. But when accidentally one of these letters fell into my hands I was always frightened and never at ease until the specified time of the threats had gone by. When I exclaimed in horror at some of the letters Enrico would say, "We will see. Let us wait a little. Here is perhaps a poor wretch that needs food—not dangerous at all, only hungry and stupid." When he thought it was a case worth investigating he often succeeded in turning into a devoted friend the very man who had threatened to kill him.

Caruso was frequently threatened by writers who signed themselves members of the Black Hand, but he never took any unusual precautions or demanded any protection against these people. "If it's my time to die, I die," he would say calmly.

Small Chance for Pride

Persons who were near him at the time of the San Francisco earthquake, on that night of horror and destruction, told me that he acted with the utmost coolness, insisting that his secretary and servants should not try to save any of his effects but hurry to safety outside the trembling hotel. After he had seen them depart he returned coolly to his apartment to carry out the one thing he wanted to save—a large portrait of Theodore Roosevelt which the President had presented to him a short time before. A few months later, in London, he was asked to dine at the house of his friend, the Countess de Grey, who was lady in waiting to Queen Alexandra. Both King Edward VII and the Queen were present, and seating themselves on either side of Caruso, they asked him eagerly for details of that terrible disaster. Enrico, in his broken English, was the first eyewitness to tell Their Majesties about the "airthquake."

It was perhaps Caruso's silence when praise was expected that made everyone stand in awe of him. Miss Nina Morgana, who sang with him again and again in concerts, admitted to me that he struck terror to her heart. "I begin to tremble when I am within twenty feet of him, and I don't know why I should be afraid, as he has always been kindness itself to me." I think his closest friends dreaded his impatience and his irritation when everything was not done exactly as he had conceived it; and yet everyone near him loved him, and on every side there were always new and touching evidences of the affection of those attached to him.

Bruno Zirato, his secretary, tells the following story: Enrico was looking over the bill presented by the management of the Hotel Knickerbocker. Carefully adding it up, as was his custom, he drew a check and handed it to Zirato, who saw at once that the amount he had filled in was $1000 too much. The two apartments were rented to Caruso at a special price, but through a mistake of the bookkeeper he was charged the full rate. Zirato immediately called Caruso's attention to the mistake

"No," said Caruso, "I have drawn the check for the amount of the bill as they gave it to me, and that is correct."

But Zirato was not satisfied. Taking the check and the bill, he went in search of Mr. Regan, owner of the hotel, who said at once that it was a mistake and immediately returned the surplus $1000 to Zirato. Zirato said afterward, "I was so delighted that I was right, and so glad to save Mr. Caruso the $1000, that I rushed upstairs with the money in my hand, and running to the Commendatore, I cried, 'You see, after all I was right. Here is the $1000 which they returned to me.' And what do you think he said? 'Well, why do you talk about it? Why don't you put it in the drawer?' I felt like a balloon that goes flat."

For Every Tear

Enrico praised me no more than he did anyone else. I would put on my loveliest gown and stand before him, waiting for him to tell me how well I looked. "Do you like me in this gown, Enrico?" I would ask. "Do you think I look pretty?"

In the most provoking way he would answer "Do you think I would have married you if you were not nice looking?"

That was high praise, as I gradually came to learn. I would parade before him as proud as a peacock; he would watch me and perhaps say, with a twinkle in his eye, "How fat you are!" But if someone else had told me that I was the most beautiful and entrancing person that ever walked upon the earth, it could never have meant as much to me as Enrico's teasing voice and his funny chuckle as he said, "Doro, how fat you are!"

But, oh, dear, how well I remember the day I wore for the first time a wonderful black velvet gown! It was the first of the kind I had ever had. I walked up and down in front of the long mirrors, watching the lovely long train swirling and doubling after me, and admiring the softness and suppleness of the material. Nina Morgana came into the room and exclaimed with admiration: "What a lovely gown! You do look beautiful." As I was going to the opera, I had put on diamonds and emeralds, and altogether I felt that I could risk showing myself to Enrico; down deep in my heart, after several critical looks in the mirror, I thought he might agree with Nina. So I walked confidently into his dressing room, fully expecting to be greeted with a look of approval. Imagine my astonishment when he looked at me, and with a very black frown, said, "You can't go out of the house in that gown, Doro. Would you really wear such a low-cut dress in public? It shows half of your back. Take it off at once! My wife cannot appear like that!"

I backed away and only controlled my tears until I reached my room. But I could not give way to this weakness for long, because I had to put on another gown and go with Enrico to the opera as though nothing had happened. It would be a dreadful thing to disturb him by making a scene on the night that he sang. However I think he suspected something, for when I went to his dressing room between the acts he looked at me keenly, started to say something and then stopped. The next day he returned from a rehearsal and dropped a little white box in my lap.

"For all your tears, my Doro," he said, smiling, as I drew out a chain of diamonds that reached to my knees.

Sometimes, it seemed to me, Enrico treated me very much as he did his bronzes and his enamels—he devised a beautiful setting for them and then wanted them to remain just as he had arranged them. He would not have thought of tying ribbons upon them or decorating them in any way; neither did he like to have me do anything to alter my appearance. He liked me to wear my hair brushed simply back; he did

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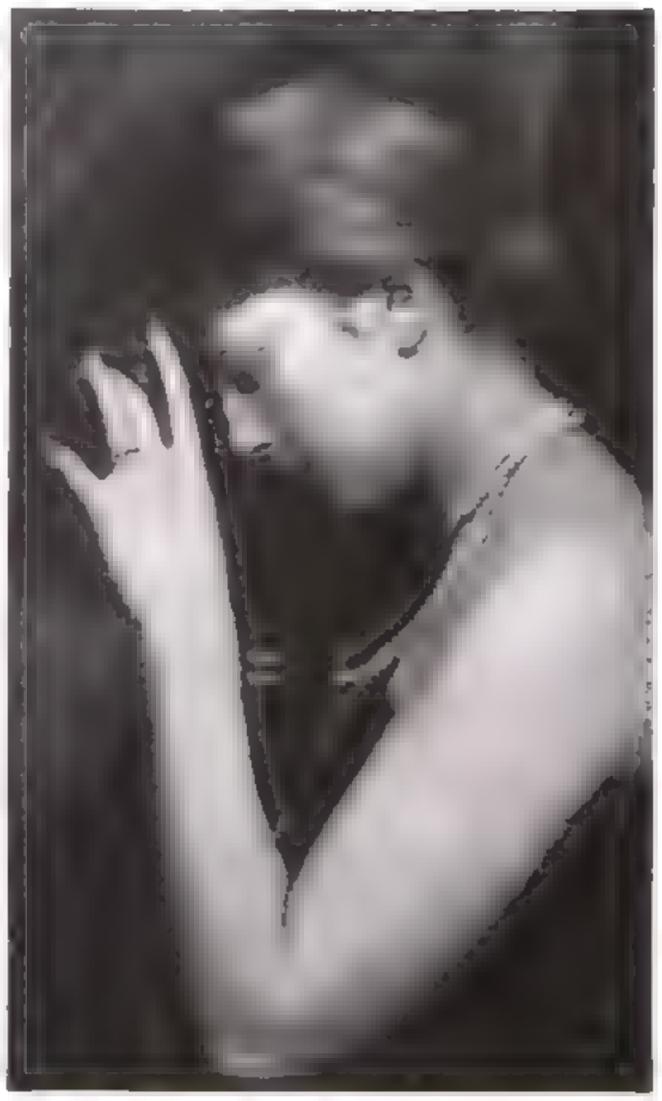

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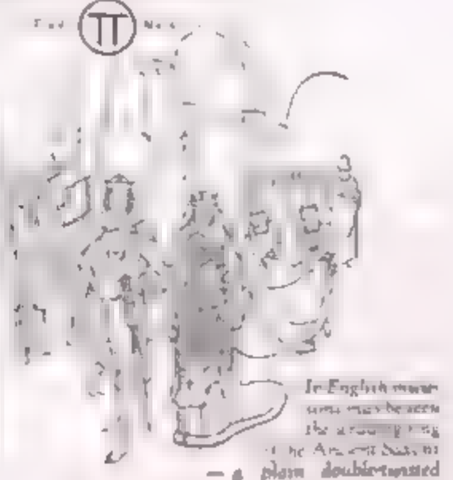

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not care for extreme styles. When most skirts were short mine were still down around my ankles. He did not object to rouge and cosmetics on other women, but he disliked them intensely on me.

Torrance and I used to tease him about this; and sometimes we would appear with fiercely rouged cheeks and then wait for the storm to break on our heads. One day we found in a beauty shop the most astonishing eyelashes. They were glued onto a thin strip of pink court-plaster and this strip had to be attached to the eyelids; then presto! one was the proud possessor of the longest and most beautifully curling lashes ever seen—that is, as long as they stayed glued to one's lids. Torrance and I promptly bought some. With great difficulty we stuck them on, and then we went in to sit demurely beside Enrico, who was playing solitaire. He did not notice us for some time, but at last he glanced up from the cards and his horrified expression was worth all the pain we had endured to get them on.

"Indecente!" he roared. But when at that psychological moment one of my handsome pair of eyelashes came loose and hung in a rakish manner over my left cheek, he lay back in his chair shaking with laughter, crying, "Oh, you funny American girls!"

The Caged Songbird

Caruso loved an obvious kind of humor. The sort of things amused him that would send a small boy into gales of laughter. He enjoyed in the theater a slapstick farce, preferably pantomime, because then he did not have to make the effort to follow the words. He would look out of the window on a windy, rainy day and laugh uproariously as hats were blown off and men chased across Times Square, as umbrellas turned inside out, and people were buffeted about by the wind. He was amused, too, by electric signs that jumped or changed—at the kitten winding itself up in silk, flags that sparkled out into red, white and blue lights—all these appealed to him and would amuse him for hours at a time.

I believe that most people, seeing Caruso in public or reading of his appearances at the Metropolitan, thought of him as a light-hearted jovial man. As a matter of fact, he was an entirely different person from the man the public saw and read about. Like all artists, his mood changed rapidly from grave to gay; but he was far more often melancholy than merry. It is true that when he was exercising—playing tennis or going bathing—he did it with an enormous zest and an exuberance of spirit that might have passed for the whole-hearted joy of a man satisfied with life; but at such times he was taken out of himself; he was able to forget himself and the side of life that troubled him.

During the last years of his life Caruso was a melancholy man, with a habit of dropping into periods of sadness and silence. At such times, when he talked at all, he spoke of his past life, recalling bitterly all the sacrifices of his mother, for whom he could have done so much had she lived. He went over his early struggles, the difficulties he had to get a start in his career, the people who had injured him, had taken advantage of him or, as the years passed, had forgotten him.

Often Caruso would sit and cry for hours over these bygone days, recalling pathetic little incidents that had affected him. He told me of a lady who once came to see him and who, at one time in her life, had had riches and a splendid name. Through a series of misfortunes she had sunk into poverty and oblivion. But it was not the account of her misfortunes that touched Enrico—it was the sight of her feeble little hands in their black cotton gloves, in one of which was a hole that she vainly attempted to hide.

Caruso at this time was deeply impressed by the war. His son, Rodolfo, was in the Italian Army, and he had friends who were fighting under all the flags of the nations and who wrote to him regularly from the trenches and the camps. He did not seem to worry about the personal safety of his son or his friends who were actually on the battle fronts, but he was struck with horror at the fact that the nations were fighting against one another. He had identified himself so closely with the United States that he looked upon it as his adopted country, and to America he gave most generously. He could never do enough for those men who were engaged in the actual business of warfare. But there is no doubt that he was deeply depressed by the long continuance of the conflict.

He said to me once it seemed to him as though something beautiful and precious that could never be replaced were being destroyed. He had sung for many seasons in Vienna; in Germany, that nation of music lovers, he had had his most appreciative and critical audience, and for that he loved the German public. He had sung season after season in St. Petersburg, and was a personal friend of the late Czar Nicholas. Wherever he appeared he belonged temporarily to that nation. It was difficult for him to be a partisan of any country, this man who had sung to the hearts of them all.

Looking Over His Phonograph Records

At the end he yearned for his own land, for his beloved Italy. No matter how long he remained on foreign shores, to her his allegiance never wavered; and when he fell ill, like a sick child calling for his mother he asked to be taken back to his own country to die in her arms.

Recently in an essay by Virginia Woolf I read of the influence of climate upon temperament. Speaking of the outdoor life of the Italians she says: "With warmth and sunshine and months of brilliant fine weather, life is instantly changed; it is transacted out of doors, with the result known to all who visit Italy that . . . people are inspired with that laughing nimbleness of wit and tongue peculiar to the southern races, which has nothing in common with the slow reserve . . . the brooding introspective melancholy of people accustomed to live more than half the year indoors." When I read that I wondered whether the change from that warm land where the streets are full of song and sunshine to our American city of New York with its long winter of snow and mist, which obliged him to remain indoors would account perhaps for the gradual change in Caruso's temperament, for the almost Nordic

Enrico Caruso

sadness that characterized his last years.

But although the thought of the war depressed Enrico, he did not try to evade any of the responsibilities that it brought to him. He gave freely both of his money and his time. One day we visited a hospital for wounded soldiers. As we alighted from the automobile in front of the administration building we saw standing on the steps several officers talking together in loud voices. They greeted Caruso as he came up, and as they looked so troubled he asked them what had happened.

"Well," replied one of the officers, "we have a boy here on his way to Washington to get some new legs. He lost both in the war, but he'll be all right when he gets his new ones. He's from a small Western town and is here in New York only for today. Of course he's crazy to see the big city he's heard so much about, but we don't see how we can manage. We're short of help as it is, and someone would have to go with him."

"That's easy," said Caruso. "Put him into my car and I will take him to see the city." He added that unfortunately only his morning was free, as he had a rehearsal in the afternoon, but that the chauffeur would take the boy about and show him all the sights. "Meanwhile he must come with me and have a good dinner."

He brushed aside the protests of the officers, and soon the legless soldier, smiling with pleasure, was ensconced on the front seat, listening intently to the chauffeur's comments on the big city. Caruso had him carried into a little Italian restaurant he frequented, where he knew he would be away from curious eyes. After luncheon Caruso walked home, and the boy, in the care of the chauffeur, toured the city until dark. A few days later Caruso received a letter from the wounded man, saying, "Many thanks for your great kindness to me. When I get my new legs from Washington I am coming over to hear you sing."

I am well aware that in writing of the life of any man, to recount his good deeds as I have done can prove even a villain to be virtuous and a bandit to have a benevolent turn of mind. I do not mean to relate these incidents in order that you shall say, "Yes, Caruso was indeed a kind-hearted man." Most of us are kind-hearted if we are in good health and have enough money to get on in the world, and so you may well say too, "Why shouldn't he be kind who had so much?"

But there was something more than simple kindliness and a desire to please in the things Caruso did. We often have the best intentions about doing noble deeds, but so often tomorrow seems the better time to start. The consciousness of having a good deed to do is in fact rather a weight on the conscience. Enrico had the habit, one might call it, of being instantly kind. He had no good intentions, those pitfalls of our weak natures; he did not lay the thought of a noble act away for calm consideration of the morrow: he acted on the moment with an unerring instinct, choosing with the utmost delicacy and discrimination exactly the one thing needed to bring ease to the spirit or comfort to the body.

Caruso was not perfect, and I hope that I have not magnified his virtues to such an extent that you forget his faults, for then I should be placing before you a wooden model when I want you to see a man. Impatient he often was, and irritable, too quick to resent an injury, too sure that it was deliberately intended to wound him. He loved flattery and praise. No one could say too much to please him and no homage was too great for him to accept as his due.

His Debt to Others

He was silent when a word of praise would have been welcome; indifferent to the havoc caused by his abrupt changes of mood or the reversal of his plans; anxious to the point of absurdity about his health, and noting desperately every fluctuation, worrying over any small symptom, hurrying to try any new cure that presented itself. He was superstitious, credulous, afraid of pain, which to him was the greatest evil of life. And yet when all this is admitted, these faults after all are only the shadows that throw into relief the portrait of a human being.

Perhaps I write with a prejudiced eye, looking back at my memories, for at times I find it hard to believe that Caruso had any of these faults that I have enumerated; but I want sincerely to bring him before your eyes not as a demigod, sitting complacently on some high mountain and looking down upon less fortunate mortals, but as a man endowed with a splendid talent, which in spite of temptation he held inviolate and sacred until his death.

Someone asked me once if it were true that Caruso dispensed charity to 120 people. It is true that there were at least that

(Continued on Page 165)

CANDY

for Hallowe'en

Witching Time Is Candy Time

There is a witchery in candy that makes "Witching Time" perfect. ❧ It is the witchery of delicious taste—of cheer—of love—of good fellowship.

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Miller *Scientifically Correct* Balloon Tires

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GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD • MILLER KNOWS RUBBER

(Continued from Page 160)

number in whom he was deeply interested, but he did not look upon his help as charity. The financial side of things was of no importance to him; but he never forgot anyone who had helped him, and many of those he took care of in their old age were those to whom he felt he owed an unpayable debt for their kindness to him when he was a struggling young artist. There were a number of young singers he financed, whose progress was of the greatest interest and concern to him, but there was no idea of charity in his mind toward them. They were friends to whom he was in debt, or, as in the case of the young singers, because he had faith in their ability to sing.

One of the Finest

He had one old friend to whom he was devoted and whom he worshiped from afar with a pathetic sort of adoration. This was Maria Sophia of Bourbon, the former Queen of Naples. She had been his benefactress in the early days of his career. Even though her reign was over and she lived in exile in France, she was still his queen, the sovereign of his native city. He never failed to visit her when he went abroad, and on his last visit she presented him with a scarfpin, a medal carved with the head of a Madonna encircled with rubies. Through her secretary, Signor Barcelona, Caruso received regular reports of her, and each month he wrote his queen a beautiful and ceremonious letter, addressing her with all the formality due her former rank, to which she clung pathetically even in her old age. The exile of this venerable queen was one of the things he would brood over with tears in his eyes, but he would never discuss her with anyone. To him she was the sacred emblem of royalty.

On a concert tour of the cities of the West, Caruso was once the guest of honor at a banquet given by a prominent citizen. He describes it thus in a letter to me:

"The dinner was fine and I near take indigestion. He -the host—continue with a speech and invite me to remember that the Italian colony in this city is poor and then end by asking me if I will sing at a concert for the benefit of these poor. This was the point of the banquet. I stop sketching and told fine words in thanking him and then say, "It was not necessary to give me such a Lucullian feast. It was better to give the money to the poor and show first yourself how to be charitable." But all this I say with laughing, but the concrete point was that I don't need a dinner to make me give to a charity.

During the spring of this year, 1919, Caruso began to study the opera La Juive. He did not tell me that he had begun to learn the music of the rôle; but I noticed, however, on a trip to Atlanta which we took at that time that his accompanist, Fucito, was constantly playing music that was unfamiliar to me. Over and over again, wherever we were, whenever a piano was within reach, the same music was played until it seemed to become a part of our lives. Enrico, without seeming to pay any particular attention to the piano, nevertheless was always humming or whistling an accompaniment to Fucito's soft and insistent music.

On our homeward trip Mr. Scholl was on the train, and I was surprised to see Enrico and the timid little man talking earnestly together. As I watched them I saw that Mr. Scholl was no longer timid. There was instead a proud dignity about him as he slowly repeated certain words, then listened intently as Caruso repeated them after him. I discovered that Mr. Scholl was teaching Enrico the Jewish words of the song Eili, Eili.

All through that spring Enrico studied Jewish types, Jewish costumes and steeped himself in the music of La Juive, which was to be the new opera to be produced at the Metropolitan the coming season. He sang the aria in the second act with a religious fervor that surprised me. He was a Roman Catholic, but he seldom attended mass. On the other hand, he had a deep religious sentiment, if I might call it that. He had always been worried that our marriage had been celebrated in a Protestant church, so when, a few months afterward, I became a Catholic and we were remarried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, in New York City, it gave him great pleasure and comfort. He regarded the Madonna of Pompeii as his patron saint, and her picture always hung in his room close to that of his mother. After his illness he proved his devotion to his Madonna by making a pilgrimage to her church in Pompeii, where he made an offering of thanks for his cure.

It was during this winter of 1919 that an honor was bestowed upon Caruso that pleased him more than many of the glittering decorations pinned upon him by foreign potentates. One afternoon an impressive gentleman in a handsome blue uniform that shone with gold lace came to call. It was Mr. Nahan Franko, the famous and popular conductor—or, to give him his official title, Capt. Nahan Franko, of the Police Reserves—who had come with all proper credentials to bestow upon his fellow artist the title of honorary captain in the Police Reserves of New York City, in recognition of the service that Caruso had rendered the police force and other city powers by singing for them at public affairs. After a ceremonious speech he pinned a new and gleaming badge upon Enrico's broad chest. When Caruso had recovered from his astonishment he asked Captain Franko, "Can I make an arrest?"

"Certainly you can," replied Captain Franko promptly. "You can run in anyone you want."

"Run in?" said Caruso.

"Arrest them—put them in jail," explained Franko.

Caruso looked thoughtful. "There are a number of people—" he began solemnly, and then grinned at Franko. "But I suppose it wouldn't do, eh, to start right away? Well, anyway, this is the finest of all," he exclaimed, proudly looking down at the impressive police badge.

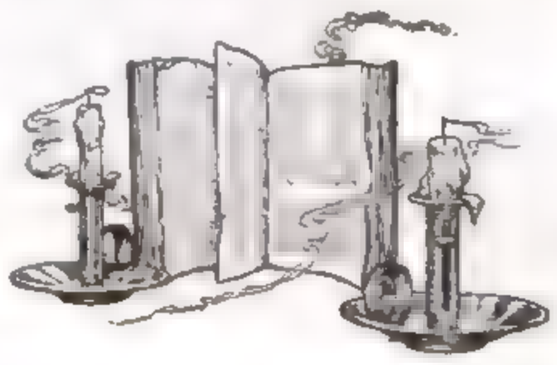
When Caruso Lost His Chance

A little later came Commissioner Enright and Deputy Commissioner Wallis, with a commission and another complimentary speech. Caruso in turn made a speech of thanks, saying that he had done nothing at all, nevertheless he was both grateful and proud to be a member of the finest police force in the world. Whereupon the flag of the city of New York was handed to him and the ceremonies were over.

It was soon after this impressive event that Zirato announced that Monsieur and Madame Georges Carpentier were calling and would like to pay their respects to Mr. Caruso.

"How lovely!" I cried. "I think they are on their honeymoon, Enrico. Of course we must see them."

"Certainly—of course," said Enrico vaguely, picking up a pencil and beginning to draw. In a few moments a fine-looking young man came in, followed shyly by a pretty girl. I had never met a boxer and I could not believe that this clever-looking clean-cut boy was a fighter. I imagined they were all heavy ugly men with curled-up ears and scarred faces. But Monsieur Carpentier might have been a young American college boy home on his Easter vacation. Caruso said little and the young couple soon took their departure, expressing their happiness at meeting the great tenor—all done very gracefully.



After they had left, I said, "Think of that young man being a boxer—the French champion!"

"Who?" asked Enrico, looking up from his sketch.

"Why, Monsieur Carpentier, the man who was just here."

"What?" cried Enrico, jumping up. "Not Georges Carpentier, the boxer? *Dio mio*, why didn't you tell me, so that I could be intelligent, so that at least I might have complimented him? Call him back and I will shake his hand!" But it was too late; there was nothing left for Enrico to do but bewail our stupidity—his stupidity—everyone's stupidity—that he should not have had the pleasure of talking to a new friend.

This first winter of our married life was drawing to a close, and when the season at the Metropolitan ended we prepared for the annual trip to Atlanta, where the Metropolitan Company gave a week of opera. It was a week of triumph for the company, of delight for me. I have never anywhere received so much hospitality and kindness as was showered on us in that beautiful city. Luncheons, barbecues, banquets and balls succeeded one another in rapid succession; everywhere there were people who opened their hearts and their homes and took us in.

A Farewell Engagement

No one who has been in the Piedmont Driving Club of Atlanta can forget its beautiful terraces, inclosed in green walls of tropical shrubbery, the long windows of the fine old rooms, every one opening upon a new vista of beauty. From one, there is a glimpse of the race track, seen through an avenue of trees; from another, one steps out on a long balcony to look down upon an aquamarine swimming pool; in another direction, there are the lights of Atlanta flickering like fireflies, or a corner of the building covered with climbing roses like a cascade of pearls in the moonlight. What jolly parties we had on these romantic terraces and how happy Enrico was to live again the outdoor life of his native country!

Since 1910, when he had sung Aïda in the Auditorium, Caruso had spent a week in Atlanta every year with the exception of 1915 when he sang in Buenos Aires. His last appearance in the beautiful Southern city was on May 1, 1920, when he sang Elisir d'Amore. The week I spent there with Enrico was a very happy one. The simple and cordial way of including us immediately in their lives and sharing with us their pleasures has always seemed to me the very essence of Southern hospitality. Surrounded by smiling faces and flowers, we spent hour after hour in the warm sunshine. It was a delightful period, with Caruso at his best and merriest. When the time came to say farewell I felt a real sadness at leaving, but how much more sad I would have been if I had known that this beautiful spring interlude was the last visit we would make to Atlanta.

About this time we began to make our plans to go to Italy for the summer. I longed to see Enrico in his own land, among his own people; he had told me so much about Bellesguardo, his villa in Italy, that I could hardly wait to see it for myself.

Also, I must confess that it had been hard for me to accustom myself to being always in the limelight that surrounded Caruso. We were seldom alone; wherever we went we were followed by the click of cameras and the questions of reporters, all kindly meant, but one felt as though one would rather be a simple and obscure person if one might have a little privacy. Enrico assured me that in Italy he was not well known and that we would live like farmers, away from the world in the mountains above Florence. It seemed like a dream of paradise; I threw myself heart and soul into the plans for an Italian summer.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mrs. Caruso and Mrs. Goddard. The next will appear in an early issue

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THE demand for *Fyr-Fyters* is growing fast. Five hundred million dollars' annual fire loss, 17,000 lives and the mortal dread of fire that's in everybody are reasons why we must get men in our open territory to take orders and supervise installations of *Fyr-Fyters*.

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VALSE OUBLIÉE

Continued from Page 5)

about with them down there some place. I asked you what is your name?"

"I don't see how I could help letting them in," the man argued.

"Neither do I," Miss Chase admitted, suddenly kind, "unless you happened to have the seeing eye. The eye that can look through effrontery like an x-ray. Don't worry, though. I shan't report you. It's of no great moment. They won't stay in my box long, I assure you."

"I don't see how it's my fault," the man was saying as he swung open the door.

Inside, Miss Bleecker said, "Thanks such a lot, Laurel. Do you mind if I go into your box? I haven't an idea where mine is."

"Heavens!" Miss Chase exclaimed. "I haven't a box. It had never occurred to me to come to this ball until I finished dinner tonight. That's why I'm wearing this Poiret model, with a toque I twisted myself. We'll find your box for you. . . . Young man, are you an usher? Please forgo the delights of peeping at that pageant for a moment or two, and go and find which is Miss Bleecker's box."

In a stream of light down the center of the vast darkened ballroom, fantastically beautiful creatures were sweeping down silver steps to what might well have been a presentation at the court of the Roi Soleil.

The 40's in the United States having been somewhat barren of stirring dramatic material, attendance at the inaugural ball of President Polk was the feat of heroism which the pageant celebrated.

The 40's had been chosen because the designer of the costumes for the pageant was in love with the tight bodices and bell-shaped skirts of that blessed decade. For his designs he had seasoned his affection for them with a comprehensive knowledge of the picturesque in dress both before and since, and he had drawn for colors and materials on the resources of a New York which was mistress of the world. The resultant guests of James Knox Polk would have been startling to that somewhat provincial executive could he have been evoked from his burgher's grave to see them.

Miss Laurel Chase was not, however, too favorably impressed by the display.

"The clothes are lovely," she commented to Alexander, "and the women they've hung them on are pretty, but they feel their way down those steps as though they'd been used to nothing but ladders. Going downstairs one should never put down one's foot without the firm conviction that a tread will be beneath it."

Having thus disposed of the entertainment, Miss Chase turned her back on it and began to question Alexander.

"Now tell me what you're doing in New York."

"I've got a position here, Miss Chase."

"What kind of a position?"

"A clerking position in a sporting-goods store."

"Good," Miss Chase said, and another of her embattled laughs rang startlingly over the admiring darkness.

"What are you laughing at, Miss Chase?" Alexander asked her.

"I'm just glad that the pale dawn of common sense has begun to filter through even the Somerville windows. What did your father have to say about your doing this?"

"I didn't consult with father. I knew it would hurt him, my going into trade, but there was no use his trying to send me to law school. Mother thought I was right. She gave me the money to come up here."

"Good for Candace," Miss Chase breathed. "I know what she had to deal with. You see your Uncle Alexander was going to marry me, but while we were engaged I went into trade and I wouldn't give it up. It was a mild little venture even for the 1900's—an art shop—but it wouldn't do for the wife of a Somerville."

"Why did you want to do that?" Alexander wanted to know.

"Because I was as poor as Job's turkey and I didn't enjoy it. You probably think that if I'd been really in love with him I'd have preferred sharing his genteel poverty to making all the money in the world. But that wasn't the actual point on which we split. I wouldn't marry a man with as silly a mind as his point of view seemed to me to prove your Uncle Alexander's. As for him, he didn't think that I was quite a lady. I'm not in the least sure he wasn't right about that."

Miss Chase was silent for a moment or two, and Alexander thought she might be getting interested in the pageant, but suddenly she launched into a diatribe:

"Oh, the abysmal asininity of a poverty-stricken, middle-class American family governing itself by the maxims appropriate to a ducal house in the eighteenth century. Something isn't worthy of it! *Noblesse oblige!* Bah! Now you're looking angry because I've called the Somervilles middle-class. What else are they? Granted they had good blood to begin with, seventy-five years of shabby gentility makes any family middle-class. By the way, are they all good-looking still? I see you've kept up the family tradition in that respect."

"I've got a mighty pretty little sister," Alexander said.

"And she'll grow up to make the most of her mother's old clothes, and baste the gore and bias the seam and think lemonade and chocolate cake on the porch constitute a party. My daughter would have, if I'd had one. I didn't like the idea. I preferred to be vulgar, and as a result I can introduce you to the most important people in New York if you turn out to be the sort of person it is worth while to introduce to anyone."

Again Miss Chase fell into a musing silence; when she spoke, it was to boast a little.

"Yes, with some wit and unlimited nerve and the energy of seven dynamos I've made a definite place for myself here. I'm supposed to be a character. It pays to be one in a city of standardized women. Tell me how you happen to be at this ball."

"A girl that comes into the shop about her skates told me she was coming and I could have a dance with her."

"That's too bad," Miss Chase sighed. "I'm sorry you're going in for romantic nonsense. Now if you'd come hoping to meet the wife of a great sporting-goods king and through her to get the canoe concession to South Africa, I could admire you for it."

"Why did you come, Miss Chase?" Alexander questioned in his turn.

Miss Chase considered for a moment. "My reason was romantic nonsense, too," she said. "But I could afford it. I sold my mirror and picture-frame factories today for two million dollars. It's a goal I've been working toward ever since the days of your Uncle Alexander. It's a terrible thing to reach one's goal. I had dinner at home alone because I thought I wanted to gloat in private. It's the first dinner I've eaten at home alone for months, and it wasn't a success. I began thinking of myself as an old Scrooge, wondering if I'd ever lived, wondering even if it had cost me anything to get what I've obtained. I'd forgotten about your Uncle Alexander. I'd never have done as a model for a statue of constancy. Anyway I felt chilly and grown old, and I came here because there'd be silly, young people who might awaken something more vivid in me than vainglory. I was going home empty when I met you. I'm the luckiest person in the world. You opened the very chapter in my past I needed to reread—the chapter with flowers pressed between the pages. There isn't as handsome or as romantic a young man in all this ball room as you, Alexander Somerville, sporting-goods clerk. Your Uncle Alexander was quite as handsome, quite as

(Continued on Page 169)

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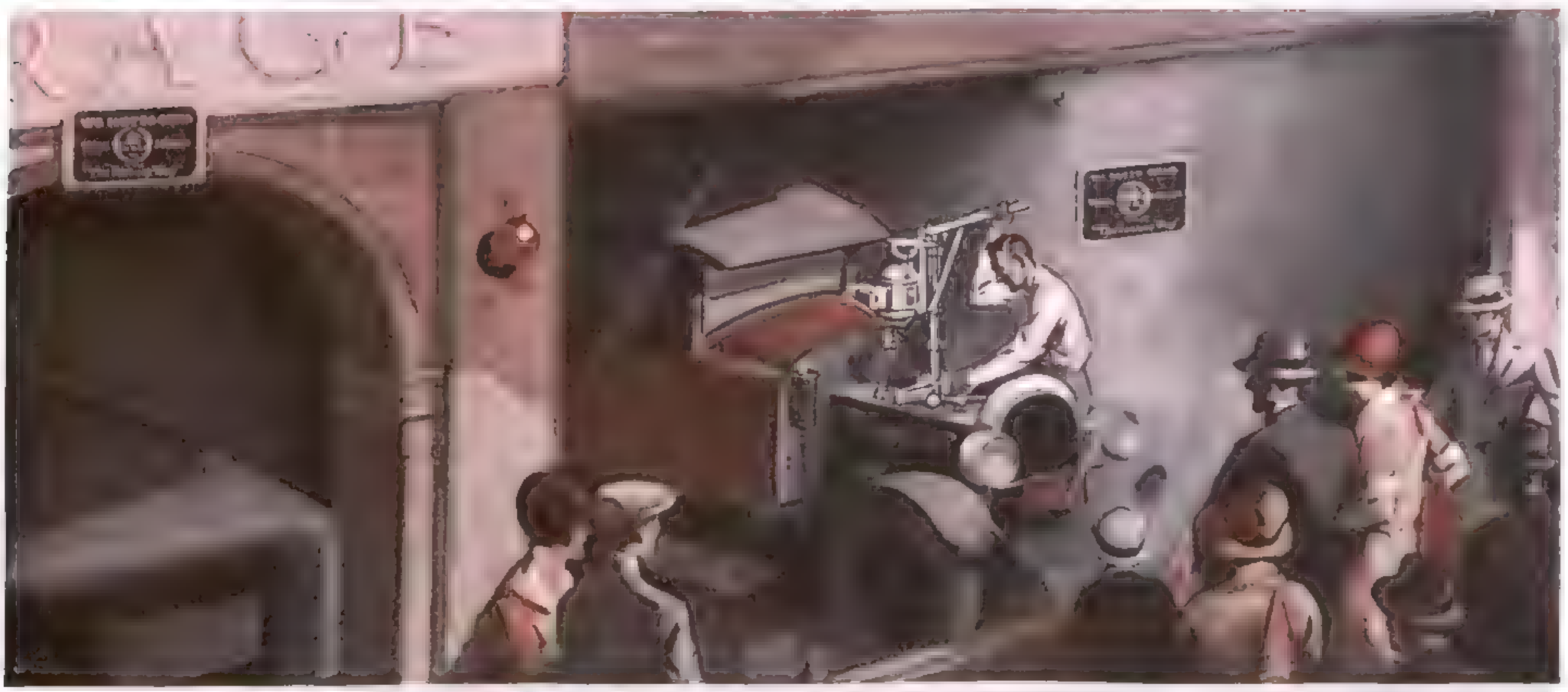

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(Continued from Page 166)

romantic. I remember—it's just what I needed to remember—a dance we had. Now what was the name of the tune?"

Alexander Somerville sat quietly watching Miss Chase beat her brow with her knuckles as she hummed something under her breath.

"It doesn't matter," she said eventually. "I had an idea, but the name has escaped me."

The lights went up.

"Thank heaven the silly pageant is over," Miss Chase commented. "I suppose we'd better look for this girl you spoke of. Do you happen to know her name?"

"Miss Barnes," Alexander said "Miss Natalie Barnes."

"I never heard of her. Still, in a city of five million inhabitants that's not remarkable. Do you know anything about her?"

"She lives on West Seventy-second Street."

"At the risk of seeming like Lady Bracknell, I must inform you that it's the wrong side of town. Nevertheless we'll look for her. . . . Dorothy dear" Miss Chase was addressing Miss Bleecker "your hospitality to us will be rewarded with a star in Paradise. I want you to give a dance to Alexander Somerville later on. We've got to look for a friend of his now."

They descended to the gaudy confusion of the dance floor.

"It seems hopeless, doesn't it?" Miss Chase asked. "Perhaps the best way to look is to dance."

"My dancing," she explained as they began, "is adequate, but uninspired. Every step seems to register ten dollars a lesson. It was different in your Uncle Alexander's day. . . . Oh, if I could only remember the name of that tune. . . . Do you see your Miss Barnes? You have no idea what she's wearing, I suppose."

"No, and I can't describe her except that she's a very little girl."

"You say it as though we'd have to crawl on our stomachs and look for her under the chairs. Pretty, I suppose."

"I think she's very pretty indeed."

"It makes her all the harder to find. Now, if she were gigantic and looked like a hoptoad —— It would take a pearl matcher to sort out the different kinds of prettiness in this place. I'm being stifled. I think we'd better search on some of the floors above until the crowd down here thins out a little."

"The floors above?"

"Where people have their headquarters. The rooms are all made into little private blind tigers."

"I wish Miss Barnes had given me some hint of where to meet her," Alexander said.

Miss Chase looked at him. "I should have been executive about it, had I been she," she remarked. "Now before we start let's decide what we want life to give us this evening, besides Miss Barnes. What do you like best in the world to eat and drink?"

"Why, I don't know," Alexander said.

"You should. Have you ever tried fresh caviar with thick cream over it, and champagne? That's what we'll look for this evening, and the champagne must be good. Vanson, we'll say, and, to put our standard really high, the *cru* must be earlier than 1919. One must decide to get what is best in this world, Alexander, and then get it. Vanson will restrict our search to the upper floors. The lower ones are apt to yield only home-made gin and applejack. I trust your Miss Barnes belongs among the upper layers."

It would have been difficult for anyone, herself included, to say exactly where, in the social structure, Natalie Barnes belonged.

The Barnes family had recently moved to New York City from upstate, and Natalie's mother intended to make a place for herself, but she hadn't been able to decide, as yet, exactly what place. She felt that it was up to the wife of as good an income as Mr. Barnes' to be very smart indeed, but as to what constituted metropolitan smartness she was rather at a loss.

Every month Mrs. Barnes scoured the periodicals devoted to that desirable state of being, and will-o'-the-wisps she found and followed, but no steadfast star had risen from their pages to hold her allegiance. Sometimes she thought it smart to be a suave woman of the world, all soft draperies and lorgnettes, and sometimes to approximate, as closely as her years and figure would permit, a little gamine from Montmartre, with a *béret* perched on her stormy curls and a cigarette stuck between her saucy, painted lips.

Confusing as was this uncertainty to Mrs. Barnes, it was even more trying to Natalie, who, when she came home for week-ends, never knew whether she was to enter the spiritual equivalent of a drawing-room under the *ancien régime* or of a water-front dive. A water-front dive, it is only fair to Mrs. Barnes to point out, the life of which revolved about the bright little figure of a hoyden as pure in heart as she was rakish in appearance. For whatever Mrs. Barnes' social standards, her ideas of virtue remained fixed exactly where her mother had planted them in Binghamton forty-five years before.

The week-end of the Fine Arts Ball Mrs. Barnes had been reading an article in Mode which purported to be the plaint of an *élégante*—a lovely woman of forty-five whose flapper daughter outraged every tenet of her mother's social faith. As this coincided with a certain situation which had arisen between Natalie and herself, Mrs. Barnes had become, for the nonce, the incarnation of that outraged dowager.

Natalie, a fortnight before, in a mad, expansive moment, had spoken to her mother about Alexander Somerville. At the time her mother had been being a matron of the gay, younger set, with Bohemian tendencies; a rather daring woman who didn't hesitate to mingle art and society in her ultra-modern drawing-room. It had been a brief phase and Natalie hadn't understood it at once. She had taken the two interior decorators and the photographer's assistant as indicative of an all-embracing democracy, and she had said, "Mother, there's the nicest boy at Finch's, where I got my skates"

"Is there, Zouzou?" her mother had asked, laughingly.

Natalie had never known where the name Zouzou came from, but she had been called it for a whole day and a half.

"He's tall, and he has the most beautiful figure, and a complexion like those heroes in French novels who are always *brun* and *fauve*."

"You must work hard at your French, Zouzou. Some day, perhaps, we'll have a little atelier in Paris." Mrs. Barnes said "atta-leer."

"His name is Somerville," Natalie continued. "I found out when I went back. They had to find the right clerk. I wonder if you'd mind if I asked him to tea on Sunday."

"Asked who, Zouzou?"

"The boy in Finch's."

Mrs. Barnes' Bohemianism died right there and with it little Zouzou passed away.

"Natalie Barnes, are you crazy? You can't go around picking up boys in shops. I've half a mind to have your father give you a good spanking."

All the rest of that week-end Mrs. Barnes had been right down to brass tacks, and when Mrs. Barnes was down to brass tacks she wasn't a person to be fooled in any way. The current outraged dowager was all the more formidable for having those brass tacks beneath her.

The dinner she had got up for Natalie before the Fine Arts Ball was little less than a reprisal for that slip of Natalie's, and a rather gruesome one.

It may seem strange that an outraged dowager should have allowed a daughter who had not yet made her debut to attend a ball like the Fine Arts', but subtleties of that kind didn't trouble Mrs. Barnes any

"THAT'S the fifth time this morning the operator's called me to ask if Jones is here. Why don't they tie a string to him?

"First they want him for a long distance call; then it's a customer waiting in the lobby; next the boss wants him; then the up-town branch and now the directors are waiting. And because he's lost somewhere around this place he's ruined my morning's work, everybody else has been interrupted five times, we've probably lost an order and the directors are finding out how inefficient this office is.

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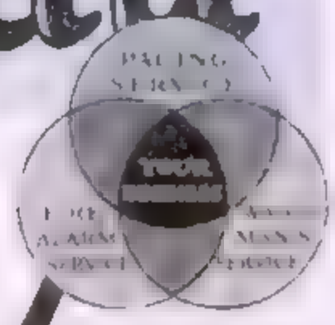

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Chapter 3—The weekly restoring work.
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Chapter 6—To control flesh—diet
Chapter 7—What exercises to take—and why.
Chapter 8—Right make-up—for your type
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more than she would be disturbed when the time came for Natalie to make her debut by the fact that she had gone to every big dance for which tickets were on sale since she was fifteen.

As she possessed no old family friends in New York such as those the outraged dowager had found were so distasteful to her daughter when she invited the guests, Mrs. Barnes had provided substitutes for them with the conscientiousness of a casting director searching for types. Had Mrs. Barnes had access to the most inbred aristocracies of the continent she would have had difficulty in finding three youths who looked more unhealthily unattractive than Wilbur Shelby, Royal Stoeffer and John Penfold.

About girls she had been less exigent, for one gathered that the girls the outraged dowager knew were all rather wickedly attractive. Beatrice and Fanny Lynch had their attractions. They were overripe blondes who lived at a hotel with a suppressed mother, and who laughed a great deal. When they saw the party assembled in Mrs. Barnes' drawing-room they burst into great gales of unexplained laughter.

Shortly thereafter they went to Mrs. Barnes, and amidst intertwined giggles, Beatrice, who was the spokesman of the pair, said, "Mrs. Barnes, we've done something perfectly terrible. We promised Adele Ward we'd have dinner with her tonight and then forgot all about it and accepted you. But we told her we'd spend some of the time in her rooms at the Cadwallader. You don't mind, do you?"

It was not an auspicious beginning for an evening.

Mrs. Barnes didn't even suspect the full horror of the meal which followed, because she sat beside Ronald Cook, who was her husband's managing secretary—a man of thirty-five who bolstered his position by being polite to his boss' wife. To Natalie it was a long martyrdom.

Arrived at the Cadwallader, everything went wrong. The whole party crowded into the ballroom for the pageant, and only succeeded in standing on one another's feet in a corner from which no glimpse of the performance was visible.

Then, minus the Lynch girls, they went to the room which Ronald Cook had engaged, and took a look at the refreshments which, unfortunately, Mr. Barnes had provided. One case of beer and one bottle of whisky! Mrs. Barnes didn't drink. She did know, however, that that, as a buffet, was simply sordid.

"Oh, Arthur," she said, "why couldn't you have had some wine?"

"This quart of hooch is plenty for Ronald and me, and just what we like. The kids are too young to drink wine."

"Well, everybody else has it."

"I guess I can't do anything right but make out checks," Mr. Barnes said, and he was so mad at being bawled out before Ronald that he poured himself a much stiffer highball than he was accustomed to take.

Mrs. Barnes was broad-minded about drinking in general, but it irritated her to the last degree to see Mr. Barnes take a drink. To avoid open battle she had to think of something else.

"Well, Natalie," she said, "shall you and one of the boys and Ronald and I go downstairs for a dance or two?"

"I suppose so," Natalie sighed.

It was not for some time, however, that Natalie realized she was not to be alone for so much as an elevator flight or the passage of a corridor.

"I have found it necessary," the outraged dowager had written, "when we go to houses more carefree than conventional, to make myself into a veritable dragon duenna and frown off the advances of young men who, whatever their charm, are not listed among my friends."

Mrs. Barnes, in her gray moire, over hoops, was constituting herself a dragon duenna. Even on Natalie's dances themselves was the blight of her regulating touch.

"Natalie! Natalie! I think that's enough for this time, dear. You look a little warm." Or: "Would you mind cutting in on John, Wilbur? I think he must have had a cocktail or two before he came."

Natalie, who had dreamed for weeks of a dance with her glorious skate salesman, saw how little chance there was of having even a fragment of one. There was a single possibility: If she could wear her mother out. Natalie set herself to that task, but what had she to pit against Mrs. Barnes' unvitiated upcountry strength? The feeble ardor of three anæmic boys. Not even that, for after he saw that he wasn't to be allowed to dance more than twice around the floor with Natalie at a time, John Penfold evaporated from the party.

"Well, that young man will certainly never be asked to my house again," Mrs Barnes announced majestically when she noticed his defection.

"As far as I can see," Natalie informed her mother, "the only people you're going to be able to get in future are a lot of hired mourners."

"I'm sorry you don't like the sort of parties I give, Natalie."

Not that Mrs. Barnes liked this party herself, really. She was able to think, however, that its failure wasn't her fault; that she was acting as became an outraged dowager; that she had tried to stop the sea of younger-generation lawlessness with her thumb, and been thoroughly drenched for her trouble.

When Natalie's two young men were too worn out to do anything but sprawl around the Barnes' room in exhausted attitudes, Mrs. Barnes was still being brightly elegant.

"No one in our fam-i-lee" was the beginning of a good many of her remarks, and she indulged in anecdotes of her own sheltered girlhood: "When I was your age, Natalie, I would no more have been allowed to carry a package on the streets than to have painted my lips. My mother was so strict! I remember once when she caught me taking chewing gum from one of the fellows! Oh, dear!"

"Perhaps it was only her mind that wasn't tired," Natalie hoped, toward three in the morning; and Natalie said to Wilbur Shelby, "Let's dance some more."

Mrs. Barnes was on her feet in an instant. "I think we'll go down with the children, Ronald—that is, if you don't mind another dance with an old lady."

"Old lady is good," Ronald Cook giggled gallantly.

"Say," Mr. Barnes protested, "I'm telling Ronald a story ——"

"Oh, you and your stories!"

"Well, it's a better story than you ever told him, I bet. . . . How about it, Ronald?"

Wilbur Shelby had the very weakest eyes and the very largest adenoids of any of the boys her mother had invited that evening, but Natalie didn't care to have even Wilbur hear the snarl she suspected was going to take place between her father and mother.

"Come on," she said to him.

They had crossed to the red-velvet carpet of the corridor, and where Natalie stood it was as though that substantial bit of dry goods had miraculously foamed into a fountain of the palest rose tarlatan, sprinkled with tiny moss roses, above it were dimpled shoulders and a curl-encircled face with great eyes and a full red mouth.

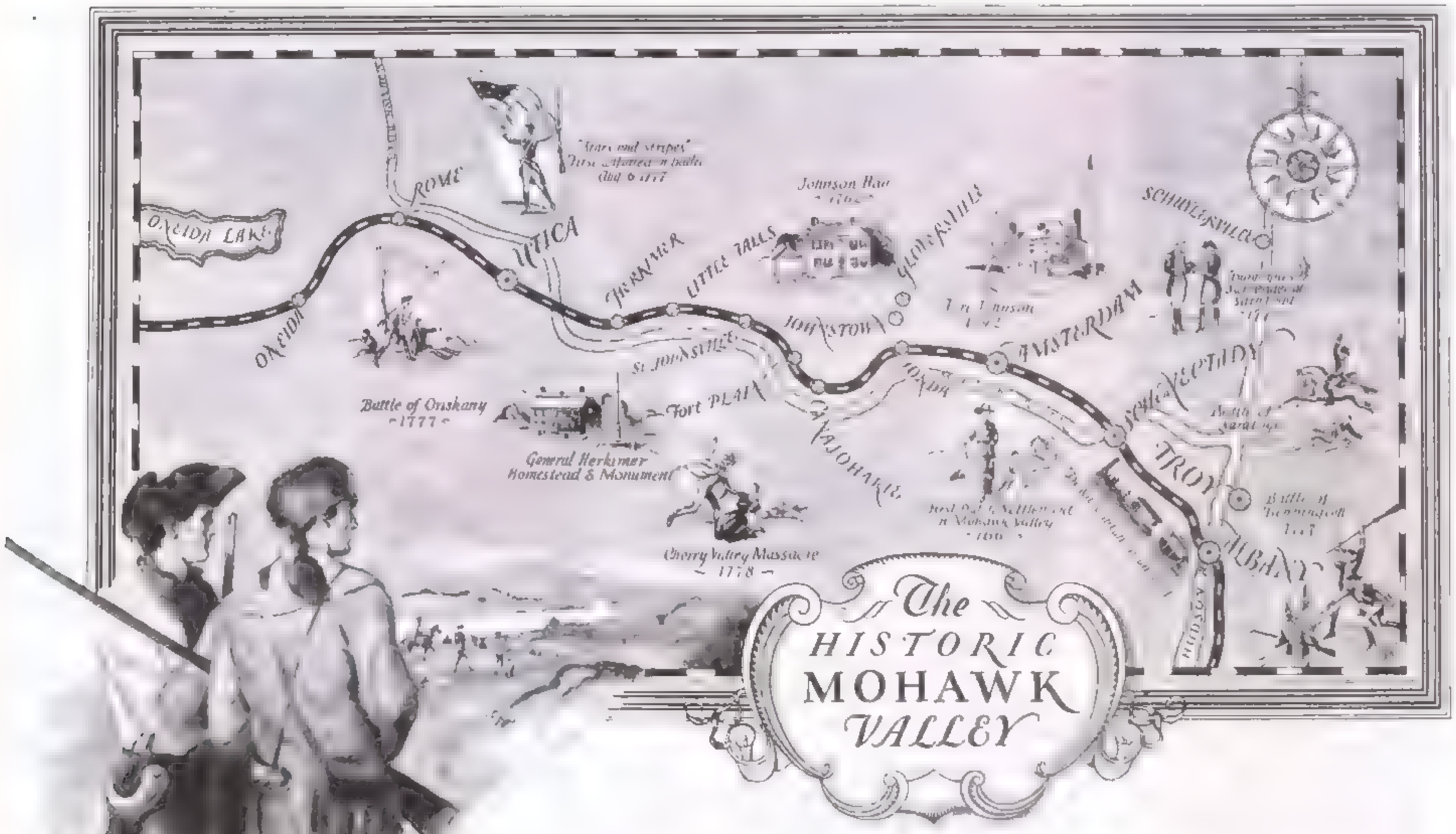
Miss Chase, coming up the corridor, gave a gasp at the sight. "Oh, look!" she said to Alexander Somerville. "How lovely! Little Eva grown up."

Natalie saw them. Had there been no one with Alexander Somerville she might have rushed forward, seized his hand, said "Quick! Quick!" taken an elevator, and snatched a fraction of a dance before they could be interrupted.

As it was, she said to Wilbur Shelby hurriedly, "Tell mother to find my handkerchief, will you? I've lost it."

"Where?" Wilbur asked.

(Continued on Page 172)



The famous *water level* route takes you through the historic Valley of the Mohawk ›››

WHEN the pioneers adventured westward from the Atlantic Coast they followed the natural highway up the majestic Hudson River and then through the beautiful Mohawk Valley toward the Great Lakes.

This water level route of the NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES here cuts through the Appalachians at the only low level pass left by Nature in this thousand-mile mountain barrier.

Many travelers time their journeys between the West and the East so that they will enjoy the ride through the historic Mohawk Valley by daylight.

It was in this Valley that the Stars and Stripes were first unfurled in battle 150 years ago; it was here that the patriots of '76 courageously defended the northern frontier; and it was here that Burgoyne, in one of the decisive battles of world history, was signally defeated in his attempt to split the Colonies and crush the American Revolution.

Many of the through trains over the New York Central take the traveler through the Mohawk Valley in daylight. Among these are the *Empire State Express* and *North Shore Limited*. When planning your trip East or West, you can arrange to see the Mohawk Valley as well as the Hudson by daylight. And Niagara Falls is also on this great rail highway.

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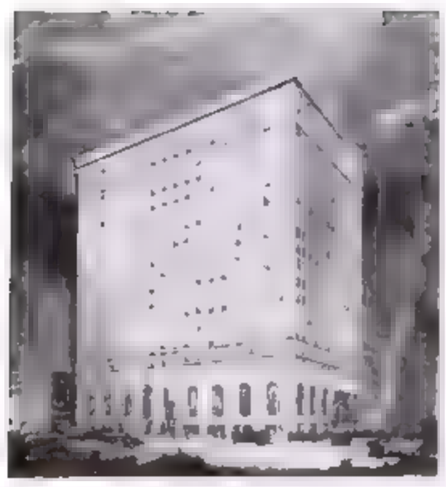


"The Mantle of the Old Pontchartrain"

Larger Rooms and Luxury That is Homelike

A traveller recently said of the new Detroit-Leland hotel: "It inherits the mantle of the Old Pontchartrain."

With the passing of the old Pontchartrain, something went out of the life of Detroit—and something from the welcome of travellers to this city.

The generous magnificence of this great hotel yielded to the pressure of high property values. And succeeding hotel architecture went to the other extreme, whittling guest-rooms down to hall-room size.

The new Detroit-Leland went boldly back to the spirit that built the Pontchartrain. The invitation which the architect has blended in these broad avenues of marble, these rich, deep promenades, these graceful stairs and approaches convening on the lobby, is well met by the inner spirit of hospitality and experienced skill in your service.

And then—delightfully larger rooms—homelike, quiet and beautifully furnished—and larger, lighter, all outside sample rooms for showing goods under natural light.

So it is fitting that Wm. J. Chittenden, Jr., extend to you, here, the same old time hospitality over which he presided as manager of the beloved Pontchartrain.

"The Most Beautiful Lobby in Detroit"

700 Large Rooms with Bath
85% are priced from $3.00 to $5.00

DETROIT-LELAND HOTEL

Bagley at Cass, Detroit, Michigan
(a few steps from the Michigan Theater)

WM. J. CHITTENDEN, Jr., *Manager*

Direction Continental Leland Corporation

LARGER SAMPLE ROOMS from $4.00 to $8.00 PER DAY

(Continued from Page 170)

"I don't know. Tell her, please."

"Miss Barnes," Alexander was saying, "I've been looking for you every place."

"Mother's acting terribly. Can't we meet downstairs later?"

"Just say where and when."

"In the ballroom by that picture with all the red-headed cupids; but I don't know when I can ——"

"What's this nonsense about a handkerchief, Natalie?" Brass tacks and outraged dowager were in tingling contact, as was revealed by Mrs. Barnes' tone.

"I ——" Natalie began feebly.

"And who is this young man?"

"Mr. Somerville, mother, that I told you about."

"And why is he stopping you in the hall?"

"I was asking Miss Barnes for a dance, ma'am," Alexander said.

"You'd better learn to know your place," Mrs. Barnes advised him. "Go to the elevator, Natalie. There's the red light now."

"But I ——"

"Natalie Barnes, do as you're told."

"I'd rather go home," Natalie cried, "than stay and dance with nobody but Wilbur Shelby!"

"Very well. You'll be taken home, but you'll dance this dance first. Go to that elevator."

"I don't want to."

"I don't care what you want."

Mrs. Barnes' strong hand closed around her daughter's arm. Ronald Cook was holding the elevator. In a moment they were gone.

To anyone who knew Miss Laurel Chase, the most remarkable part of the scene would have been that Miss Chase had taken no part in it. She had merely stood against the wall holding her index finger across her lips in a gesture of amused contemplation.

"Well, Alexander," she remarked when they were alone again, "you seem to have fallen in with a rather violent circle."

"My Lord!" was all Alexander could say. "My Lord!"

"Now, you aren't going to let this depress you?" Miss Chase went on. "The girl is a lovely little pink cake, but cakes as pretty as that very rarely have an interesting flavor, and the mother is a horror. Her manner reminds me of nothing but the *commère* in a bad French revue. As for the two wilted Pierrots with them—well, I won't dredge my vocabulary for terms. Wash your hands of the whole crowd, Alexander."

"It doesn't look like I'd have to do much washing," Alexander replied.

"And you're not going to be depressed?"

"She's a sweet little girl," Alexander insisted. "You can't blame her for that mother, Miss Chase. And you can't blame her mother. What does she know about me?"

"You're going to be depressed," Miss Chase sighed. "We must find our Vanson at once, and if necessary, we must lower our standards a little. Let me see. Peter Tait told me he was going to be in Room 842. He should have Vanson if anyone, and, moreover, he has a cream-and-claret daughter with hair like fountain-pen ink. Maybe she can make you forget your passionate *patineuse*, if the Vanson doesn't."

Room 842 was the largest they had visited. It had a fireplace with a fire burning. A long table held bowls of caviar and of cream, and plates of sandwiches. A phonograph had been installed so that anyone wishing to do steps more elaborate than were practical in the crowded ballroom might have the opportunity.

The flowers set about seemed to have been chosen to emphasize the sensational beauty of Geegee Tait. Great vases of delphinium on tables and consoles hinted a parallel for her eyes, and high silver urns of American Beauties taunted the billowy magenta of her gown.

Geegee herself was standing with young men all about her, but when Miss Chase introduced Alexander she seemed to direct against him alone the full battery of her loveliness. It was her way.

"Geegee is famous for knocking them dead at first sight, isn't she?" Laurel said to that young woman's father. "At least I've come under that impression, and because it occurred to me that you could be relied on to have some Vanson in your collection. Have you?"

"A case of 1914, Laurel. Will it be enough?"

"Don't be gross, Peter, and do give the poor boy a glass before you pour one for me."

Alexander accepted the wine. "You're very kind, sir," he said.

As she watched him fitting easily into that expensive group a qualm seized Laurel Chase. Was she showing him something which would make him discontented with his future?

"Nonsense," she told herself. "If he wants this sort of a future he can make it for himself. Anyone can get anything he wants."

And yet how? Alexander certainly didn't seem to have an extraordinary head for business.

Peter Tait came back with Miss Chase's glass. "Now, if you're the perfect person I think you are," she informed him, "you'll remember the name of this tune."

She hummed it.

"The season of 1903," Peter Tait placed it. "It's called Valse something or other in French. This is the way it goes next."

"Yes, yes!" Miss Chase cried. "Valse—I have it, and it's too absurd - Valse Oubliée."

"So it is."

"Do you suppose the orchestra downstairs could play it?"

"Not likely. Why?"

"Because I want them to. It's Cortez's orchestra, isn't it? How big would a bribe have to be not to offend Cortez?"

"I should say a hundred dollars wouldn't hurt his feelings in the least."

"I haven't but thirty in my bag. Lend me seventy-five, will you?"

Peter Tait extracted it from his *portemonnaie*.

"And since I seem to be making a convenience of you," Miss Chase said, as she took it, "do you suppose you could give Alexander Somerville—this boy who's with me—a job as bond salesman or something of the sort?"

"I doubt it," Mr. Tait replied. "What qualifications has he?"

"Good looks, good manners, an adequate mind."

"Tell him to keep away from any such idea, Laurel."

"I'd buy my bonds through him."

"You always buy your bonds through us and you always will."

"That's a mean advantage to take of my loyalty."

"No. Put it out of your mind."

Miss Chase, although she did not admit it, felt that Peter Tait was very possibly right. When she finished her champagne, she decided, she would take Alexander elsewhere. She was glad, however, to hear Geegee Tait tell one of the young men to put on a dance record. To see Geegee dance was one of the rather special treats of New York.

As Miss Chase recognized the strain that came from the machine, she said, "The Black Bottom should be interesting, performed in that dress of Geegee's, which was never designed for anything livelier than an attack of the vapors."

But Geegee's grace was so extraordinary that it wiped out one's sense of discrepancy. She gave dignity to the Black Bottom, though it was perhaps the wicked dignity of a cat in a cartoon. She counted the stars with a gesture worthy of Semiramis. Her diver's dip was a salute to the sun.

"I hope you've seen others do that dance," Miss Chase remarked to Alexander, "so that you can know how superlative she is."

"Oh, we used to do the Black Bottom in Clayton," Alexander said. "I learned it from the colored boy who used to take care of our garden, but I never saw a girl do it as well as that."

"I want to see your version," Geegee Tait told him. "Put the record on again, Tom."

That ease and energy could be blended into such a drawling hurricane as was the rendition of Alexander Somerville was only believable while one was watching him.

"That," Geegee Tait pronounced, with the air of a connoisseur who has scraped the corner of a canvas and discovered it to be a Da Vinci, "is the best Black Bottom in New York."

"It's a good dance," Alexander Somerville said to her, "but I tell you another I'm crazy about. Did you ever Muss Around?"

At the sight of the Muss Around, Geegee Tait could hardly contain herself. The publicity sense which, quite as much as her beauty, had made her a famous beauty was wide-awake.

"It's not a better dance than the Black Bottom, but it will suit me better. How does it begin, now?"

She was an eager merchant adding to her stock. Alexander showed her how it began.

Laurel Chase approached Peter Tait. "I am sorry to tell you," she informed him, "that you have lost the chance of acquiring an extra-special bond salesman at a bargain rate."

"What do you mean?"

"Just look at my protégé. He has the extraordinary talent after all. In 1865 the colored race ruined the Somervilles, but they shall repay them in 1927, with interest. Every girl in Geegee's set is going to want to learn that."

"But we don't want dancing teachers as bond salesmen."

"Alexander Somerville will never become a dancing teacher. He has his own dignity. He'll dance with his friends. It's better manners, and in New York it just happens to be better commerce. He'll go everywhere, and he's a boy men will like. He'll sell lots of bonds for somebody."

"Who?"

"I don't know. I have a secretarial job I can give him for a month or two. While he holds it he'll be establishing himself, under my guidance, though I hope you know that I'll be tactful enough to keep him in ignorance that there is any guidance. Then I shall go around to my friends and get bids for his services. I expect a rather large one from you."

Peter Tait grinned. "I don't believe the competition will be too frenzied, Laurel, but I may be able to give the youngster something. You've evidently set your mind on it."

"That's a little better," Miss Chase commented, "but in another month you'll have entirely changed your tune—which reminds me that I must have that interview with the *chef d'orchestre*. Come and help me with it."

"After you have this dance with Wilbur," Mrs. Barnes had announced to her daughter, "we will go home, as you suggested."

It was a blessed way for Mrs. Barnes to get out of the party, and it was the exact stringent measure she was sure the outraged dowager would have taken.

Natalie could barely endure Wilbur Shelby, but in her annoyance at her mother she felt close to any person of her own age.

"I won't be treated like that," she stormed as they danced.

"Oh, she won't make you go home if you play up to her a little, Nat."

"I don't want to stay if she stays. She makes me tired."

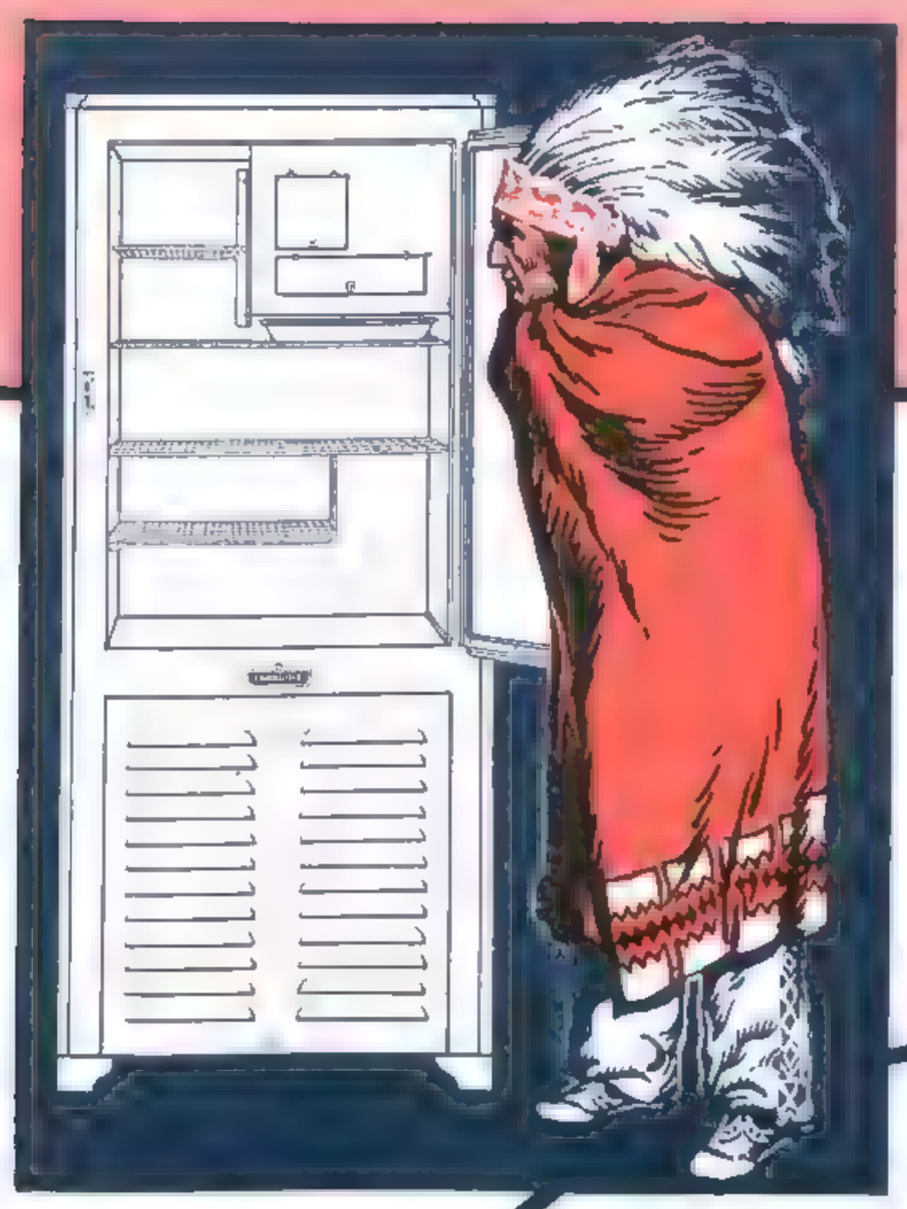
"You have to remember that she's not young any more. She's probably forty-two or three years old."

"Forty-two! She's fifty, and she makes me tired. I want you to do something for me, will you?"

"You know I will, Nat."

It was convenient to have Wilbur at call, but Natalie did wish he wouldn't bleat.

(Continued on Page 175)



Quiet
in addition to all its other advantages!

Electric refrigeration is today recognized as among the greatest of household conveniences—and the *quietness* of the Iroquois is also recognized as a distinct advantage!

Quietness of operation is only one of the many things that recommend the Iroquois—it is as *quiet* as the gentle whispering of the woodland pines. The mechanism is simple in construction, economical in operation—the cost of operation, in most localities, *is less than the cost of ice*—and it is so trouble-proof that it *requires only a minimum of servicing*.

The *quiet* Iroquois not only produces the "crisp dry cold of a frosty night", but provides an extremely liberal quantity of sparkling ice cubes, and enables you to make easily a wonderful variety of entrees, salads and desserts.

The *quiet* Iroquois shown here—white enamel inside and outside—is roomy enough for homes with four or five persons in the family, and yet is so compact that it is suitable for apartment use.

In addition there are eight other sizes of *quiet* Iroquois Electric Refrigerators—all-metal cabinets, in white or gray porcelain enamel to harmonize with the color scheme of your kitchen.

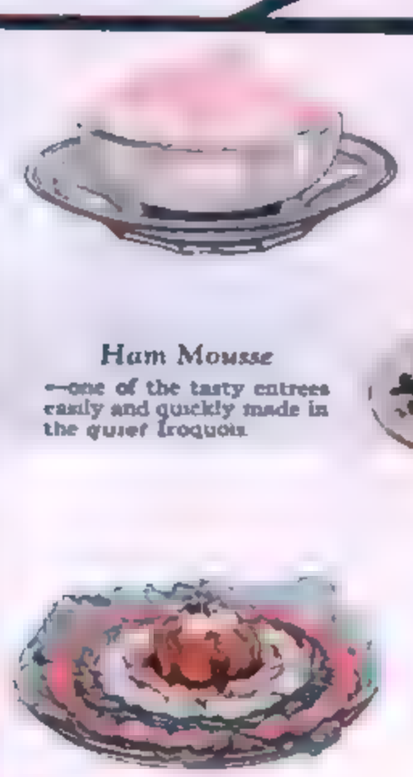
The *quiet* Iroquois shown above is only 61" high, 22½" deep, 26¼" wide. It has *unusually large shelf space* (9½ square feet) *and food storage capacity* (5½ cubic feet); and its *ice-cube capacity is greater than any other electric refrigerator of its size*—110 cubes, or more than 9 pounds of ice—with an extra tray for storing ice cubes.

IROQUOIS
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

The QUIET
Electric Refrigeration

The *quiet* Iroquois constantly maintains that same desirable low temperature which preserves your food and protects your health. It is built to give lasting satisfaction. It is a product of The Iroquois Electric Refrigeration Company, associate of The Barber Asphalt Company, and backed by the vast resources of a $40,000,000 corporation—a world-famous business institution established for a half-century—noted for its Iroquois machinery, and also famous for its Trinidad Lake Asphalt used for street-paving, and in the manufacture of Genasco Asphalt Shingles and Roofings, Built-up Roofing, Asphalt Mastic Flooring, and other asphalt protective products.

Our interesting booklet tells about the complete *quiet* Iroquois line, including a *quiet* Iroquois electric refrigerating unit for installation in your present ice box. Write us for booklet, and name and address of the nearest Iroquois dealer. You owe it to yourself to see the *quiet* Iroquois Electric Refrigerators—and when they are being demonstrated you will readily appreciate their *quietness* of operation.



Frozen Custard
—made in the *quiet* Iroquois. Freeze three hours and it is ready to serve.

Ham Mousse
—one of the tasty entrees easily and quickly made in the *quiet* Iroquois

Macedoine Salad
—a popular salad easily made and thoroughly chilled in the *quiet* Iroquois.

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Rotary-type compressor: Only three moving parts. Less power to operate. No noisy intake valves. No connecting rods, wrist pins, crank shaft, or stuffing box.

Header-type condenser Every inch of tubing is prime condensing surface. Tubes also form guard for moving parts.

Automatic pressure control Machine operates by an automatic pressure-controlled switch which is actuated by a pre-determined pressure in the cooling unit. Temperature in refrigerator controlled within 1 deg. F.

Absolutely safe refrigerant Ethyl chloride—practically odorless, non-poisonous. Works under low head pressure—reduces danger of leaks.

No brine tank: Direct expansion coil in cooling unit. More food space, more sanitary, more responsive to temperature control.

No "freezing up" Freezing tube in cooling unit prevents moisture from interfering with operation of Iroquois machine.

The Iroquois Electric Refrigeration Company
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Please send me, without obligation, your illustrated booklet and tell me where I can see the *quiet* Iroquois demonstrated.

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1600 Arch Street, Philadelphia
Associate of The Barber Asphalt Company

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Why spend yourself on what a *machine* can do?

Every woman has been through it—that thankless job of housecleaning—that wearisome and joyless toil that faces her spring and fall.

Dragging dust-cloths and stepladders through the house, stooping and straining to reach under furniture and over moldings, wrestling with smudged draperies and such.

Some women suffer it still, and more's the pity—needlessly spending their energy and charm on work a *machine* can do, easily and with *all the furnishings in place.*

The light, deft, efficient dusting tools of The Hoover take all this sort of labor off a woman's shoulders; they bring all the hard-to-get-at places within easy cleaning reach.

You want The Hoover because of the time and labor its dusting tools will save you in housecleaning, but you want it more because of

"POSITIVE AGITATION"

and the *faster, easier, deeper* cleaning it performs *regularly* on carpetings and rugs.

The Hoover is easy to buy. If you already have an electric cleaner, your Authorized Hoover Dealer will make you an allowance on it in trade, delivering you a new Hoover, on easy payments if you like. Cash price, the Model 700 $-5.00, or the Model 543 **$59.50.** Dusting Tools $12.5 Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The eldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

Reg. Trade Mark

It BEATS... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

(Continued from Page 172)

"Then come to my house after I've been there about an hour, and wait in a taxi. Wait across the street right by the lamp-post. I'll try and not keep you waiting long."

"She'll never let you out again."

"After all, they don't bind me hand and foot when I go to bed, and they're both sleepy."

"Hadn't I better be getting a license while you're there?"

"A what?"

"Aren't we going out to Greenwich or some place and get married?"

"Don't be a fool," Natalie advised him succinctly.

Laurel Chase was too astute a woman to think that because Cortez had responded to the whistle of her hundred-dollar gift he needn't be handled.

"I know that only the impossible," she said to him, "can interest a man like you, so I'm going to ask you the impossible."

"And that is, madam?"

"I want your orchestra to play, before this evening is over, an old, cheap waltz that you've probably never even heard of. I don't care how late—it can be the last dance, if necessary—only play it, and give me warning of when it is to be."

"And where am I to get the music?"

"You must have all sorts of music stored away somewhere."

"But without rehearsal?"

"I told you it would be difficult. As a matter of fact, if the thing is played by the piano alone it will satisfy me."

"But will it satisfy the rest of the attendance?"

"As you arrange it, it will."

"And the name of the piece?"

"It is called Valse Oubliée. You never heard of it, of course."

Cortez gave a stricken smile. "It is the first waltz I ever wrote," he said, "and the best; and you called it cheap."

"Can't you allow a woman who has proved her true feeling to the extent of one hundred dollars, the vanity of a little affectation? Of course, my dear Cortez, to me it's the very loveliest waltz in the world. Don't forget to warn me. I'll be in Room 842."

It was lucky for Natalie Barnes that her usually abstemious father had misjudged his capacity.

"Aw, quit jawing, Nat," he said to the outraged dowager at intervals all the way home.

It didn't arrest the flow of Mrs. Barnes' eloquence en route, but once they had arrived she said, "You go straight to your room, young lady," and Natalie knew that her mother was going to devote her energy to a more interesting curtain lecture than could have been delivered, possibly, to a mere daughter.

Natalie's room was on the third floor directly above her parents'. She walked back and forth in it as though she were undressing—the Barnes house was one of those sturdy-looking constructions of the 90's which are so often badly built—but she didn't remove a single garment.

She'd forgotten to wind her wrist watch, so when she had pantomimed a rather prolonged disrobing she sat in a big chair at one of the front windows, where she counted to sixty, over and over, under the impression that each time she did so a minute had passed.

She had completed almost a hundred sixties and begun to despair of Wilbur's fulfilling his promise when a taxi drew up under the lamp-post opposite, and from it she saw Wilbur's face peer toward her windows like the face of a myopic white mouse.

Natalie opened her door and listened. There wasn't a sound. Her mother and father must have been asleep long ago. She put her velvet evening cape about her shoulders and began going downstairs. At the foot of the flight she saw that there was a line of light around her mother's dressing-room door, and hesitated.

It was as well for her that she had done so, for at that moment the door opened and there stood her mother, apparently fully dressed.

Natalie started to edge for a corner behind a bookcase, but she hadn't calculated upon the width of her skirt. It caught in a light chair and brought it down with a crash.

"Who's out there?" Mrs. Barnes demanded.

Natalie didn't even breathe.

"Arthur," she heard her mother pant—"Arthur! There's somebody in the hall!"

"Aw, no, there's not," her father's voice came thickly from the far borders of sleep.

"I tell you there is. Come here and ring the burglar alarm."

Natalie gathered up her skirts and ran for the stairs. She sounded to herself like the whole fire department in action. Her mother yelped. Natalie reached the stair-head.

"Arthur," she heard her mother call, "how do you work this thing? Do you pull the lever down?"

The burglar alarm, Natalie had been led to believe, would mean the instant encircling of the house by the police. There was nothing to do but defiantly reveal herself.

"You needn't ring it for me!" she shrieked over her shoulder.

"Natalie Barnes, what are you doing?"

But Natalie was going to waste no more time in communication with the enemy. She had reached the lower hall at last, and she raced to the door. The latch was a tricky one and it stuck.

"Natalie Barnes!" Her mother was padding downstairs.

Natalie fumbled at the knobs and at last achieved the combination, but her mother was at the very foot of the stairs.

"Natalie Barnes, stop this instant!"

Natalie was flying down the front steps and across the street. "Tell him to go!" she cried to the startled Wilbur Shelby.

"Where to?"

"Anywhere! Tell him to go! Go on, driver—go on!"

Instead of hurrying, the chauffeur actually descended from his seat and opened the door.

"What was you saying?"

"Go on! Anywhere! Hurry!"

Now Mrs. Barnes was standing on the sidewalk before her house. She emitted one full-throated "Natalie." Seeing the taxi into which Natalie had jumped start off, she changed it to a despairing cry of "Taxi! Taxi!"

Because some neighbor on Central Park West was just back from the ball, in answer to her cry a taxi turned into Seventy-second Street.

"Follow that cab," Mrs. Barnes commanded, and leaped in.

Natalie's vehicle had a block's start. It turned downtown and was tearing along Eighth Avenue when a line of provision trucks going east halted it.

Seeing doom upon her, Natalie seized the handle of the door.

"If you can," she directed Wilbur, "lead mother away. Go to Greenwich. Go anywhere. I'll get another cab when she's passed."

"Where are you going?" Wilbur implored, but Natalie didn't answer. She ran and hid in a store entrance.

Her mother's cab was almost on top of Wilbur's when the line of trucks ended and Wilbur's chauffeur pushed ahead.

Natalie watched the two machines disappear like racing beetles, then she walked down the street until she came to an all-night lunch room where taxi drivers were eating, and got one of them to take her to her destination.

"Dance after next," the note which the messenger brought to Miss Chase said.

It was late. Miss Chase had sipped two wide, long-stemmed glasses of Vanson.

She thought, as she glanced in the gilded mirror over the mantel, that they had

(Continued on Page 177)

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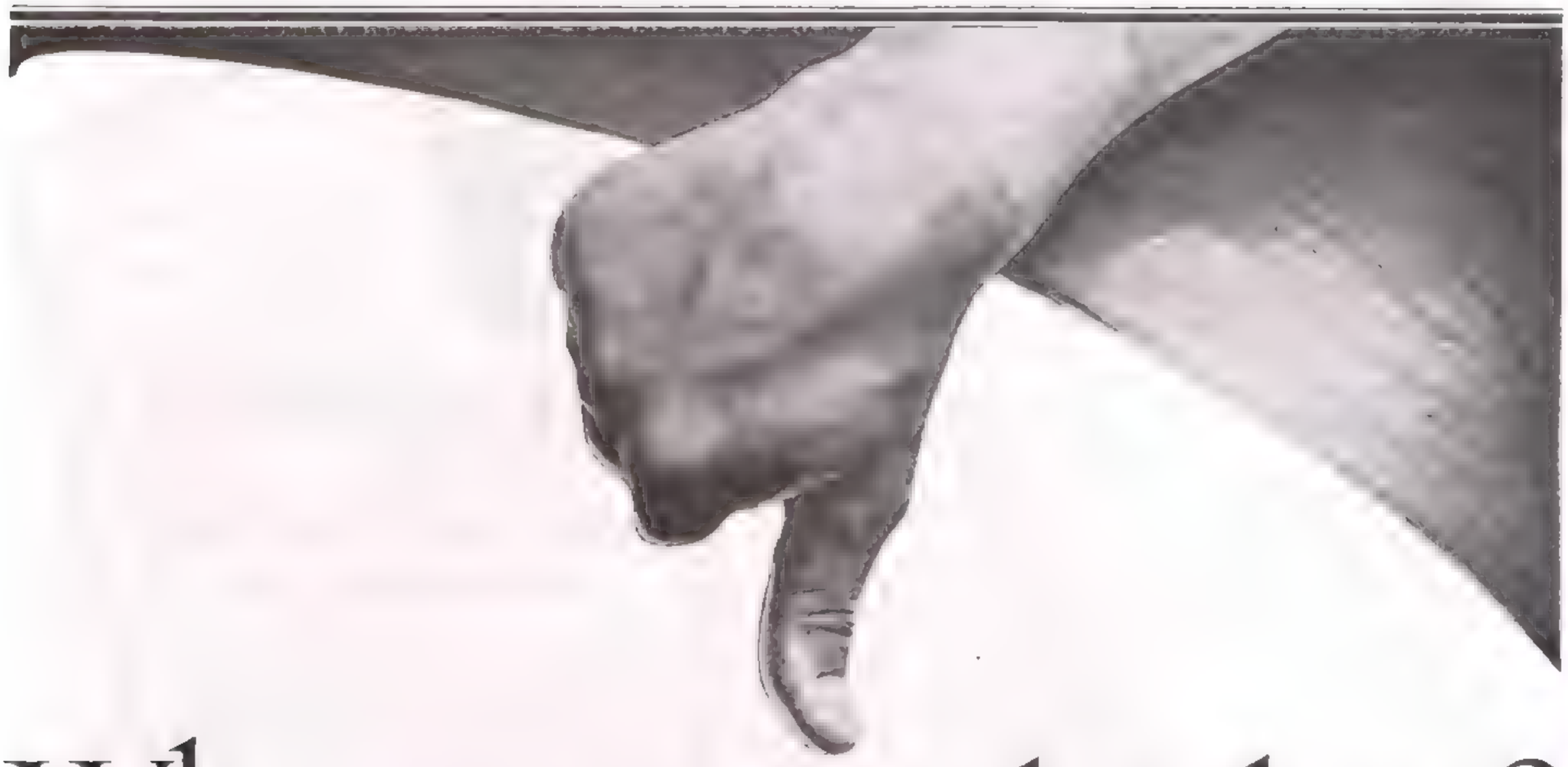

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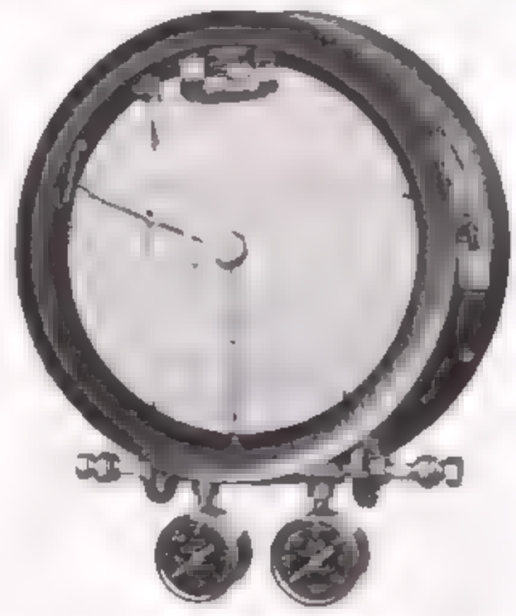

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(Continued from Page 175)

made her look better than she had looked in years—younger. If not, they had succeeded in making her think she looked younger.

Alexander was teaching Geegee Tait some additional subtleties of the Muss Around, to the music of the phonograph. Miss Chase went over to them.

"I want to speak to you, Alexander," she said.

He stopped instantly. "Yes, Miss Chase."

"In fact," she explained when they were out of earshot of the others, "what I really want is to ask you to dance the next dance with me."

"That'll be just fine, Miss Chase."

Miss Chase regarded him. "I'm not going to ask you to call me Laurel," she said. "I know women my age who ask boys to call them by their first names, but please don't call me Miss Chase. Not for this dance anyway."

"I surely won't," he said with a smile.

"You don't resent my taking you from Geegee Tait?"

"Indeed I don't. I'm kind of weary thinking up steps. That girl certainly is a glutton for teaching."

"She is rather a businesslike beauty. I've been thinking, as I watched you recently, that perhaps you weren't exactly ignited by her."

"Oh, I think she's a beautiful girl ——"

Miss Chase shook her head. "A body by Fragonard," she phrased, "and a brain by the Accuro Adding Machine Company. No, you're not really interested in her, nor in Dorothy Bleecker, who is so shy she very often looks like Daphne trying hard to turn into a tree. I know other girls who will please you more, in the gorgeous future I'm planning for you, but we won't speak of that now. The point is you're fancy free for this evening, and I'm glad. Isn't it beastly of me? I have still worse to confess. I could have slain that dragon of a Barnes woman with a word, and I didn't. In the first place I thought it better for your career that she should be successful, and in the second, I wanted to preserve you for this dance."

"Why, we'd have had this dance anyway," Alexander said gently.

"It's to be a very special dance," Miss Chase told him. "Look at me, Alexander. I'm not pretty, am I? I never was, but they used to tell me I had glamour, before that was a stock word for describing indescribable actresses. I wonder if I've entirely lost it, because I want it tonight."

"I think you're right fascinating," Alexander said.

"You're probably lying, but I'm going to ask you to do something harder than merely lie to me politely. I want you to pretend we're in love—terribly in love. Do you think you can?"

His eyes laughed through the long lashes. "Why, that will be as easy as pie."

"Oh, if you can! If you can convince me I'm not Chase Incorporated—a business in skirts. That's the trouble with being a woman. Success isn't enough. One must have had something else or one has been cheated by life. I think I had it, but convince me with those eyes of yours and that slow tongue which might so well be your Uncle Alexander's. Whew! How silly I sound. Let's go downstairs."

Wilbur Shelby had very little greatness of mind.

The impetus of Natalie's will kept him to her purpose for a certain time, then he began worrying as he bobbed about the slippery seat of the taxi. Natalie oughtn't to be alone on Eighth Avenue at that time of night. Something would probably happen to her and then he'd be responsible, and besides, the taxi was going to cost an awful lot.

Finally it occurred to him that there wasn't much in this business for Wilbur Shelby anyway. When he reached that point in his lucubrations he banged on the front window of the cab, and eventually succeeded in convincing the driver, who was immensely enjoying the race, that he wanted him to stop.

The driver pulled up at the curb and Mrs. Barnes' taxi crashed into his rear mud guard.

"Why, Wilbur Shelby," Mrs. Barnes cried, when she saw him step out, "I'm surprised at you! You tell Natalie Barnes to come in here with me this instant!"

"Natalie got out a long while ago, Mrs. Barnes," Wilbur said. "That time we stopped on Eighth Avenue. She made me go on to lead you off the track, but I got thinking about it ——"

"Got out! What did she get out for?"

"To go some place. I don't know where. Hadn't we better go back where I left her?"

"I know where," Mrs. Barnes snapped at him. "Get in here and tell this man to go back to the Cadwallader. I hope you have money enough to pay him. I haven't a cent."

Cortez had achieved a lovely miracle. The piano told the tale of Valse Oubliée, while a violin sighed over it, and a cello sobbed, and an amorously hysterical harp rippled and rang bright notes on the golden air.

"You do know how to waltz?" Miss Chase asked Alexander in a last moment's terror.

"They're still waltzing a lot in Clayton, Alabama," he assured her.

"Lovely spot—Clayton," she said as they swept out on the floor. "Lovely lost, silly spot! I wonder if I'd have hated it as I thought I would. No, that's the sort of thing I'm not to say. You see, your brother is going to marry Candace Marchand soon. That's why I'm here—to go to the parties everyone is giving—the sweet, simple, lemonade-and-chocolate-cake parties."

Alexander understood. "Is that the only reason?" he asked, looking into her eyes.

"Well, perhaps three-quarters of the reason why I've come," Laurel Chase admitted, "is to consider your proposals. You've been importuning me rather a lot, though it's distinctly against the Somerville tradition to marry plain girls."

"Even when they have glamour?" Alexander Somerville asked.

"You darling."

"And have you got some idea about starting a shop?"

"Not this time. No such silly thought. I'm just considering Alexander Somerville, and how can any human girl consider him except favorably?"

Glamour was in the way she said it, and in the laughing, aloof look in her eyes.

"I think you're wonderful," Alexander told her.

The music fell on the air like a cadenced perfume—soft, soft colors made audible—a May Day weaving of tender notes.

"Such bad taste," Miss Chase said, closing her eyes for a moment, "yet so perfect! It makes one forgive silly girls for breathing that they could die dancing."

"You do dance like a streak," Alexander told her.

"'Waltz divinely' is the phrase," she corrected him. "I'm glad I do. I'm glad I haven't forgotten."

She lowered her lids again to savor the sweet meringue of the music. Oil could not glide more smoothly than they glided in their smooth curving course—oil on untroubled waters—a perfumed sea.

Something had broken the rhythm of their dance. Miss Chase opened her eyes. Alexander Somerville's head was turned in a curious way.

"What in the world is it?"

But before he answered she had seen, standing before a panel simply crawling with Titian-haired *amorini*, a small figure in pink tarlatan garnished with moss-rose buds.

"Oh, that girl!"

"Yes, she's come back."

"What music!"

Miss Chase wondered if she should close her eyes again. Opening them seemed to have emphasized that subtle disharmony

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she had felt in Alexander's dancing. What nonsense, she thought. But it was true. She looked up at Alexander Somerville, but he didn't meet her glance. He was looking back.

"Well," she said, making it a gritty little monosyllable.

"She said something," he remarked, "about meeting me later."

Abruptly Miss Chase stopped dancing and shook herself from his arms. "By all means."

"I'll just step over and explain."

"I don't know what you'll explain."

"Then we'll finish our dance, Miss Chase. There's no hurry, I guess."

"Don't waste your Southern manners on me," she told him. "Go and join her as fast as you can. I never want to see you again."

He tried to accompany Laurel Chase to the edge of the floor, but she hurried and did not look at him.

Safe in the crowd, however, she watched him as he strode over to join Natalie Barnes, angry tears stinging her eyes. What an end to an evening. That vulgar little doll! And how like a Somerville to cast aside a career, without even knowing he was doing so, for some romantic idiocy. Oh, well, trying to make him amount to something would have been a great bore anyway. He had joined the little pink creature. They were dancing to those sickeningly sweet strains. Miss Chase pushed her way from the ballroom.

"Oh, Laurel!" someone called as she was crossing the lobby to the cloakroom. It was Dorothy Bleecker.

"Yes, my dear."

"I'm asking a lot of people to breakfast at my apartment. Won't you come and bring Mr. Somerville?"

"I've come to the time of life, my dear, when breakfast after a ball means something sipped toward noon in bed."

"How about Mr. Somerville?"

"I seem to have mislaid Mr. Somerville."

The little act of disowning him did Miss Chase good.

When she presented her check at the cloakroom she was smiling a wry smile.

"After all," she thought as she waited, "haven't I had exactly what I wanted? Certainly I hadn't any remote impression that the boy was in love with me, any more than I was in love with him. I came tonight in search of some vestige of my youth; I got it with a vengeance. Just a whipped cream and marshmallow imitation wouldn't have satisfied me. Sugar and spice and a dash of hellish heartache. That's what puppy-love affairs are made of. I actually got together the ingredients. My luck didn't fail me. I was stirred and hurt. I'm alive."

The attendant put her golden cloak about her shoulders and she walked toward the revolving doors, but before she reached them they ejected into the lobby a dishevveled lady in gray moire, followed by a spectacled and untoothsome Pierrot.

They had really passed Miss Chase before recognition came to her. She hesitated at the door an instant, then turned her back on it and followed them to the ballroom. Valse Oubliée had come to an end. Alexander was leading his partner from the floor. The gray moire swept down on them like a tidal wave.

"Well, young lady! This was a nice performance!"

"I was afraid you'd come for me," Natalie sighed, and she turned to Alexander.

"Anyway," she told him, "it was worth what I'll get."

Mrs. Barnes had a few words to say to him too. "As for you, you young upstart," she announced, "if you ever make any attempt to see my daughter again there are legal measures I can take to have you put away until you have time to cool off. And I'll take them."

Miss Chase thought it was time to intervene. "Alexander," she said in a cool voice, "could I distract your attention for a moment from this remarkable woman who seems to have such a passion for bellowing at you in public places?"

"Who are you?" Mrs. Barnes roared at Miss Chase

"I'm Mr. Somerville's aunt," Laurel Chase said, and turned her back on Mrs. Barnes. "Alexander, dear, I ran into Dorothy Bleecker in the hall. She wants you to come to breakfast with a lot of people at her place. I'm too tired, but go if you can. It's — Park Avenue. She's sure to have the most divine food. I've known her to manage plover's eggs."

"I do thank you a lot," Alexander Somerville said.

Miss Chase swung back to Mrs. Barnes. "I'm sorry to have bothered you," she said. "Please go on with your remarks. Only might I suggest that now people are going home I think there's even a larger crowd in the lobby who would be interested in them than here."

"I—why ——" Mrs. Barnes puffed.

"Almost as interested as in your footwear," Miss Chase concluded with a laugh.

A paralysis of horror stiffened Mrs. Barnes' face even before she glanced down.

She was wearing—and she had forgotten it in her purpose—the bedroom slippers Cousin Fanny Kip had crocheted for her several Christmases before. They had sides of blue wool indented with small rhomboids of white wool, and about the ankles they had ruffs composed of woolen loops.

It seemed very possible that Mrs. Barnes was going to faint. "Natalie," she cried—a broken plea for support—"Natalie, what can I do?"

"My dear woman, don't feel so bad about it," Laurel Chase adjured her. "I was just being disagreeable. They're probably much more authentically of the period than any other footgear here."

"I could die," Mrs. Barnes said.

"Why, I'll change with you gladly," Miss Chase volunteered. "But I do think they look better with your costume than they would with mine. If they worry you, why in the world don't you bend your knees a little and let your skirt trail the floor? Then no one can see them."

Mrs. Barnes had done so before Laurel Chase finished the sentence. "But how am I going to get to the door?" she implored.

"You can walk that way," Miss Chase assured her. "It's just a question of flexing. Have you a motor here?"

"I'll have to get a taxi."

"I have a car that's been waiting all night. I'll be glad to take you. My name, by the way, is Laurel Chase."

The syllables glimmered in Mrs. Barnes' mind, then shone.

"I've seen pictures of your apartment in Mode," she said. "I thought they were beautiful."

"I like it," Miss Chase replied. "You must see it some day."

"Was that Miss Bleecker you spoke to him about," Mrs. Barnes questioned, glancing at Alexander, "the Miss Bleecker that gave the Gold Ball?"

"Yes," Miss Chase said.

"But," Mrs. Barnes protested, curiosity entirely conquering her, "he works in a store."

"I hope he'll do several other sorts of work before I get through with him," Miss Chase said. "I'm trying to educate some of the aristocratic Southern bunk out of him. By the way, why don't we leave the children here to dance a little more? I'll come back and get your daughter. I'm not tired."

There had been dawning on Mrs. Barnes' face the look of one who has sought and found at last. A star had risen for Mrs. Barnes, and this time she was sure of it.

"Do you want to stay, Natalie?" she asked, with a really very creditable approximation of Miss Chase's crisp tones.

Natalie looked at Alexander Somerville. "I don't believe so," she said. "It's awfully late, and when a dance has been as perfect as the one we had, I'd rather just remember it."

"Wise girl," Miss Chase said.

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MARACOT DEEP

(Continued from Page 27)

"'Why should we try to keep ourselves alive? The sooner it is over, the better,' said I.

"'That's the dope!' cried Scanlan. 'Cut loose and have done with it.'

"'And miss the most wonderful sight that man's eye has ever seen!' said Maracot. 'It would be treason to science. Let us record facts to the end, even if they should be forever buried with our bodies. Play the game out.'

"'Some sport, the doc!' cried Scanlan. 'I guess he has the best guts of the bunch. Let us see the spiel to an end.'

"We sat patiently on the settee, the three of us, gripping the edges of it with strained fingers as it swayed and rocked, while the fishes still flashed swiftly upward past the portholes

"'It is now three miles,' remarked Maracot. 'I will turn on the oxygen, Mr. Headley, for it is certainly very close. There is one thing,' he added, with his dry, cackling laugh. 'It will certainly be the Maracot Deep from this time onward. When Captain Howie takes back the news, my colleagues will see to it that my grave is also my monument. Even Bülow of Giessen ——' He babbled on about some unintelligible scientific grievance.

"We sat in silence again, watching the needle as it crawled on to its fourth mile. At one point we struck something heavy, which shook us so violently that I feared we would turn upon our side. It may have been a huge fish, or conceivably we may have bumped upon some projection of the cliff over the edge of which we had been precipitated. That edge had seemed to us at the time to be such a wondrous depth, and now, looking back at it from our dreadful abyss, it might almost have been the surface. Still we swirled and circled lower and lower through the dark-green waste of waters. Twenty-five thousand feet now was registered upon the dial.

"'We are nearly at our journey's end,' said Maracot. 'My Scott's recorder gave me twenty-six thousand seven hundred last year at the deepest point. We shall know our fate within a few minutes. It may be that the shock will crush us. It may be ——'

"And at that moment we landed.

"There was never a babe lowered by its mother onto a feather bed who nestled down more gently than we onto the extreme bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. The soft, thick, elastic ooze upon which we lit was a perfect buffer which saved us from the slightest jar. We hardly moved upon our seats, and it is as well that we did not, for we had perched upon some sort of projecting hummock, clothed thickly with the viscous, gelatinous mud, and there we were balanced, rocking gently, with nearly half our base projecting and unsupported. There was a danger that we would tip over on our side, but finally we steadied down and remained motionless. As we did so, Doctor Maracot, staring out through his porthole, gave a cry of surprise and hurriedly turned out our electric light.

"To our amazement we could still see clearly. There was a dim, misty light outside which streamed through our portholes like the cold radiance of a winter morning. We looked out at the strange scene, and with no help from our own lights we could see clearly for some hundred yards in each direction. It was impossible, inconceivable, but none the less the evidence of our senses told us that it was a fact. The great ocean floor is luminous.

"'Why not?' cried Maracot, when we had stood for a minute or two in silent wonder. 'Should I not have foreseen it? What is this pteropod or globigerina ooze? Is it not the product of decay, the moldering bodies of a billion billion organic creatures? And is decay not associated with phosphorescent luminosity? Where, in all creation, would it be seen if it were not here? Ah, it is indeed hard that we should have such a demonstration and be unable to send our knowledge back to the world.'

"'And yet,' I remarked, 'we have scooped half a ton of radiolarian jelly at a time and detected no such radiance.'

"'It would lose it, doubtless, in its long journey to the surface. And what is half a ton compared to these far-stretching plains of slow putrescence? And see—see,' he cried in uncontrollable excitement, 'the deep-sea creatures graze upon this organic carpet, even as our herds on land graze upon the meadows!'

"As he spoke a flock of big black fish, heavy and squat, came slowly over the ocean bed toward us, nuzzling among the spongy growths and nibbling away as they advanced. Another huge red creature, like a foolish cow of the ocean, was chewing the cud in front of my porthole, and others were grazing here and there, raising their heads from time to time to gaze at this strange object which had so suddenly appeared among them.

"I could only marvel at Maracot, who in that foul atmosphere, seated under the very shadow of death, still obeyed the call of science and scribbled his observations in his notebook. Without following his precise methods, I none the less made my own mental notes, which will remain forever as a picture stamped upon my brain.

"The lowest plains of ocean consist of red clay, but here it was overlaid by the gray bathybian slime which formed an undulating plain as far as our eyes could reach. This plain was not smooth, but was broken by numerous strange rounded hillocks like that upon which we had perched, all glimmering in the spectral light. Between these little hills there darted great clouds of strange fish, many of them quite unknown to science, exhibiting every shade of color, but black and red predominating. Maracot watched them with suppressed excitement and chronicled them in his notes. 'Surely that is Harriotta,' he would murmur. 'Dear me, that can only be Bathysaurus. Headley, can you see that splendid Alepocephalus among the weeds yonder? And there among the calcareous sponges, are we too rash if we claim it to be a new variety of sea snake? Oh, the wealth of it, the wealth of it, and all lost to the world!' He groaned in the agony of his frustration. The shell rocked with his passionate gesticulations.

"The air had become very foul, and again we were only able to save ourselves by a fresh emission of oxygen. Curiously enough, we were all hungry—I should rather say ravenous—and we fell upon the potted beef, with bread and butter, washed down by whisky and water, which the foresight of Maracot had provided. With my perceptions stimulated by this refreshment, I was seated at my lookout portal and longing for a last cigarette, when my eyes caught something which sent a whirl of strange thoughts and anticipations through my mind.

"I have said that the undulating gray plain on every side of us was studded with what seemed like hummocks. A particularly large one was in front of my porthole and I looked out at it within a range of thirty feet. There was some peculiar mark upon the side of it, and as I glanced along I saw to my surprise that this mark was repeated again and again until it was lost round the curve. When one is so near death it takes much to give one a thrill about anything connected with this world, but my breath failed me for a moment and my heart stood still as I suddenly realized that it was a frieze at which I was looking and that, barnacled and worn as it was, the hand of man had surely at some time carved these faded figures. Maracot and Scanlan crowded to my porthole and gazed out in utter amazement at these signs of the omnipresent energies of man

"'It's carving, for sure!' cried Scanlan 'I guess this dump has been the roof of a building. Then these other ones are buildings also. Say, boss, we've dropped plumb onto a regular burg.'

"'It is, indeed, an ancient city,' said Maracot. 'Geology teaches that the seas have once been continents and the continents seas, but I have always distrusted the idea that in times so recent as the Quaternary there could have been an Atlantic subsidence. Plato's report of Egyptian gossip had, then, a foundation of fact. These volcanic formations confirm the view that this subsidence was due to seismic activity.'

"'There is regularity about these domes,' I remarked. 'I begin to think that they are not separate houses, but that they are cupolas and form the ornaments of the roof of some huge building.'

"'I guess you are right,' said Scanlan. 'There are four big ones at the corners and the small ones in lines between. It's some building, if we could see the whole of it! You could put the whole Merribank plant inside it—and then some.'

"'It has been buried up to the roof by the constant dropping from above,' said Maracot. 'On the other hand, it has not decayed. We have a constant temperature of a little more than 32 Fahrenheit in the great depths, which would arrest destructive processes. Even the dissolution of the bathic remains which pave the floor of the ocean and incidentally give us this luminosity must be a very slow one. But, dear me, this marking is not a frieze but an inscription!'

"There was no doubt that he was right. The same symbol recurred every here and there. These marks were unquestionably letters of some archaic alphabet.

"'I have made a study of Phenician antiquities, and there is certainly something suggestive and familiar in these characters,' said our leader. 'Well, we have seen a buried city of ancient days, my friends, and we carry a wonderful piece of knowledge with us to the grave. There is no more to be learned. Our book of knowledge is closed. I agree with you that the sooner the end comes, the better.'

"It could not now be long delayed. The air was stagnant and dreadful. So heavy was it with the carbon products that the oxygen could hardly force its way out against the pressure. By standing on the settee one was able to get a gulp of purer air, but the mephitic reek was slowly rising. Doctor Maracot folded his arms with an air of resignation and sank his head upon his breast. Scanlan was now overpowered by the fumes and was already sprawling upon the floor. My own head was swimming and I felt an intolerable weight at my chest. I closed my eyes and my senses were rapidly slipping away. Then I opened them for one last glimpse of that world which I was leaving, and as I did so I staggered to my feet with a hoarse scream of amazement.

"A human face was looking in at us through the porthole!

"Was it my delirium? I clutched at the shoulder of Maracot and shook him violently. He sat up and stared, wonder-stricken and speechless at this apparition. If he saw it as well as I, it was no figment of the brain. The face was long and thin, dark in complexion, with a short pointed beard and two vivid eyes darting here and there in quick, questioning glances which took in every detail of our situation. The utmost amazement was visible upon the man's face. Our lights were now full on, and it must indeed have been a strange and vivid picture which presented itself to his gaze in that tiny chamber of death, where one man lay senseless and two others glared out at him with the twisted, contorted features of dying men, cyanosed by incipient asphyxiation. We both had our hands to our throats, and our chests carried their message of despair. The man gave a wave of his hand and hurried away.

"'He has deserted us!' cried Maracot.

"'Or gone for help. . . . Let us get Scanlan on the couch. It's death for him down there.'

"We dragged the mechanic onto the settee and propped his head against the cushions. His face was gray and, he murmured in delirium, but his pulse was still perceptible.

"'There is hope for us yet,' I croaked.

"'But it is madness!' cried Maracot. 'How can man live at the bottom of the ocean? How can he breathe? It is collective hallucination. My young friend, we are going mad.'

"Looking out at the bleak, lonely, gray landscape in the dreary, spectral light, I felt that it might be as Maracot said. Then suddenly I was aware of movement. Shadows were flitting through the distant water. They hardened and thickened into hurrying figures. A crowd of people were hurrying across the ocean bed in our direction. An instant later they had assembled in front of the porthole and were pointing and gesticulating in animated debate.

"There were several women in the crowd, but the greater part were men, one of whom, a powerful figure with a very large head and a full black beard, was clearly a person of authority. He made a swift inspection of our steel shell, and since the edge of our base projected over the place in which we rested, he was able to see that there was a hinged trapdoor at the bottom. He now sent a messenger flying back, while he made energetic and commanding signs to us to open the door from within.

"'Why not?' I asked. 'We may as well be drowned as be smothered. I can stand it no longer.'

"'We may not be drowned,' said Maracot. 'The water entering from below cannot rise above the level of the compressed air. Give Scanlan some brandy. He must make an effort, if it is his last one.'

"I forced a drink down the mechanic's throat. He gulped and looked round him with wondering eyes. Between us we got him erect on the settee and stood on either side of him. He was still half dazed, but in a few words I explained the situation.

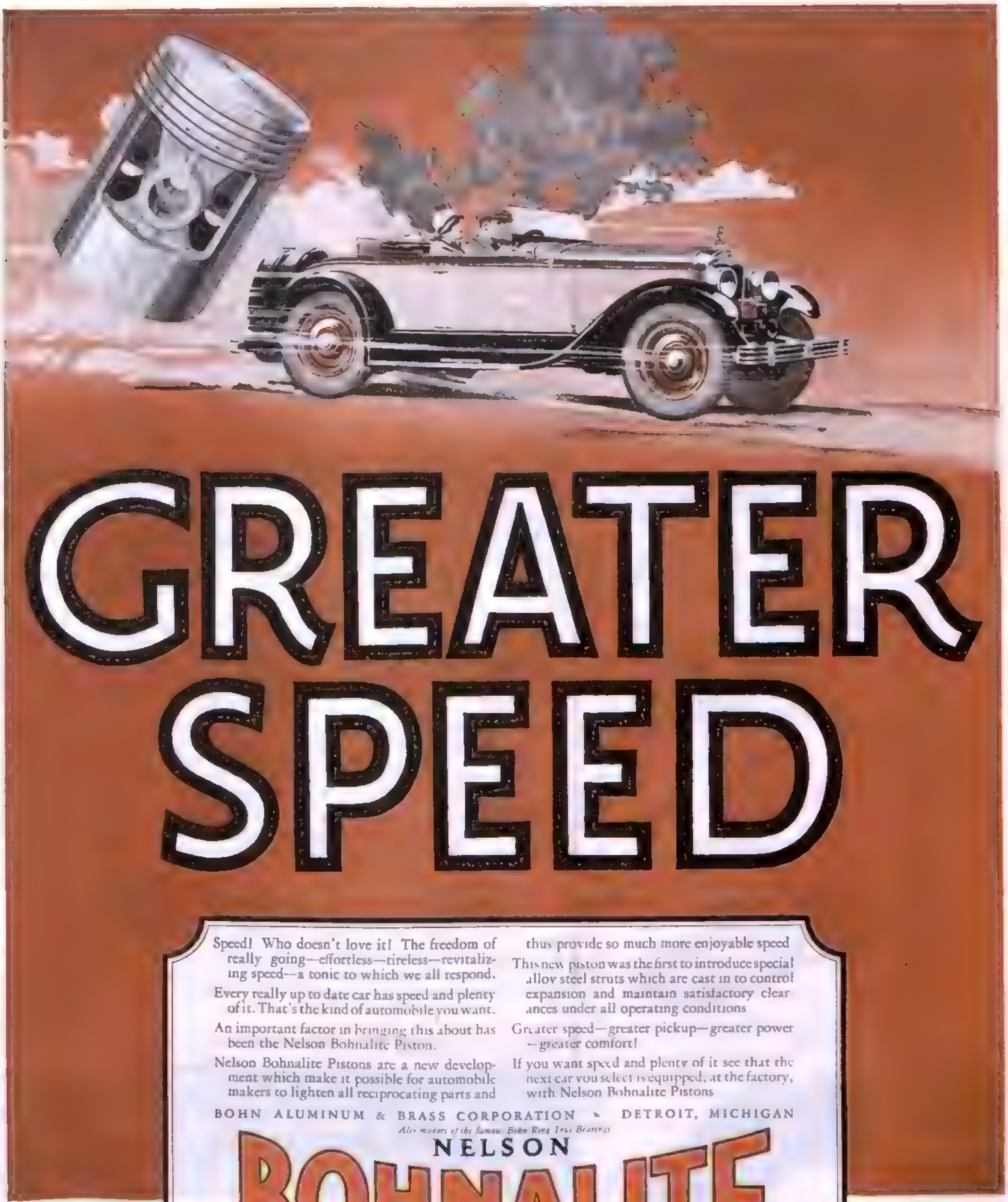
"'There is a chance of chlorine poisoning if the water reaches the batteries,' said Maracot. 'Open every air tube, for the more pressure we can get, the less water may enter. Now help me while I pull upon the lever.'

"We bent our weight upon it and yanked up the circular plate from the bottom of our little home, though I felt like a suicide as I did so. The green water, sparkling and gleaming under our light, came gurgling and surging in. It rose rapidly to our feet, to our knees, to our waists, and there it stopped. But the pressure of the air was intolerable. Our heads buzzed and the drums of our ears were bursting. We could not have lived in such an atmosphere for long. Only by clutching at the rack could we save ourselves from falling back into the waters beneath us.

"From our higher position we could no longer see through the portholes, nor could we imagine what steps were being taken for our deliverance. Indeed, that any effective help could come to us seemed beyond the power of thought, and yet there was a commanding and purposeful air about these people, and especially about that squat bearded chieftain, which inspired vague hopes. Suddenly we were aware of his face looking up at us through the water beneath, and an instant later he had passed through the circular opening and had clambered onto the settee, so that he was standing by our side—a short, sturdy figure, not higher than my shoulder, but surveying us with large brown eyes, which were full of a half-amused confidence, as who should say, 'You poor devils! You think you are in a bad way, but I can very clearly see the road out.'

"Only now was I aware of a very amazing thing. The man—if, indeed, he was of

(Continued on Page 185)



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We invite you to mail the coupon now and see how you may win one of the 49 cash prizes. Address The Upson Company, 1007 Upson Pt., Lockport, N. Y.

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(Continued from Page 180)

the same humanity as ourselves—had a transparent envelope all round him which enveloped his head and body, while his arms and legs were free. So translucent was it that no one could detect it in the water, but now that he was in the air beside us it glistened like silver, though it remained as clear as the finest glass. On either shoulder he had a curious rounded projection beneath the clear protective sheath. It looked like an oblong box pierced with many holes and gave him an appearance as if he were wearing epaulets.

"When our new friend had joined us, another face appeared in the aperture of the bottom and thrust through it what seemed like a great bubble of glass. Three of these in succession were passed in and floated upon the surface of the water. Then six small boxes were handed up and our new acquaintance tied one with the straps attached to them to each of our shoulders, whence they stood up like his own.

"Already I began to surmise that no infraction of natural law was involved in the life of these strange people, and that while one box in some new fashion was a producer of air, the other was an absorber of waste products. He now passed the transparent suits over our heads, and we felt that they clasped us tightly in the upper arm and waist by elastic bands, so that no water could penetrate. Within we breathed with perfect ease, and it was a joy to me to see Maracot looking out at me with his eyes twinkling as of old behind his glasses, while Bill Scanlan's grin assured me that the life-giving oxygen had done its work and that he was his cheerful self once more. Our rescuer looked from one to another of us with grave satisfaction, and then motioned to us to follow him through the trap-door and out on to the floor of the ocean. A dozen willing hands were outstretched to pull us through and to sustain our first faltering steps as we staggered with our feet deep in the slimy ooze.

"Even now I cannot get past the marvel of it. There we were, the three of us, unhurt and at our ease at the bottom of a five-mile abyss of water. Where was that terrific pressure which had exercised the imagination of so many scientists? We were no more affected by it than were the dainty fish which swam around us. It is true that, so far as our bodies were concerned, we were protected by these delicate bells of vitrine which were in truth tougher than the strongest steel; but even our limbs, which were exposed, felt no more than a firm constriction from the water which one learned in time to disregard.

"It was wonderful to stand together and to look back at the shell from which we had emerged. We had left the batteries at work, and it was a wondrous object, with its streams of yellow light flooding out from each side while clouds of fishes gathered at each window. As we watched it the leader took Maracot by the hand and we followed them both across the watery morass, clumping heavily through the sticky surface.

"And now a most surprising incident occurred, which was clearly as astonishing to these strange new companions of ours as to ourselves. Above our heads there appeared a small dark object, descending from the darkness above us and swinging down until it reached the bed of the ocean within a very short distance from where we stood. It was, of course, the deep-sea lead from the Stratford above us, making a sounding of that watery gulf with which the name of the expedition was to be associated.

"We had seen it already upon its downward path and we could well understand that the tragedy of our disappearance had suspended the operation, but that after a pause it had been concluded with little thought that it would finish almost at our feet. They were unconscious, apparently, that they had touched bottom, for the lead lay motionless in the ooze.

"Above me stretched the taut piano wire which connected me through five miles of water with the deck of our vessel. Oh, that it were possible to write a note and to attach it! The idea was absurd, and yet could I not send some message which would show them that we were still conscious? My coat was covered by my glass bell and the pockets were unapproachable, but I was free below the waist and my handkerchief chanced to be in my trousers pocket. I pulled it out and tied it round the top of the lead. The weight itself at once disengaged itself by its automatic mechanism, and presently I saw my white wisp of linen flying upward to that world which I may never see again. Our new acquaintances examined the seventy-five pounds of lead with great interest and finally carried it off with us as we went upon our way.

"We had only walked a couple of hundred yards, threading our way among the hummocks, when we halted before a small square-cut door, with solid pillars on either side and an inscription across the lintel. It was open and we passed through it into a large bare chamber. There was a sliding partition worked by a crank from within, and this was drawn across behind us.

"We could, of course, hear nothing in our glass helmets; but after standing a few minutes, we were aware that a powerful pump must be at work, for we saw the level of the water sinking rapidly above us. In less than a quarter of an hour we were standing upon a sloppy stone-flagged pavement, while our new friends were busy in undoing the fastenings of our transparent suits. An instant later there we stood, breathing perfectly pure air in a warm, well-lighted atmosphere, while the dark people of the abyss, smiling and chattering, crowded round us with handshakings and friendly pattings. It was a strange, rasping tongue that they spoke, and no word of it was intelligible to us, but the smile on the face and the light of friendship in the eye are understandable even in the waters under the earth. The glass suits were hung on numbered pegs upon the wall, and the kindly folk half led and half pushed us to an inner door which opened onto a long downward-sloping corridor. When it closed again behind us there was nothing to remind us of the stupendous fact that we were the involuntary guests of an unknown race at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean and cut off forever from the world to which we belonged.

"Now that the terrific strain had been so suddenly eased, we were all exhausted. Even Bill Scanlan, who was a pocket Hercules, dragged his feet along the floor, while Maracot and I were only too glad to lean heavily upon our guides. Yet, weary as I was, I took in every detail as we passed. That the air came from some air-making machine was very evident, for it issued in puffs from circular openings in the walls. The light was diffused and was clearly an extension of that fluor system which was already engaging the attention of our European engineers, when the filament and lamp were dispensed with. It shone from long cylinders of clear glass which were suspended along the cornice of the passages.

"So much I had observed when our descent was checked and we were ushered into a large sitting room, thickly carpeted and well furnished with gilded chairs and sloping sofas which brought back vague memories of Egyptian tombs. The crowd had been dismissed and only the bearded man with two attendants remained. 'Manda,' he repeated several times, tapping himself upon the chest. Then he pointed to each of us in turn and repeated the words Maracot, Headley and Scanlan until he had them perfect. He then motioned us to be seated and said a word to the attendant, who left the room and returned presently escorting a very ancient gentleman, white-haired and long-bearded, with a curious conical cap of black cloth upon his head. I should have said that all these folk were dressed in colored tunics which extended to their knees, with high boots of fish skin or shagreen.

"The venerable newcomer was clearly a physician, for he examined each of us in turn, placing his hand upon our brows and closing his own eyes as if receiving a mental impression as to our condition. Apparently he was by no means satisfied, for he shook his head and said a few grave words to Manda. The latter at once sent the attendant out once more, and he brought in a tray of eatables and a flask of wine, which were laid before us. We were too weary to ask ourselves what they were, but we felt the better for the meal. We were then led to another room, where three beds had been prepared, and on one of these I flung myself down. I have a dim recollection of Bill Scanlan coming across and sitting beside me.

"'Say, bo, that jolt of brandy saved my life,' said he. 'But where are we, anyhow?'

"'I know no more than you do.'

"'Well, I am ready to hit the hay,' he said sleepily, as he turned to his bed. 'Say, that wine was fine.' They were the last words I heard as I sank into the most profound sleep that I can ever recall."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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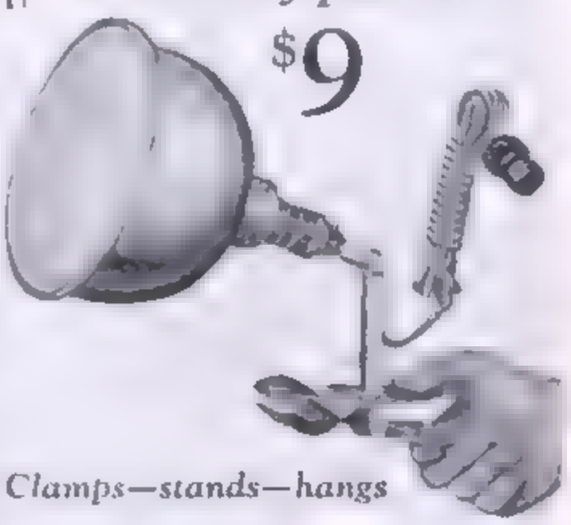

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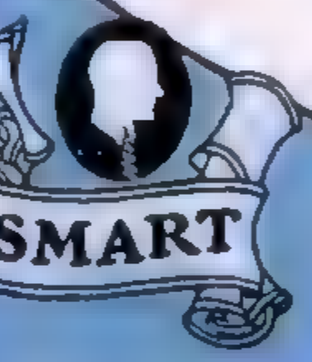

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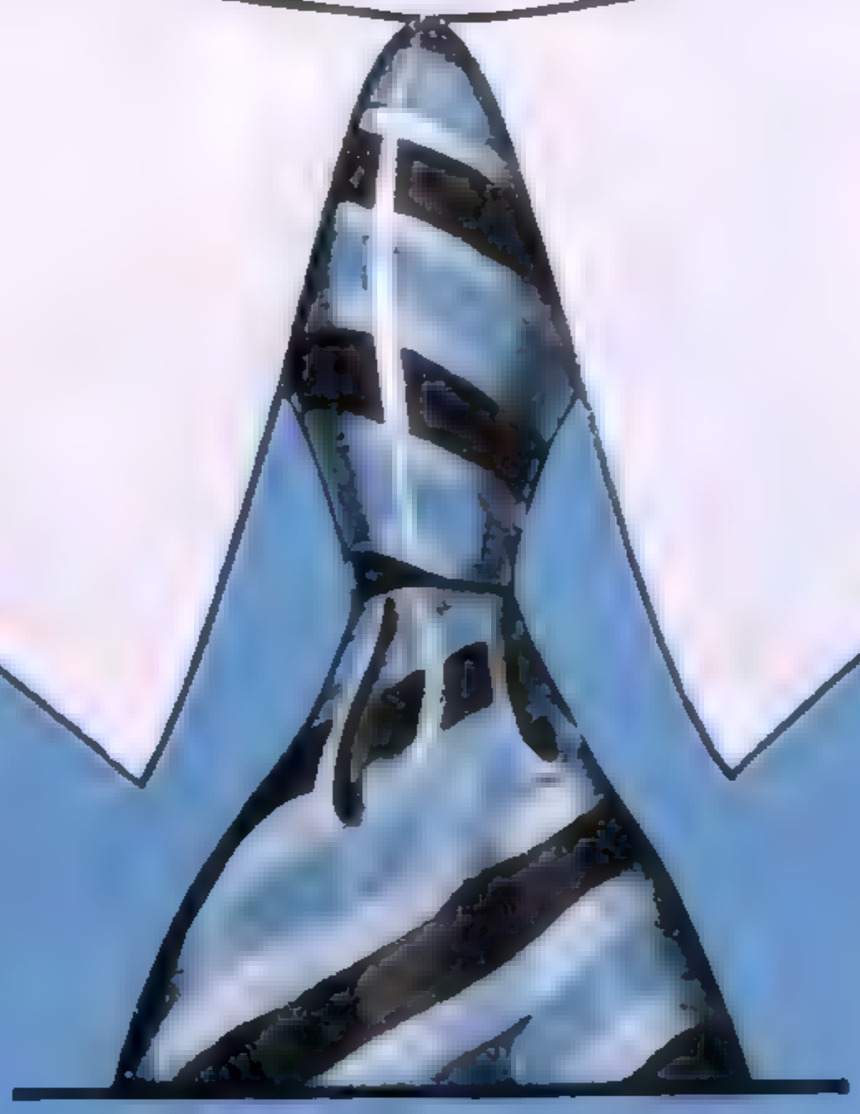

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CRUSADE

(Continued from Page 33)

feet off, and chained them by the neck to the pegs of his tent as dogs, and when he tired of that, he sent them to the kennels among the nomad hounds, so that not even the smallest bone of them remains. So Abdallah and Mohammed say: 'If you wish to see Damascus, come soon.' To myself this is an incredible thing. But come soon, O'Neill. Listen, O'Neill; we will make an appointment now."

"I can't make an appointment now, Kothra," he said, "but listen; I will write."

"I wonder why you are lying to me," she said calmly. "I have been taught: The lie is a shameful stratagem. I do not think you want to come to Damascus to see us any more. And I think, too, you are unhappy I have come to El-Kuds." She faced him calmly. "There is a lot in this I do not like, and I do not understand, O'Neill."

"I do not swear, I just tell you, sister of Ali, that your coming to this bloody place has made me happy." He searched under his coat for a small parcel he had brought. "Now we are quarreling, and it is not like the old days when we quarreled. For then we were not friends and it did not matter. But now we are friends, and it does. And Kothra, I will not be unfriends with you."

"Will you go aside, Yussuf," she asked the negro guard, "and let the sheykh explain?" But the African shook his head.

"No!"

"Do you think then the sheykh will offer me insult?" She whipped with her voice.

"No."

"Are you afraid that this poor beggar"—she pointed to a shambling figure who was following them on the off chance of a coin—"will hurt me?"

"Perhaps."

"Now God protect you, Yussuf," she said with dreadful coldness, "but you will answer to me for this impertinence."

"I will answer to you for anything, sister of Ali, in Damascus."

O'Neill was undoing the parcel the Metropolitan of the Abyssinians had sent him as a present on his turning over command of the Saint Sepulcher to Josselyn. He took out a scarf of green silk so delicate that it could be rolled in two hands, and yet so big it would make a shawl for a woman.

On it some Abyssinian craftswoman had wrought in red African gold a procession of the animals going into Noë's great ship. There was the great crocodile with the yawning mouth, and the clumsy rhinoceros, and the tiger and the elephant, and deer with huge horns, and the tall giraffe, and huge baboons. And Noë's vessel had vast lateen sails, and Noe's sons stood on the deck of the boat while the admiral's self peeped from a hatchway. Afar off the waters were rising in billows of red gold. A childish and very beautiful thing. The little princess who had wrought it was dead two centuries ago, the prelate had said, and yet one could imagine the deft brown fingers, her curious child's mind, and could almost hear her sweet low laughter.

"That is for me?" Kothra asked.

"Yes, that is for you."

She took it and looked at it with eyes mirroring a deep wonder. "How lovely!" she cried, and held it to her bosom. "I have been angry and abominable while you were there with such a sweet gift," she said in swift distress. "How can you ever like me again, O'Neill?"

"It won't be very hard," O'Neill laughed.

She slipped the scarf from her chin and mouth, and held it over her arm while she wound the quaint Abyssinian shawl in its place under her headdress. "Here, O thou!" she called to the shambling beggar. He sidled craftily up. "For thy hareem, O Father of Misfortune," and she tossed him the scarf she had been wearing.

"No!" O'Neill stepped forward and took it from him and was feeling in his pocket for a coin. Yussuf took one step forward, and his great carved knife, keen as a razor, heavy as an ax, was at the beggar's throat.

"Yussuf, you are of a surety mad," the sister of Ali called to him. "Oh, the poor beggar man!"

"Be quiet, Kothra," O'Neill said simply. He recognized in the man's poise the tensed body ready to rush and strike. "I think I'll have a look at this one," he murmured. "Yussuf, if he moves, cut his throat."

The man didn't move, but his eyes threatened. They were dreadful as the eyes of snakes. O'Neill yanked the turban from his head, and grinned.

"If I stripped you, I'd find the Templar girdle beneath your rags, wouldn't I, brother?"

The Templar would not answer. He only glared at O'Neill with his baleful eyes. Yussuf looked meaningly over the battlements.

"Shall I?" he asked. "And throw him over. Your lordship can take the young sheykh down the street."

"It isn't worth it," O'Neill decided. "His two companions are probably waiting in another place. Go, brother. Try something a little less obvious the next time."

"There walks"—O'Neill watched the man go down the street, head high and step firm—"there walks what was once a gentleman."

Kothra laid her hand on his shoulder and felt the chain armor beneath his tunic.

"I don't understand," she said. "I know you don't want me to understand, either, or you would tell me, O'Neill. Oh, but dear God! I wish Abdallah and Mohammed were here."

"You are all right in Bethlehem, Kothra. Nobody will do you hurt there. And you have Yussuf with you. You need no more protection."

"I! Do you think I care? Do you think I am afraid? Oh, but yes, I am afraid. I am afraid for you, O'Neill. If only my two cousins were here."

"If the sister of Ali will remember"—Yussuf's mouth spread into a wide grin—"the first raid on Bethlehem and the death of the Tartar captain at Rouge Garde. Also this," he said sternly: "God abhors daggers in the dark."

"The Compassionate, the Compassionating, Blessed be He!" She touched her forehead with her fingers. "Still, I wish Abdallah and Mohammed were here."

"As to me, Kothra," O'Neill smiled, "I wear a coat of mail. I am armed like a Venetian bravo." He twirled his commander's whistle on its silver chain. "And there are five hundred Welsh and Cornish men in the Holy City."

"I know, but if Abdallah and Mohammed ——"

He had spent all morning, and some hours of the afternoon, paying small visits to friends and settling up debts he owed, and now was coming out of the Saddlers' Alley, half ashamed, half bothered, because of the invitation to spend the night at Bethlehem with the baron whom he had helped to dispossess for a short time. The strangeness of the situation embarrassed him. That night he would sleep there and in the morning Josselyn would pick up himself and the Damascus party and they would all ride to the Jericho ford. He had not seen the Lord of Bethlehem since the day De Lacy and he had tramped into his castle, and though he knew no reference would be made to that occasion, and that he would be welcomed as the friend of the Beni Iskander, yet it was a dreadful situation. It had taken all of Kothra's persuasion to make him come.

"All that is over," she had said. "It is that way with the Arab. They understand. One acts under compulsion, seeing destiny is what it is. And it was good for the Lord

(Continued on Page 189)

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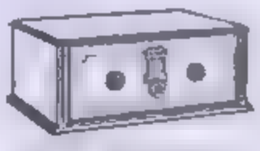

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MASON Hylastic TIRES

(Continued from Page 187)

of Bethlehem. He'll take more care of his castle now."

"I can't go, Kothra."

"But if you don't come, O'Neill, he will think you are revengeful; that you are meditating a further *ghrazzu* on his place, and for that reason you will not eat his bread and salt. O'Neill, you are not thinking of another raid on my cousin's house?"

"Dear God, no!" O'Neill said indignantly.

"Then you must come."

"All right. I'll come."

"I'm glad. My father will like that."

"I'll ride over after your evening prayer."

"That is an arranged thing, O'Neill."

He thought, now that the afternoon was halfway past, he would go to his and Josselyn's lodgings and get two or three hours' sleep.

There would be little sleep at Bethlehem, with their Arab love of staying up half the night, while Greek dancers and musicians entertained the parting guests. And after the ride toward Jordan in the morning and back before nightfall, by night again he would be galloping on his way to the coast. It would be hard work, this running away—harder than fighting. He turned to pass Saint Sepulcher on his way to the Damascus gate.

"Don't walk so fast, O'Neill. I can't catch you up."

He turned around quickly and saw her. She was walking along after him, in man's riding dress. She had vast baggy breeches and small red shoes, and from underneath the tassels of her headdress her eyes looked at him with a faint mockery. Her waistband was of twisted green silk and she wore a short Syrian jacket of green and gold.

"Where's Yussuf?" he asked.

"I escaped Yussuf," she smiled, and tapped her breeches with her riding switch. She was very much the young gallant of Damascus. Her dress of a young Arab blood, and her little swagger were strange in the precincts of the Sepulcher.

"I slipped down when all the house was drowsing after noon meal, and saddled the gray Sabigat—that outrunneth. And Yussuf did not see me at all."

"But why, Kothra—why did you come?"

"For this, O'Neill: I thought you might be uneasy, coming by yourself to my cousin's house. And if I led you there, you would be more happy. Also," she said, "I was glad to get rid of Yussuf. He follows me like a familiar spirit. He is mad on this: That Jerusalem is a dangerous place. Also, O'Neill, I wished to have news of you—that you were alive and unharmed."

"Come," O'Neill was brusque. "I'll get my horse and we'll ride to Bethlehem at once. Where did you leave the Sabigat?"

"At David's Gate, with an Arab lad. But, O'Neill, must we rush away? It is the last time we—I shall be in El-Kuds, oh, for so long! And if we just go down the booths, surely none will bother us there."

"Listen, Kothra. I shall be happy when we are on the high road, riding together, seeing the sun go down."

They walked along the quiet streets, loud only with doves. Near Caiaphas' House a detachment of Italian pilgrims with a guard of three lean swordsmen were visiting the Via Dolorosa, the Painful Road to Calvary. An Arab beggar, with the huge swathed legs of leprosy, hobbled swiftly after them on T-shaped sticks.

"It will be like the night we rode to Bethlehem, under the full moon, and we met the broken poet. O'Neill, he was a very good poet, for all that you say," she added maliciously.

"*Úrhum ya Rub! Khálkat, elathi Enl Kalakta,*" the beggar was howling. "Have mercy, O Lord God, upon Thy creature which Thou createdst." The pilgrims looked up in mild surprise. The Milanese swordsmen seemed bored. "*Úrhum el-mesakin, wa el-juaanin, wa el-aryamin! Úrhum ya 'llalh.* Have mercy on the poor, the hungry, the naked! Have mercy, O God!"

She turned quickly around at the cry of distress, and faced the leper. Her fingers went into her waistband where she kept her gold coins. "Come hither, O Father of Afflictions," she called. A headdress of sackcloth covered the man's possibly dreadful face. He hobbled nearer.

Then the beggar did a dreadful thing. The crutches dropped from his hands. He stood up, a whole man. His hands shot out and caught the top of the sister of Ali's silken shirt. There was the whine of torn silk. He ripped it open to the waistband. She looked at him with eyes that had gone mad with shock and anger. Quietly, with lean white hands, he lifted the sackcloth headdress from his face. It was lean and clean.

"'Come down and sit in the dust, O virgin daughter of Babylon, sit on the ground: there is no throne,'" he sneered. "'Thy nakedness shall be uncovered, yea, thy shame shall be seen!'" He turned to the pilgrims. "Here is a soldier of the Cross whose darling is a woman of the Arab." He turned to the three Milanese swordsmen. "It is in Amos: 'All the sinners of my people shall die by the sword.'"

The swordsmen shuffled, hesitated. Quietly, with a dreadful anger in her eyes, Kothra was covering her bared bosom.

"I am Renier de Sergines," the man said quietly, "of the Order of the Templars."

The swordsmen half unsheathed their weapons. A terrible cold trembling came over O'Neill. He caught the man by the shoulder and pushed him against a door. With dreadful deliberation he drew a long poniard from his belt.

"I will give you another little text. Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming." And he nailed the man by the throat to the wood of the door.

He stepped back and looked at the swordsmen. "And now, men, when you are ready." And he drew out his own long weapon.

They looked at the dead man, sprawled against the door, his head hideously sideways, his arms flopped like the arms of a scarecrow, and their faces became yellow and they turned away. O'Neill slipped his tunic off and threw it around Kothra. He stood for a minute with drawn sword and shining coat of mail.

"Come," he told the girl.

"Do you think we can get to Bethlehem?" she asked. "I am not afraid. I am only asking."

"Not yet," he told her as he led her down the by-street. "We will get to the convent of the Abyssinians. They are friends of mine, the men of Prester John. We will take refuge there."

He often thought, on the nightmare ride toward Château Neuf, of the unquestioning hospitality of the Abyssinians. When they arrived at the convent the Greek service in the Sepulcher was beginning, so that the big square was empty. The sound of the priests' chanting filled the close. He rapped at the door with the hilt of his sword, and the porter opened his eyes wide at the sight of the young Syrian sheykh and the former captain of the Sepulcher with mail coat and bared sword.

"I wish to see His Beatitude," O'Neill explained, "and at once." When the old shaven-headed black prelate came with his young secretary, O'Neill felt a sense of shame. They were all so frail, these priests of Abyssinia, and he was so strong, and Kothra was of one of the greatest of the Saracen tribes, and yet it was to the shadowy black man they had to appeal for protection.

But the old prelate never wavered. "You are our friend and under our roof, and being under our roof, are under the roof of Prester John," he said quietly. "We are but poor simple monks," he said, "but what we have is yours." Only when he mentioned the tearing of Kothra's blouse did the old abbot and the young secretary look at each other with dismay, and O'Neill remembered that since the Abyssinians had come

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to Jerusalem no woman had ever entered their holy house.

"I never thought, sir," he said.

"You thought only that the Abyssinians were your friends, and that was beautiful and true. And that women have never entered our house," he smiled at Kothra, "is only old monks' crankiness. The Way came to us through the Holy Philip, who baptized the chief eunuch of Queen Candace. Also, it will not harm us to have a daughter in our house."

"Our little daughter will rest now," he said, and ringing his stringed Egyptian bell, he sent her off with an old priest. He took O'Neill's hand. "I am sending secretly for your English friend," he told O'Neill.

"For Josselyn?"

"For Sir Josselyn."

The abbot took his other hand.

"He whom you have sent there is before the Judgment Seat of God," the old man said quietly. "Come into the convent chapel, my son and, kneeling silently, give evidence, and your old friend will go with you. Come."

When he returned Josselyn was there. Kothra was present too. The priests had given her an amice of green and gold, which she wore instead of her torn blouse. She handed O'Neill back his coat. "Thank you, O'Neill," she said quietly.

"Well, Josselyn," O'Neill said, "I seem to have done it."

"Yes," the Kentish man smiled grimly, "you've done it. But he wanted it. He got it. The thing now is to get you two out."

"If we can get to Yussuf and my friends ——" Kothra said. But Josselyn flushed crimson. Kothra looked at him steadily.

"If you knew, Sir Josselyn, how weary I am of secrecy and lies. I can see something has happened to Yussuf. Is he in prison or dead?"

"Dead."

"Yussuf would prefer that. And Ferdus, and Mahanna ibn Mahjil, and Akkhu et-Thib, the Wolf's Brother?"

"Dead," Josselyn told her. "Yussuf was looking for something in the Noble Dwelling and came in armed, and the sentries killed him; and the others rode into a band of Hungarian archers, who took them for marauders."

She looked at Josselyn steadily. "There can nothing happen but by the appointment of Allah!" she said proudly. "But Yussuf taught me horsemanship, and Ferdus and the Wolf's Brother, they will be missed in the jereeds, the javelin plays, of Damascus, and Mahanna married my foster sister but six weeks ago, and she is with child. Nevertheless, nothing occurs but by the ordinance of God."

She stood up proudly, but in an instant she was in tears, and the old prelate had her in his arms, sobbing against his shoulder. The abbot motioned O'Neill and Josselyn to leave them. The men walked on tiptoe out of the room.

They left the Abyssinian convent at nightfall, dressed in the robes Josselyn had brought, of a Templar knight and his page. They galloped up to the Damascus gate.

"Open!" O'Neill roared.

"Who calls?" The officer of the watch appeared, a little shabby and tired.

O'Neill tapped the big red cross on his mantle. "This calls. On the service of the Order."

"If your lordship will but give the countersign."

"'Thou art beauteous and comely, O daughter of Jerusalem,'" O'Neill whispered the secret special text, "'and terrible as an army set in array for battle.'"

"Open the gates, there," the officer commanded. "Good hunting, my lords!" O'Neill felt a shiver go through him. If the guards knew it was the hunted and not the hunters who were passing!

They dropped their hands on their horses' necks and, giving them their heads, raced for Mohammarie. The moon was rising and the road seemed good. O'Neill wondered how Josselyn was getting on. Two hours before, dressed in O'Neill's clothes and with a Welsh kern in the robes of a young Arab sheykh, the Kentish knight had started for the Jordan ford, sure he would draw the pursuit after him. How far had they been allowed past Bethlehem? O'Neill judged that the pursuit would not close in on them until after midnight. When it did, Josselyn would disclose himself as in the service of the Duke of Cornwall, on an errand to Jericho. If all went well the Templars at Jerusalem would not know of his escape until early morning, nine or ten o'clock.

They galloped through Mohammarie in the full moon, the village dogs barking and racing at their heels. Halfway toward Bethel they were to meet a Syrian merchant of Beirut who was on his way to Nablus. His tent was to be pitched by the highroad and he was to have a second disguise ready. O'Neill's eyes had opened in wonder when Josselyn had told him that Sir Odo was placing the Duke of Cornwall's organization at his command. He had known only the military end of it. He had no idea of the network of intrigue that spread over Lesser Asia, woven beside the quiet lily-bordered Thames. He glanced at Kothra sitting quietly in her saddle. He admired the easy seat and unstirring hands. Oh, she could ride, the sister of Ali! He wondered when she would tire.

"If you are wondering when I will tire, O'Neill," she answered his unspoken question, "don't think of it. I shall not tire before you. Not that I am as strong, but that I am bred to the saddle." She was silent. "Why are we being hunted from El-Kuds?"

"Because you are thought to be a Saracen spy, and I an apostate to *El Islam*," he said bitterly.

"I am not a spy," she uttered proudly. "Who says that is a fool! And you have not accepted Islam. You are only *aly sebil Allah*—on the way of faith in God."

"I don't care what way I'm on, as long as we're on the way out of this accursed land." He looked around nervously. If Josselyn were right, the tent should be here. His horse pricked up his ears.

"Camels!" said Kothra quietly, and broke her mount to a canter.

They found the tent pitched under a small cedar, with picketed camels and sleeping servants. They swung out of the saddles and led the smoking horses forward. A frail Syrian man came out of the tent attended by an Arab servant with a blazing cresset. O'Neill felt uncomfortable. This seemed too Arab for Josselyn's purpose. His hand went toward his sword.

"*Salâm aleykum!*" The Syrian touched his forehead.

"*Wa aleyk es Salâm!*" Kothra answered "And with thee be peace!"

"Have you lost your way?" the Syrian merchant asked. "Can I help?"

"I am looking for a merchant of Beirut," O'Neill said, "to whom I was to say something and give something."

"I am a merchant of Beirut," the Syrian answered, "dealing in silks and goldsmith's work, and amber and ambergris, and blood dromedaries. Perhaps it is I whom you seek. What is the word?"

"The word is 'Richard.'"

"And the sign?"

"This." And O'Neill handed him a sprig of broom. The Syrian merchant bowed and pointed to the tent. "If the daughter of *Iskander Thu el-Khurneyn*—of Alexander the Great—will change in the house of hair." Kothra looked at O'Neill.

"Go ahead," he told her. "It's all right." She followed the Arab servant in.

"You are now an Arabian physician of Damascus," the Syrian told O'Neill, "coming from the Hedjaz with your apprentice, where you have been treating the emirs of the tribes for diseases of the eye. Your safe conduct is here, signed by the Earl of Jaffa, requesting courtesy from the Seigneur of Sidon and the Prince of Galilee. Your route is through Nablus, Samaria, Belvoir

(Continued on Page 193)

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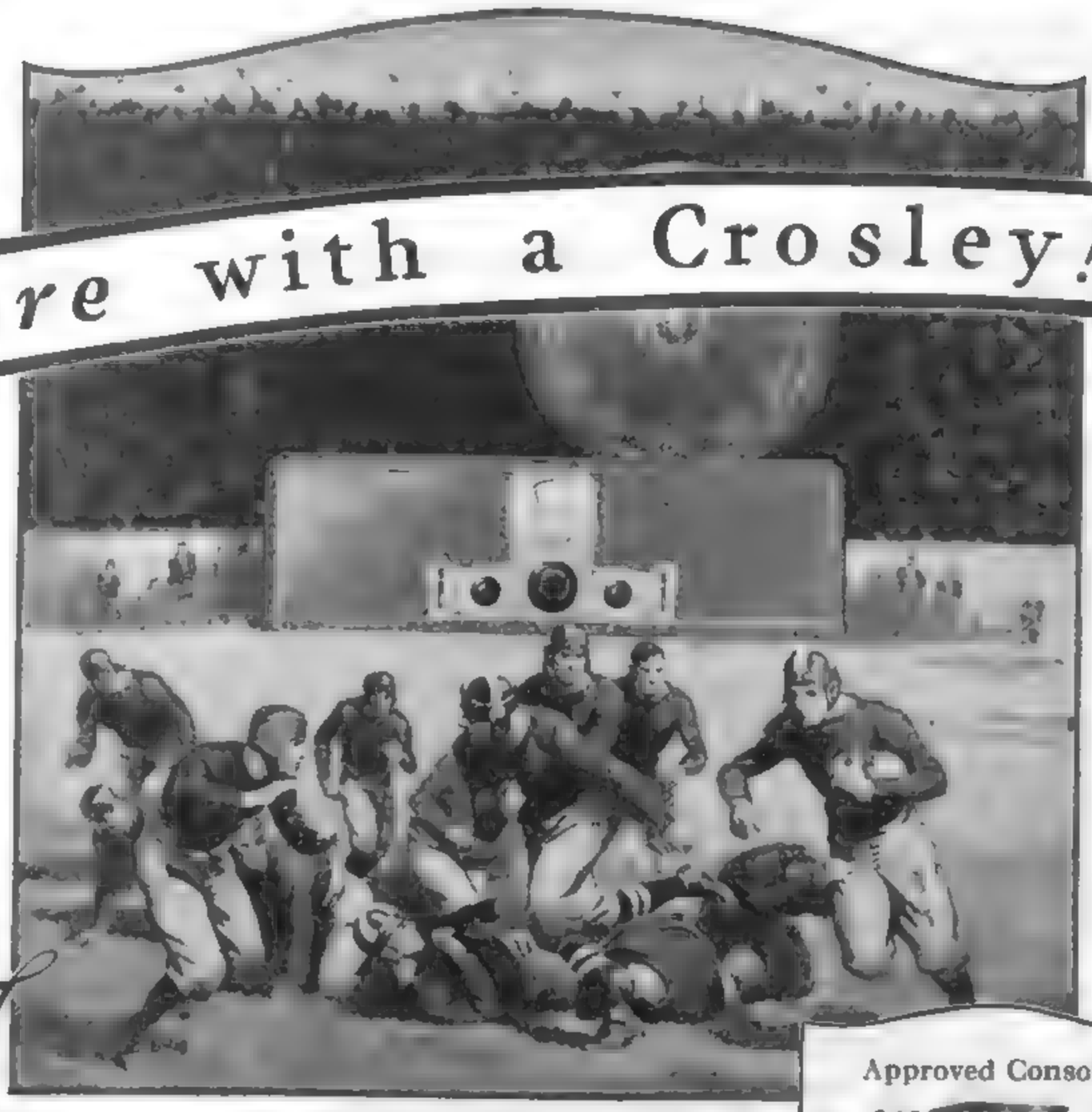

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(Continued from Page 190)

and Château Neuf. Your dress is ready when your companion is. Two racing dromedaries are prepared for you."

"Do you think we can make it safely?"

"It is in the hands of God." The Syrian merchant fingered his amber rosary. He had a tanned Arab face and his hands were red with henna.

"Curse you!" O'Neill said in English. "I don't trust a single one of you." But the Syrian was fingering his chaplet, counting the ninety-nine names of God. Kothra came out once more in Arab dress, but with none of the gold ornaments of princely houses. Also, now her eyebrows were black. O'Neill went in and found Arab clothes, with a black surcoat such as physicians wear. When he had dressed he found Kothra mounted on a racing dromedary. Another was kneeling for him.

"Poor O'Neill," she said, as she saw him cross his knees on the *thelul*'s pad, and take the single cord.

"You forget"—O'Neill laughed—"that I rode these things for six months once when De Lacy lost our horses at dicing."

The Syrian merchant received their thanks with vast dignity, fingering his amber rosary with his henna-tinted hands. "Good-by," he said quietly in English, "and good luck to both of you!" His quiet laugh answered O'Neill's "I'm damned!"

They stopped at Nablus, and slept a little at Samaria, using the Arab guest houses, and great dignity. "*L'alak tayib.*" "Perhaps thou art well?" "*Asak tayib.*" "And please God thou art well?" Their Arabian courtesy was overpowering. "*Allah yirda 'aleykum.*" "And the Lord be well pleased with you!" At Samaria a courier dashed through the streets with a foundering horse, and halfway toward Belvoir a patrol led by a Templar stopped them, but the passport of the Earl of Jaffa and their quiet courtesy got them through. Leaving Belvoir at night, something hissed, and Kothra said: "Look out, O'Neill, there is somewhere a serpent." But O'Neill saw the arrow halfway in an acacia tree and noted the movement in the bushes on the right. "Ride on," he told her. Through the night he heard the movements of trackers watching them on the hills, and his heart sank. The sister of Ali heard them too. But O'Neill explained it was poor lepers among the rocks. At dawn they came to Lake Tiberias and heard the cool gray water lapping in the reeds. A few fisher boats were out, ghosting along under the little breeze of dawn.

"I'm sorry, O'Neill," Kothra turned and looked at him. She seemed utterly worn out. There were lines of fatigue on her face.

"For what?" he asked.

"For that," she said, and pointed back.

And on the hills coming down toward them the sun shone on white habits with red crosses on them. The sun glinted on armor and there was the baying of leashed dogs.

The morning was so gold and green—gold of sun and green of hill. The lake was gold and green. And a mile off were the fisher boats with their brown slanted sails. The white road skirted the lake and before them lay ruined Tiberias. The path down the hill wound like a snake, and although the riders were so near that one could hear the dogs, yet it would take them a good half hour to reach where the ripple of the lake broke on the innumerable pebbles of Galilee. Kothra brought the dromedary to his knees and slid off. O'Neill caught his saddle by the pommel and swung down.

"You see, there is no escape that way," Kothra said.

"You are right." What chance the dromedaries would have against the horses in a race was negligible, and besides, now the country was aroused. There was no escape for them in fleeing. O'Neill cast a quick eye around the hill. There were the caves ——

"You are forgetting the dogs, O'Neill."

He swore terribly. He raged up and down the little shore swearing.

"*Ya habeeby,*" she said quietly. "Oh, beloved—for now that we are both on the threshold of death, why should we conceal things? You are very dear to me, and I know—though you have said nothing—I know that I am closer to you than your own heart. Am I not?" She touched his arm. He nodded. He could say nothing, so full were his heart and throat. "Listen. We are near death. Curse no more, O'Neill. Nor let us run any farther. Let us be proud."

He took from under his coat the heavy Meccan knife and swung it to feel the balance. "When I die," he said, "many of them will die too. That is assured. But you, little sister of Ali, they may take you prisoner, and that I cannot bear."

"They will never take me prisoner," she told him quietly. "Look." She showed him a little dagger. "Soon I will say: There is no God but God alone; He hath no partner; His is the Kingdom; His the praise. He giveth life and death, for He is Almighty. In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate. And then I shall do what must be done." He had never heard her speak so quietly, so gravely. "And for you there is a last fight, O'Neill, and God give you joy in it." She looked at him. "I don't wish to do this until the last minute. I wish to be with you until then. How much time is there?"

He watched the riders descending the hill. "Three more twists of the road and they will come to the level and gallop. A quarter of an hour, I think."

"How lovely the morning is!" She looked around. "Never was such an autumn morning. And the little Arab fisher boats."

"How do you know they are Arab?"

"I know them," she said. "They belong to the Pasha of Edrei, on the other side of the sea. The Pasha of Edrei is my father's friend."

"If you could only swim that far," O'Neill said.

"But, of course, I can swim that far," she said scornfully. "I can swim the lake. We have a summer bathing place in the *pashalik* of Edrei. But I cannot swim the mile in clothes."

"Then off with them, for God's sake, and save yourself!"

"And leave my *rafik*, my companion. Arabs are not like that, O'Neill."

"Then we shall go together."

She colored crimson. "I am sorry, O'Neill. My heart is broken for it. But I cannot. You see: If you were a Moslem and we were to be married, as I think we would be, if you were, then I would do it. But because I love you, I cannot uncover myself."

Suddenly she began to cry. "If you only had said the *Fatha* in Damascus."

He was watching the riders. Another turn of the road, and they would be on the level stretch and come pounding along.

"I will say the *Fatha* now," he told her.

She came up and took his sleeve. "I am sorry for crying; and see, I am crying no more. If you were to do that to save my life, or to marry me, I would know it later, and my heart and honor and life would be ended. Why would you say it, O'Neill?"

"I would not say it to save your life, nor to have you, Kothra. I say it because I accept resignation, and I believe that in saying it I am not untrue to Him who walked on this inland sea."

"No, you are not unfaithful to the Walker on the Lake," she looked into his eyes. "Now turn your face to the Holy Cities and say it. And don't follow me too closely, dear one, and wait until they have thrown me a cloak from the boats."

The riders had stopped for an instant, as in consultation, at the beginning of the stretch. He could see the knights'

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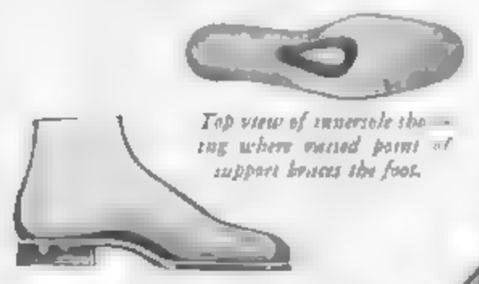
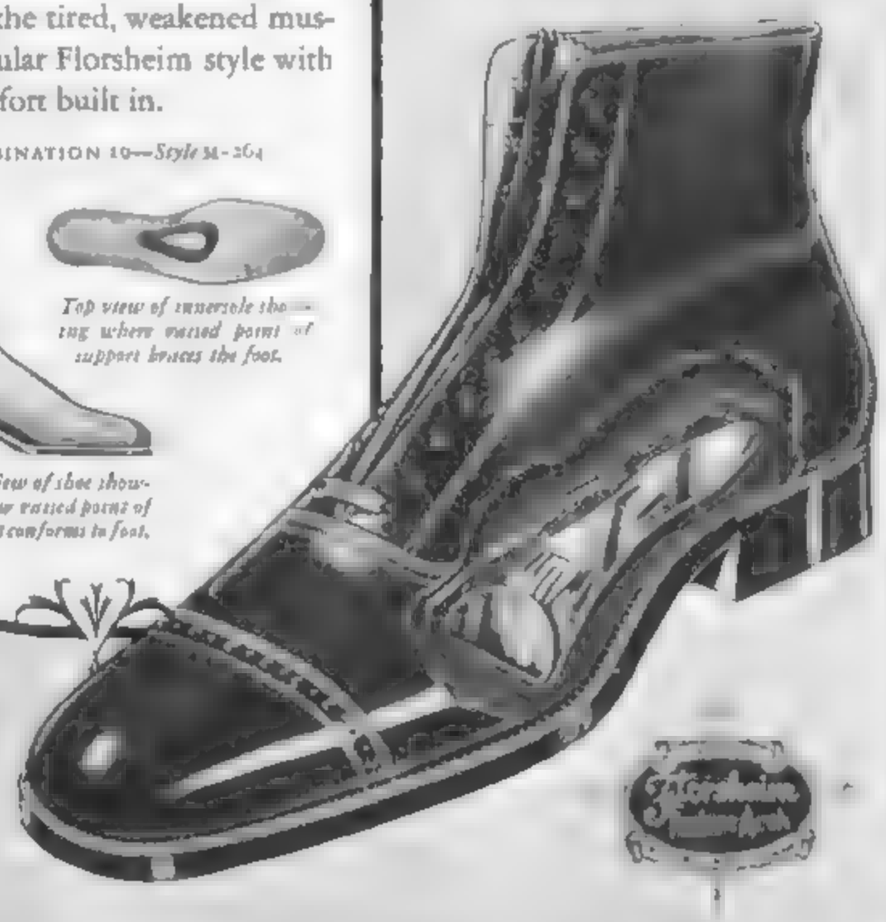


Top view of innersole showing where raised point of support braces the foot.

Side view of shoe showing how raised point of support conforms to foot.



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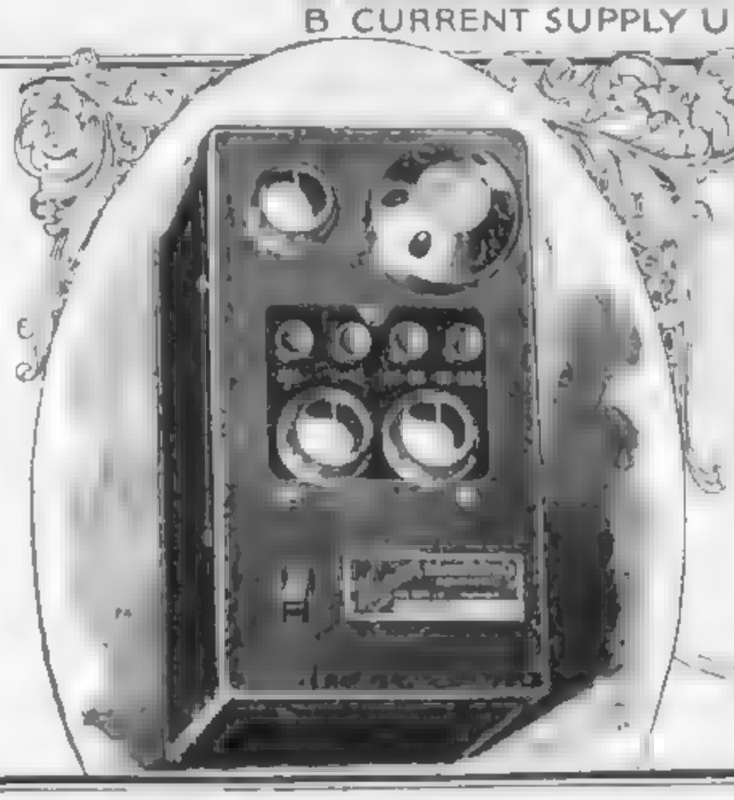

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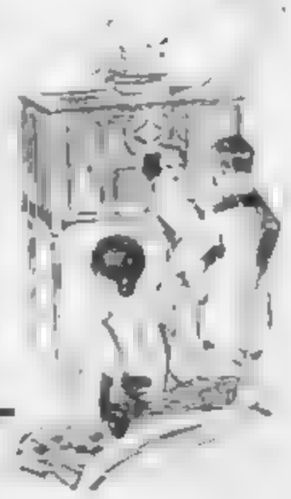

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shields and the mastiffs pulling at the dog boys' chains

"*El hamdu lillahi, Rub el-alamin*, unto God be all Glory, the Lord of all Worlds," he called, "the God of the Heart of Mercy, Sovereign of the Day of Doom." He heard a splash as of a seal off a rock. "We adore Thee; we cry for help to Thee. Lead us in the straight path—the path of those unto whom Thou hast been gracious, with whom Thou art not wroth and which be not gone astray."

The riders suddenly came racing forward. Quietly and without haste he began taking off his physician's robes, until he stood naked and free under the golden Asian sun. He moved toward the water and stepped in. A hundred yards in front he could see the beloved head bobbing like a cork, see a white arm flick in and out of the water in a curiously childlike gesture. He took off in a long powerful dive. When he came up and shook his dripping head he heard the thunder of hoofs on the road and an arrow plunked into the water beside him like a shallow stone flung from a sling. He dived and swam under water until out of range, and came up laughing. Nearer came the fisher boats, and turning over to look back he saw the chase checked by the water, and dogs standing and barking.

"Unto God be all glory," his heart sang. He turned and swam onward. "*Rub el-alamin*, the Lord of all Worlds."

(THE END)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 36.)

Working on a fresco;
Filippino Lippi said,
"Race you, daddy! Le's go!"

Filippino Lippi was
Always rather snippy,
Always tried to irritate
Fra Lippo Lippi.

Lippo Lippi took his brush,
With a firmer grip he
Painted in among the damned
Filippino Lippi.

Filippino Lippi then
Acted almost dippy,
Put the name beneath a goat:
"Fra Lippo Lippi!"

Where today is all their feud?
Where their actions snippy?
Where are Lippo Lippi and
Filippino Lippi?

Far upon the flood of Time,
Like the Mississippi,
Are Filippino Lippi and
Fra Lippo Lippi.

—*Morris Bishop.*

Lines on a Prospect

OH, I WAS a maiden of low degree;
Sing hey, sing ho!
And niggard the portion I held in fee;
Sing high, sing low!

But the word went round in the south countree
That my sire's estate was heired by me,
And I was besought by gallants three.
Sing hey, sing ho!
Sing hey, nonny no,
For the bonny, bonny lads from a distance!

They came in sun, and they came in rain;
Sing hey, sing ho!
They sued full long, and they sued full fain;
Sing high, sing low!
The first had lands by the rolling main;
The second had cars that could beat the train;
The third had bonds that he praised in vain.
Sing hey, sing ho!
Sing hey, nonny no,
For a bonny, bonny lad's insistence!

They spoke me fair, in my simple gown;
Sing hey, sing ho!
As I were a queen with a golden crown;
Sing high, sing low!
They sued with a smile, and never a frown,
They buttered me up, but I turned them down,
And they all went a-riding back to the town.
Sing hey, sing ho!
Sing do-de-o-do,
For my bully, bully sales resistance!

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

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THE HUNGRY BATTALION

Continued from Page 13

The officer led them to an orchard, under the trees of which, for concealment from enemy aircraft, was a truck, looking like an elephant at rest. Into it he mounted, Wally followed and took the wheel, while Rooge wound up the motor. It took some time to start, for Wally had to experiment a little with the throttle and spark. This was impatiently received by Rooge, who had to crank, and his comments became heated. The motor took hold at last and, the officer directing, they clattered out of town and took the road southward. The road was uphill and winding; but once at the top, Wally let the truck coast down the other side at ever-increasing speed, to the great disgust of the infantry that toiled uphill in the dust.

"Shut her down, nit wit!" pleaded Rooge. "Where's the fire?"

"Boy, I'm goin' to the ration dump!" exulted Wally. "What it takes to drive a ration truck, I'm all broke out with. Ya-a-ay, bo! Step on 'er! 'Twist her tail!" He increased the truck's speed.

Rooge crouched low, for wrathful infantry are prone to throw blinker batteries, Chauchat clips or cans of willie at those whose speed displeases them. The officer, alone between the two men on the long seat, bounced about helplessly. They shot through a long stretch of woods, soared to a height from where they had a snapshot view of the Marne Valley, the green of its woods striped with fields of overripe wheat, then they plunged down another long hill into a ruined town.

"Hold up!" said the officer. "Hold up! Put on the brake! Put on the brake and stop this damn thing before we land in the Marne! I want to see if the dump hasn't moved up before we go curving off. If it hasn't, we've got to go to Château-Thierry."

There were a number of roads that intersected here—the one that the truck had descended, one that followed the Marne upriver to Charteves, one that went down river to Château-Thierry and a fourth that went off across the fields to a pontoon bridge and Mezy. While the officer went to seek information, Wally and Rooge looked with interest at the traffic that moved on these four roads. Machine-gun carts, *fourgons*, escort wagons, French rolling kitchens, walking wounded, and an occasional German prisoner.

"Looks that for a truck," said Wally suddenly, indicating one that was coming across the fields from the pontoon bridge. "That's a Limey truck. Lorry, they calls it. That's the British word for truck."

"Looks the doors on it," agreed Rooge. "An' only one guy for all that seat! They shoulda made ambulances with seats like that, then a guy could stretch out once in a while."

The driver of this new truck turned into the village, came to a grinding halt and looked around helplessly. It was plain he had lost his way.

He was all alone on the truck and, after a moment of looking about, he opened one of the high doors with which his seat was inclosed like an old-fashioned pew and descended stiffly.

"Let's get down and look at that," said Rooge; "I'm interested. What if that guy should come back an' find his seat cushion gone? A nice long cushion like that now ——" He got hastily down himself, despite Wally's protest, and went off muttering about corns on his shoulder blades from sleeping on hard ground.

"Come back here!" yelled Wally. "Come back here! The lootenant's comin'!"

"T'hell with him, an' you too," replied Rooge. He reached the British model truck, climbed into the driver's seat, out the other side and wandered around to the back.

"Rooge! Come away from there! We're goin'!"

Wally made his motor roar. Rooge's face, strangely serious, appeared around the back of the other truck. "Wally!" he gurgled. "C'm here!"

Wally went down at once. He knew the red-headed man too well not to realize that something extremely out of the ordinary was in that truck. A load of German helmets with spikes on them, cases of cognac, maybe a doughnut-making outfit of high-powered looking Sallies. It was none of these, but something equally interesting. The truck was loaded with wooden boxes of various dimensions, but one look at the tin strapping thereof, the familiar sign of the crescent or the triangle with A. E. F. in the corners, and the address, Depot Quartermaster, Port of Embarkation, informed the two men what was in those boxes. It was food.

"Here, you two!" bellowed a voice. "Where the hell have they gone? As if it wasn't bad enough to find this cursed ration dump! Here, who can drive a truck here? Wait till I catch those two! Who can drive a truck? My driver's gone over the hill, and I've got to get back from Château-Thierry before dark! Wouldn't you know those two drunks would duck on me? If anyone will give me a dollar he can have my job, Sam Browne belt and lingerie pins and rubber wash basin! Oh, there you are! What do you want to do get yourself tried—elected to the road gang? You birds that have the running-away habit will get a guy with a bayonet to chaperon you! Where yuh been, huh? Don't talk back! Get up on this seat and move! Yuh know where we got to go? To Essomes! That's where the ration dump is. Ten miles from here and then up to the woods and out before dark."

"You an' him would make a good team," muttered Wally to Rooge. "You'd lecture each other to death the first half hour. Man, can't he run on!"

He approached the officer and in a cautious voice whispered, "We don't need to go to no Essomes, lieutenant. See that truck? It's full of chow."

"What of it? He won't give us any."

"No," said Rooge; "but we'll take it!"

"Shut up, you!" directed Wally. "I'm doin' this. No; but, lieutenant ——"

"It was my idea!" protested Rooge. "Nix on hoggin' all the credit! I found the truck, an' if there's any cigars passed around I get one. Whaddyuh mean—shut up? You ain't no noncom nor shavetail neither, to be tellin' me to shut up!"

"The truck," said Wally hurriedly, "is full o' chow. The guy is gone. We get in it an' drive like hell to where we're goin'. The men gets fed."

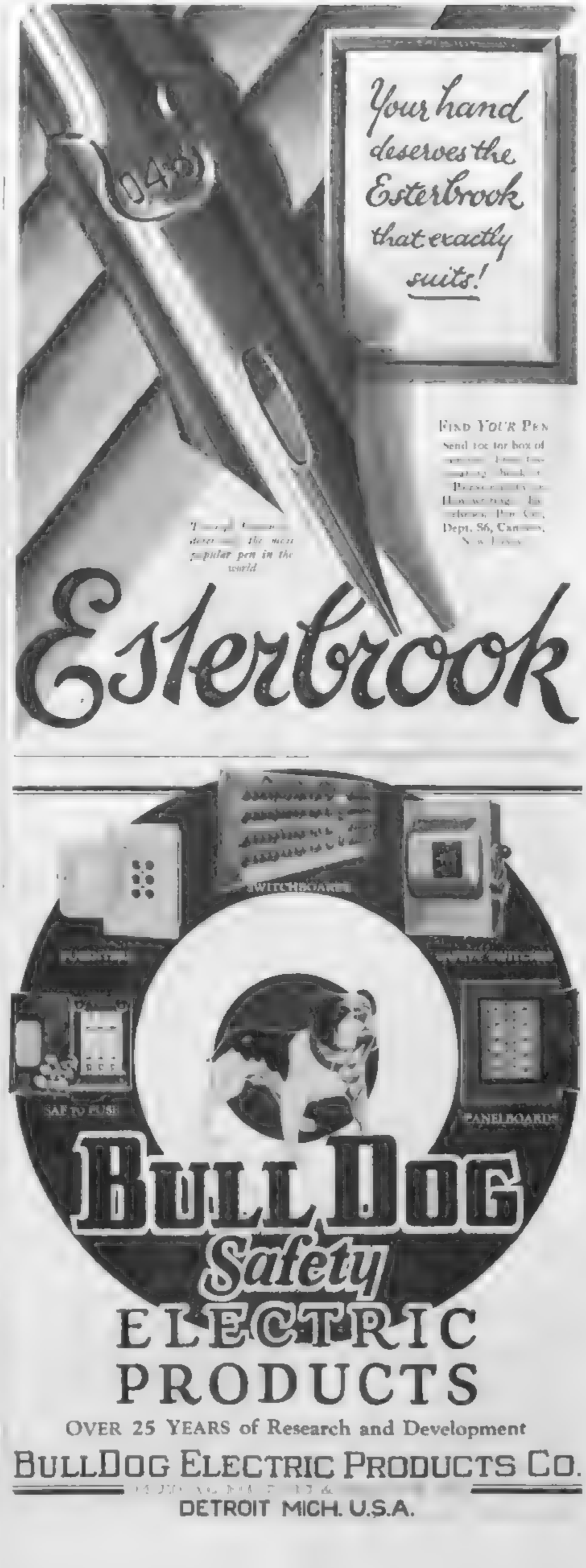
"That's stealing!" protested the lieutenant. The two others regarded him with patience.

"Well, we'll go to Essomes then," said they, and started to climb into their own truck. The lieutenant's mind revolved. Essomes was a long way, the afternoon was growing rapidly to evening and night might find them in the woods, close to this outfit that was so hotly engaged that higher authority had not been able to feed them. The theft of a truck loaded with rations—an irate divisional commander—court-martial—sent home in disgrace. Still, all was fair in war that a man could get away with.

"There's high doors and stuff all around the driver's seat," suggested Wally softly, "an' if the lieutenant ducked down no one could see him."

"Let's go then," said the lieutenant recklessly. "But make it fast! And if you two birds get caught, it's up to you! I can't save you!"

The three walked calmly to the truck and around its far side. Here their attitudes changed instantly to those of prowling savages. Bending low, they got to the driver's seat, opened the door and crept in. The driver had left the motor running.



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so there was nothing for Wally to do but gingerly shift the gear, then ease in the clutch very tenderly to see if he had shifted properly. If he stalled the motor, they were lost. The motor took hold, and they began to move. The road was open, and no one paid them the slightest heed as Wally cramped the wheel about and headed in the opposite direction. Suddenly from their wake came frantic shouting. Wally increased speed, and the noise of the cries was drowned in the rumble of the motor.

"Them Limes make a better truck than you'd think," observed Wally; "it's gettin' along right fast."

The lieutenant, who had until now crouched out of sight on the floor, peeked over the door. "Hey!" he shouted. "The other road! The other road! This is the wrong road! Take the other—the one to Beuvardes!"

The truck stopped. They had already run some ten yards up the wrong road, and to take the other would mean to back up all that distance. Rooge also peering over the door, caught Wally's eye and pointed. A man followed them—a man apparently possessed of devils or of violent rage. The distant figure waved his arms, leaped in the air, gave out hoarse cries; then, coming down again after one of his leaps, would raise a little cloud of dust by the eager haste with which he moved his feet. Wally inspected the road. Would he have time to turn or not? Just about. Then appeared from the bushes two members of the military police.

"There's a guy hollerin' at you back there," said one of them.

"Yeh, he wanted a ride, but we wouldn't give him one. 'Gainst the rules," replied Wally. The running man was coming dangerously near.

"He seems awful mad," remarked the other M. P.

"I guess he's had a drink o' somethin' strong," grinned Rooge. The two M. P.'s likewise grinned, and turned again to watch the leaping man. He was much nearer now. Wally could never turn and make the other road. He looked at it helplessly—so near and yet so far! A ten-foot bank and twenty yards of field!

"Hold on!" shouted Wally. "Say a prayer and hang on!"

The motor roared, the wheel spun and the truck went over the bank. Wally, upright at the wheel, shoved on the throttle with all his might and the speed with which they descended kept the truck upright. Rooge and the lieutenant rolled on the floor, entangled with themselves, the gear shift, spare gasoline cans and wrenches and hammers that spilled from under the seat. The long cushion, jolted from its bed, slid off and struck them heavily on the backs of their necks. Then they were down, rolling and bumping across the field. Five seconds later they were on the other road and headed north.

A hasty glance as he swung the truck showed Wally that their pursuer had reached the police, but he was too breathless to explain what his trouble was; and the police, by their attitude, were paying him that kind attention that all police pay inebriates. But they might change their minds at any minute, and they were armed with rifles. The motor roared, the dust flew, and then the truck was around the curve and out of sight.

The officer raised a grease-bedaubed face from the floor.

"Are they gone?" he asked. "I've a mind to have you tried. What do you mean by going over the bank like that? I've a young bride at home that I left at the altar to come to this war and I don't want her made a widow by any drunken driver."

"Yeh, the next time you do an Immelmann turn, give a guy a little warning so's he can brace himself. Would yuh mind takin' off them spurs, lieutenant? They wander around awful free, an' if the goin' is rough at all ——"

"Never mind the spurs," said the lieutenant crisply. "Put this seat cover back and hold it in place. That will be your duty. Stay on the seat and hold it, and then you won't have to worry about spurs."

Wally, his heart inflated by the successful theft of the British truck, the flexibility of its motor and the fact that he had driven it down a ten-foot bank and still lived to tell of it, drove on at full speed for some time. The road was winding and level, along cultivated fields, then gently upgrade through leafy groves. How pleasant it all was, how peaceful, how solitary—solitary!

"Hey!" shouted Wally. He slammed on the brake, which, taking hold with a will, bumped his two passengers head-on to the dashboard.

"What the hell are you trying to do?" cried the officer, spitting blood from a split lip.

"We're makin' a cloud o' dust into Germany at twenty-five miles an hour!" replied Wally energetically. "There's nobody on this road. Well, when there's nobody on the road, the wise man takes a look around 'fore he goes on it himself."

"It's all right," said the officer, albeit a little nervously. "I know the road. You see that clump of trees at the top of the hill? Well, the outfit we're going to is right below that. It's not—h'm—not far."

"I just got a sneakin' suspicion that someone's plantin' shells up there," said Rooge. "Throttle down that motor an' see can you hear 'em."

"They're liable to be plantin' shells most anywhere, seein' that there's a war goin' on here," said Wally. "Spose you heard 'em, what then?"

"Boy, you need to be told what to do when you hear a shell? Well, don't wait for me to tell you."

"Drive on," directed the officer, "and stop when you get to those trees."

They reached the trees a minute or two later. Here the truck stopped once more and all three listened. There was a very lively scrap going on somewhere in front of them. They could hear now, even above the grunting of the motor, the continuous, even clatter of machine guns.

"That don't amount to nothin'," decided Wally. "Them guns might be anywhere. Let's go!"

"All right," agreed Rooge. "You drive. I'm gettin' down behind these doors."

"No! No!" cried the officer. "Hold up a minute! I don't want to be mixed up in this thing at all. You men are here today and gone tomorrow, but I have to stick around. I don't want to be recognized. Remember, we stole this truck, and if there's a stink about it it'll be up to me. No! You two just drive down, leave the rations and then come back and pick me up here." He got down and smilingly waved them good-by from the ditch.

"Hey! Where do we go?" asked Wally, recovering from his daze.

"Just follow the road," smiled the officer. "The P. C. is in a château. You can't miss it. Just unload and come back. There'll be someone there to help you."

"Help us what?"

"Bury our dead!" barked Rooge from under the dashboard. "Drive on! If it was so easy as all that to feed that gang, why ain't they been fed before? Proceed, Wally! You was the guy that said you was a truck driver. Show your stuff!"

The truck roared down the road, turned a curve and swung through some woods. Wally suddenly gave a strangled cry, applied the brake so that Rooge clanged his helmet against the steering column, then shot forward again at full speed. Rooge rose to see the reason for the other's excitement. They had come out of the woods as one comes out of the lobby into the balconies of a theater. Before them, blue fold after blue fold, stretched mile upon mile of vale and hill and forest, swimming in the heat. The road, running diagonally across the face of the height that they were on, went down to a clump of brown-and-white ruins that must be the château they sought. The reason that the troops in that château had not been fed was now plain. All that

Continued on Page 201

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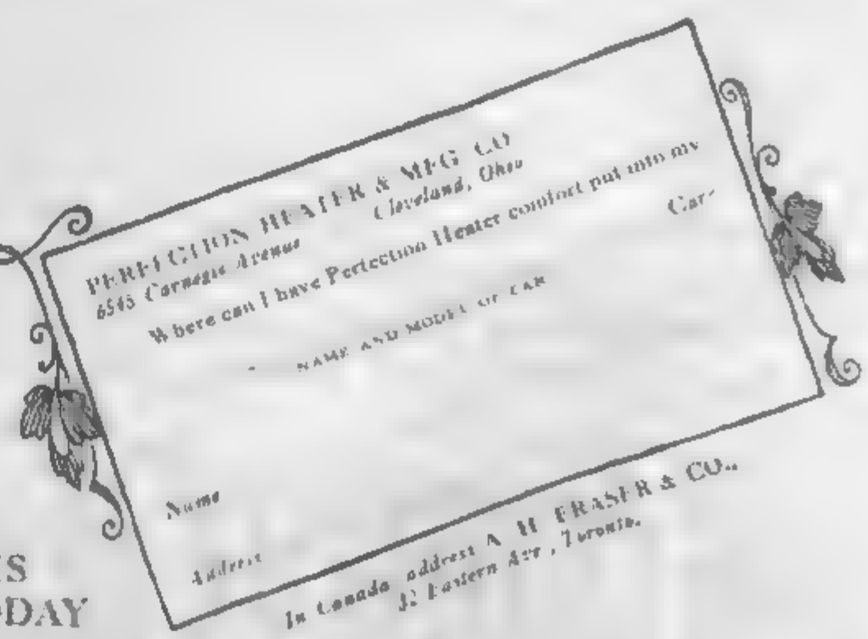
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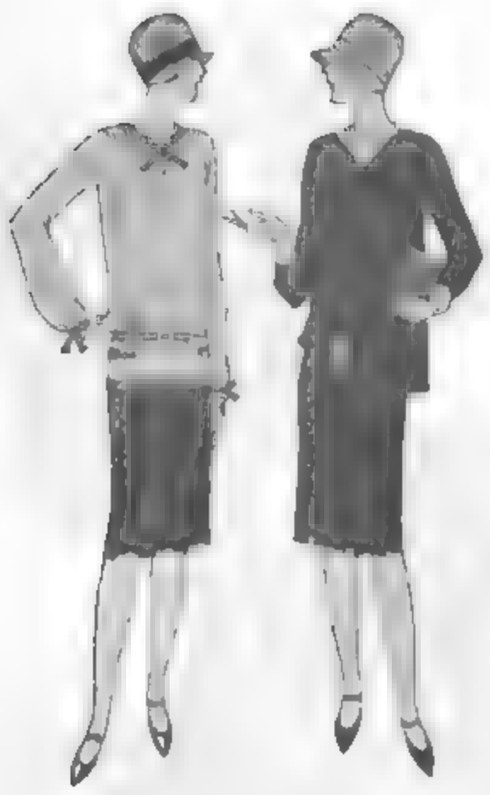

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(Continued from Page 198)

beautiful stretch of scenery was occupied by Germans, and the road down to the château was in perfect view.

Whack! went something overhead. It was a shrapnel shell; but as the first one frequently does, it burst too high and the balls that it contained rattled around as harmlessly as hailstones.

"Proceed outta here, Wally!" urged the red-headed man. "Never mind no poses! Turn her around and raise dust!"

The truck, however, continued its way, and helped by the declivity, its speed became terrific.

"Where the hell are you goin' to?" shouted Rooge. "This road is under fire! Lay off an' turn around!"

"Shut up an' get back in your hole! I'm drivin' this truck! What would they do to me while I was turnin' around?"

The noise of the motor and the rumbling of the running gear now prevented further conversation. The shrapnel shell had probably been an alert to every battery in the sector, and they began to do their duty on the road. The truck seemed to run between the bursts. Fountains of dirt leaped in front of it, and Wally could swear that he drove through them. The resultant holes in the road he did not feel. From behind, sounding like the exhaust back-firing, they could hear other bursts. At times they could hear something slap against the sides of the truck like waves against a boat. They teetered once on the edge of the road, and their speed was all that kept them from going over and rolling down the cliff to ruin. The dust and smoke of the shells were obscuring Wally's sight. Then, with the suddenness of a dream, they were down and the château was before them. Into it Wally curved on two wheels, removing one of the iron gates from its supporting pillar by the roots. In the court they came to a halt.

"Ye-ay! Gang up!" croaked Wally. "Here's chow! Git up, Rooge, an' help me yell!"

"I can't," said Rooge. "My heart's in the way. Wait till I swaller it again."

They did not need to yell. Men swarmed around them suddenly like flies. Out of holes in the ground, from the near-by woods, from amidst the ruins of the château they poured.

"Chow!" shouted Wally. "Come an' get it! Unload it an' it's yours!"

A shell struck the château roof and a great hunk of wall bulged out and came crashing into the yard, echoed by the clatter of slate sliding and the grumbling of masonry falling down through the floors. Another one removed what Wally had left of the gate. Wally and Rooge got down, both to help unload and to be near a hole in case a shell came too close.

"Who the hell drove that truck in here?" demanded someone. He was tall and wore major's leaves on his trench coat.

"We did, sir," said Rooge, proudly saluting.

"We? Where do yuh get that we stuff?" demanded Wally, not seeing the officer. "I drove an' you hollered! We! Boy, you're bleedin' at the head! Why, all ——"

"'Tenshun there! 'Tenshun!" growled Rooge sternly. Wally then saw the major and clicked his heels.

"Yes, sir, we drove that truck, sir," said he.

"You double-starred, crisscrossed fools! James to James and eight hands around! Here I've worn myself to the threads keeping this gang out of sight and you wreck it! We tried to have the enemy think the place was unoccupied. It's too late now. They'll occupy it for us themselves. They'll remove it away from here in hunks. What the hell have you got in that truck?"

Excited cries from the men who unloaded drew the officer's attention. He and the two others ran over, paying no heed to a shell that burst inside the building and spouted wall paneling and plaster through the windows. A number of the cases had already been unloaded, but in passing out the last few, one had dropped from a nervous hand and burst. It contained strange-looking cans that a hasty inspection from the tramplike appearing men that were unloading showed to be canned hot dogs. Did they dream? These were not articles of issue. A second case was hurled from the truck with a will. It flew apart and cans rolled in all directions. Shrimps! The crowd swarmed into the truck and reappeared with all the shouting eagerness of pirates plundering a captured ship. Bang! went a case, and a howl of disappointment went up. It contained bright yellow cans that needed not a second glance to tell that they inclosed hash. Two more were burst that held tomatoes, and the soldiers trampled them underfoot.

A man struggled from the rear of the truck, a case held high in his arms, poised to hurl to the pavement. A wild yell burst from the men that drowned even the shrieking of an oncoming shell. The box bore the word "Fragile" and all had seen it. The shell landed close at hand and burst with tremendous concussion in that inclosed space.

A cloud of dust rose that blinded everyone, in which someone called despairingly for first aid. In the semiobscurity a struggling group pried at the box marked Fragile with their bayonets. A bit of the top came off and a straw-covered bottle was snaked through the opening. The top of the truck had been for the most part removed by fragments of the last shell, and men at once climbed over the wheels and through these openings. Within were more cases similar to the first. One had been smashed, probably by some of the iron that had struck the truck on its way down the hill, and it bled sweet-smelling liquid that foamed when one touched it.

Meanwhile the major had gathered to himself a half dozen noncoms, and aided by these, with pistol barrel, rifle butt and fist, he had gone cursing to work to get the men away from the truck and out of the courtyard.

He had been caught in an injudicious advance two days before and had fallen back with the remnants of his battalion to this château. It was impossible by day to climb the face of the hill behind in the full view of the Germans, and at night a machine-gun barrage prevented retreat. The only hope of salvation lay in remaining concealed amidst the ruins until the American advance rescued the battalion. This, so far, he had been able to do, but the Germans must have had their suspicions, and now this truck running into the place had confirmed them. The place was occupied. Flatten it then with artillery and send over a wave or two to capture what was left of the garrison after the bombardment.

The party of noncoms and the major, aided by two other officers who had appeared from somewhere, succeeded finally in sweeping a cordon about the cases marked Fragile, and under their close guard they were borne away into a black hole under the ruins. The noncoms then returned to the attack and succeeded in clearing the yard, although each man went away with at least one can in each hand.

"And grab me those two drivers!" yelled the major. He was justly wroth, for since the arrival of the truck he had felt the remnants of his force fading like a handful of quicksilver. "Grab those two! Bring 'em here! I want to string 'em up by the toes!"

Strong hands were laid on Wally and Rooge, but they were saved by their enemy. A shadow fell upon the yard. There was a black shape overhead, so close that they could see its speckled body, red and pink and blue like a fish. V-v-v-v-r-r-ro-o-om! It circled around the yard, mounted, then descended again. It was a plane, sent by the wily Fritz to see what was going on in that château. All those that saw it from the ground went away, and among the first to dive from sight were the men who held Wally and Rooge. Thereat the plane, as the saying goes, kicked off an egg that, going into the yard, rose up again in a vast sheet of flame, bearing upon its

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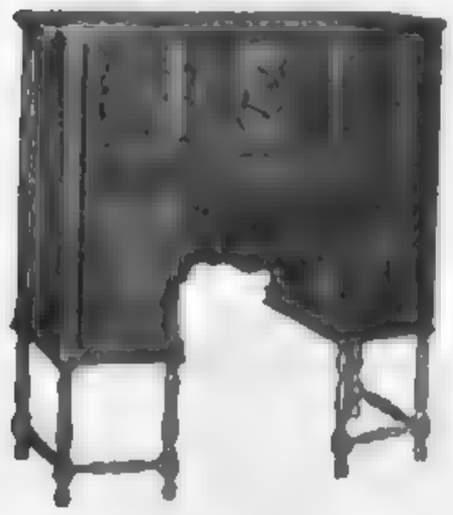

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crest the topless, wheelless remnant of the Limey truck.

At sunset three men on foot entered the town that sheltered the divisional post of command. They were Wally and Rooge, together with the lieutenant they had started out with.

They had found him waiting patiently in the ditch, and to his inquiry they had returned the simple reply that the food had been delivered but the truck had been wrecked. The three had then returned across country.

At the door of the post of command the lieutenant turned.

"That will be all, men," he said. "You can go back to your outfit now. I'll explain about the loss of the truck." He replied to a salute they had not given and went in.

"Can yuh tie that?" gasped Wally.

"Come on, we go right in to the old general and upset this guy's gravy boat! 'That'll be all, men,' an' him in the ditch an' me goin' down that hill with my fist in my mouth so's my heart wouldn't come right out between me teeth!" Rooge started for the door.

"Naw, now, don't get red-headed. Leave a guy think a minute. Stick with me, Rooge, an' you'll wear diamonds yet." Wally laid a restraining hand on the other's arm. "Wait now, there's five aces in this pack. Wait'll I count 'em"

"Aw, get off your foot!" scoffed Rooge. "He'll be in there gettin' a cigar an' a drink an' the Medal of Honor, an' we won't get nothin' but the same end of the stick we always get."

"We'll go in an' listen at the door," decided Wally, "an' then at the H minute we rush in like the guy in the show an' say, 'I forbid the banns.'"

"I know a better place," said Rooge. "There's a window lets right into the office. Come on, we'll make a bum outta this guy yet."

They went hurriedly along the passage into the now empty yard and cautiously got on the bench under the window. The officer they sought had probably stopped somewhere to arrange his uniform, putting his gas mask at the alert, making his split lip bleed again and tying back the flap of his pistol holster. The two that peered through the shutters choked as they saw him.

"General," said the lieutenant, "I have to report that the battalion at the foot of Hill 210 has been fed."

"It has?" answered someone in a voice that no longer rasped, but had a kind of silky purr in it. "Tell me about it. You've performed your mission very rapidly—extraordinarily so."

"Yes, general, I applied myself to my mission with all my energy. At Mont St.-Père I discovered an unexpected source of supply, with which I returned, and although the battalion was heavily engaged, I succeeded in reaching them with the food."

"H'm!" said the general, and his voice suddenly changed to that of a circular saw biting into a knot. "Did you steal a truck at Mont St.-Père and take it up to that battalion?"

"Why, yes -er—yes, sir, I did. I didn't exactly steal it—all's fair in love and war—er—that is, I thought that the necessities of the situation justified it."

"Well, they don't by a damn sight!" roared the general. "That truck was loaded with food for these headquarters and most of the food on it was paid for out of my own pocket! Champagne at thirty francs a bottle! D'yuh think we issue that to troops? You're relieved! Pack your roll! Go down to Blois and exercise your talents for a while!"

The two outside the window got very quietly down from the bench and tiptoed out of the yard. They did not go through the passage, but out of a door and into the fields, and so back to the tents of the new field hospital, black against the evening sky. They said nothing, but halted from time to time and shook hands incoherently. They reeled with silent laughter as though drunk.

"There's consolations to bein' in a war, after all," said Wally finally.

"Yep," agreed Rooge; "an' the next time a guy talks about the end of a perfect day to me, I'll know what he means."

"The hell you will!" said a rough voice from the darkness. Rough hands seized the two astonished men. "Drunk again! Where yuh been at? I'll perfect-day yuh! We been gettin' hollers for an ambulance for a hour, an' you two off lappin' 'em up. Only one ambulance in the place an' the drivers off somewhere with the coneyac runnin' out their ears!"

During this hurried speech Wally and Rooge were being propelled through the darkness by a vigorous hand. They recognized the brutal accents of a sergeant first class, Medical Corps, who acted to them in the capacity of first sergeant. They protested, telling the story of their seizure by the lieutenant.

"Never mind the drunken alibis!" barked the sergeant. "Git up on the seat o' that amb'lance! Git up there before I tie a bowknot in your neck! If I had my way you'd never shoffer nothin' but a stone hammer the next six months! Wind her up now an' move outta here before I get any madder!"

"Where yuh want us to go?" asked Wally sullenly.

"Up on the Beauvardes road. There's a battalion up there gettin' hell slammed out of it—up in a château. Go on out an' find 'em. They're right alongside the road. Do some work now to earn your pay!"

"In a château?" echoed Wally. "I know where it is; we been there a'ready today. Hop in, Rooge."

Rooge hopped in, and as the ambulance waddled across the field to the road he rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

"Back to the château, kid!" he chuckled. "Ha-ha! War ain't so bad! Boy, if we don't come back this time with one o' them cases o' Fragile under the seat, then I'm all the things you been callin' me the last six months!"

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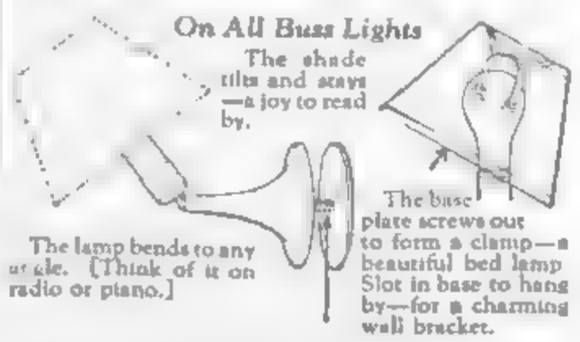
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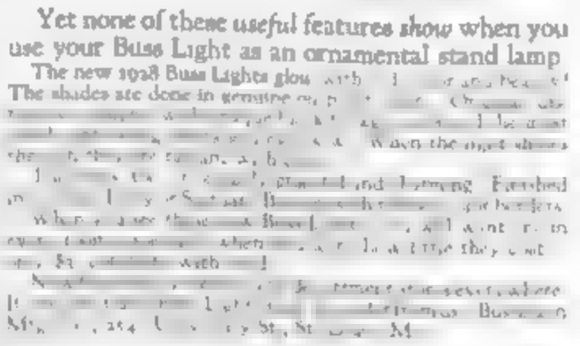

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Send for book—Like any investment, this one is worth studying. For complete details (explaining the clever invention that makes this amazing comfort and fuel saving possible) send for interesting illustrated book *"How to Lock Out AIR—the best thief."* Just print your name and address on the edge of this ad and mail to Hoffman Specialty Co., Inc., Dept. O-14, 25 West 45th St., New York.

Hot radiators 3 hours (*not 30 minutes*) after banking
15 minutes (*not an hour*)
—to get up steam
...for ⅓ less fuel

HOFFMAN No. 2 VACUUM VALVES

WHAT IS THIS ART GAME?

(Continued from Page 17)

The dean of free-lance designers is Will Bradley. He has led the field for many years. As a designer of alphabets alone his reputation would be secure. His posters, simple and telling, have long been the inspiration of young designers. He is an authority on make-up, and many are the magazines that have taken on a new dress and with it a new lease of life as a result of his practical skill.

In the matter of reward there is a very definite distinction between the artist who creates and the one who copies. The making of most kinds of designs is done by salaried men who sit by the day at a drawing board, with hundreds of examples of designs from as many different original sources before them for reference, and with these suggestions produce other designs. They make changes, to be sure, and they make combinations; but they are copying none the less. Their work daily grows more monotonous, and any ability that they ever had to originate ceases more and more to function.

The free-lance designer has every advantage as to the possibility of growth. His work is pretty sure to be varied and the requirements for each piece of work differ from those of every other commission that comes his way. So his mind is constantly active and fresh. Yesterday he was working on the design of a book cover for a publisher. Today he is making a pen-and-ink drawing for a hat advertisement. Tomorrow he will paint a figure of a yachting girl quaffing a soft drink. His many contacts keep him stimulated. He tries all the mediums and all kinds of materials to produce new things in a new way for new effects, and his bank account increases.

The designer of patterns for fabrics in these days must have much inventive faculty. Flower patterns have been in use for centuries in both formal and informal arrangements, but new flower patterns must be created this year and every year to come. One of our largest silk manufacturers this season brought out a series of designs for dress fabrics which were conventionalized from scenes in our national parks, and beautiful, colorful things they were. Already we have fabric patterns and furniture designs derived from the aspect of skyscrapers. But always the flower and fruit patterns, and those derived from butterflies, from the waves of the sea, from the curling of smoke, the whirling of water, and from the markings of wood—all these must be the sources of new and interesting motifs year after year.

Beauty and Utility

The price paid for a fabric pattern is thirty-five to forty dollars. Consequently our best designers cannot devote time to this field. However, there is hope in a new plan which is already in operation. A group of our best designers are making fabric patterns for a silk concern of high standing at a low price plus a royalty on yardage sales. If this works out advantageously to all concerned, it may have started something of great import.

Linen doilies and table mats, shapes for celluloid toilet sets and silverware are crying out loudly for new and more elegant renditions. There is opportunity on all sides for that boy and that girl, properly educated, who can grasp the utility of a manufactured article, its processes of manufacture, and can add beauty of design to its form and its decoration without detracting from its usefulness. Hence the necessity for the study of what makes for beauty, for elegance and for smartness. And this does not mean that new things must be queer. On the contrary, new things should be more beautiful and of increased utility. Here is an incident that illustrates this point:

One of the largest of the celluloid plants engaged the services of an artist-designer in an advisory capacity. He undertook to do no advising until he had made a thorough study of the machines that turned out the articles manufactured. He felt it necessary to understand how the things were made, what sizes of articles could be cut from the sheets of celluloid, what were the minimum and maximum curves that the cutting wheels could produce, what color combinations were possible by overlays of various colored sheets, and what were the dangers of warping to certain thicknesses of the material.

After his few days of special study at the plant he was asked to pass upon some designs for a set of toilet articles. He looked at the silhouette of the hand mirror and asked why the handle was made thin where it joined the mirror and broad at the bottom end.

"They are always made that way," said the manufacturer, "because they always have been, I guess."

The new adviser said: "My wife holds her heavy hand mirror with her thumb upon the glass because the slenderness of the handle at the point the hand is supposed to grasp cannot prevent the mirror from turning in her hand. Now if the shape of the handle was wider at the base of the mirror instead of at the bottom end, she could hold the mirror by the handle quite easily. And the design of the entire silhouette would be much improved, because the shape of the handle would lead up to the mirror shape. Now the handle is a slender thing between two lumps like a dumb-bell."

The shape was altered at his suggestion, and following the appearance of this changed style, the other manufacturers of celluloid toilet sets snatched the idea for a new line. That designer was thinking of utility as well as of beauty. As an adviser, his minimum fee is $100 a day.

The Illustration Field

Numberless articles for a million uses are being manufactured today in ugly shapes simply because they have always been made that way. An artist-designer with good common sense is most urgently needed by practically every manufacturing concern in the world. The trouble is that so many art workers are only little johnnies without inventive gray matter and without practical sense. This is very unfortunate, because a manufacturing art problem can be intrusted only to a designer who has developed not only a love of the beautiful but an understanding of the practical and a willingness to work very intently to be of use. There is literally no end to the opportunities for the young artist who will open his eyes to the needs of manufacturers in the matter of design.

The illustration game has changed much over a period of years. Up to twenty-five years ago the pursuit of illustration as a life work was considerably simpler than it is today. Of course there were books to illustrate, but the number of magazines using illustrations was comparatively few. A youngster walked out from art school, and with his portfolio under his arm made a tour of the art editors' offices. Harper's, Scribner's, the Century, McClure's, Munsey's, Everybody's, the Ladies' Home Journal and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, with one or two others, comprised the list. The illustrators of that time worked in such different manners that our young artist was unlikely to have formed an opinion as to which topnotch illustrator he wished to emulate. The chances are that the few samples of his youthful effort were not imitative.

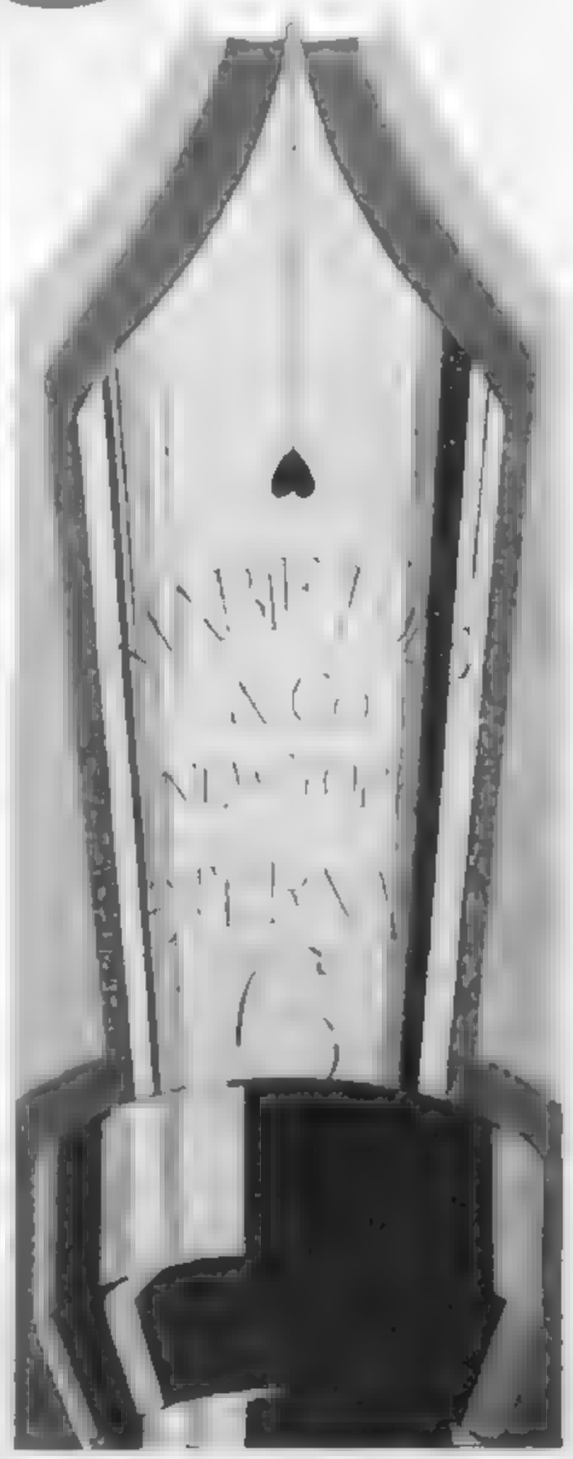
The illustration field was then uncrowded. New processes of reproduction were being discovered and there was a certain forward-looking aspect. The art editors were on the lookout for new illustrators. If the young pedestrian with his portfolio had talent, the art editor could take a

We make them *by hand*— that's why they write so well

THIS pen isn't made merely to sell. It's made *to write* and to *keep on* writing. It is fashioned slowly by skilled jewelry craftsmen. It is given a hard actual writing test before it is shipped from our workshops. No wonder it gives ten, twenty, thirty years of service!

Ask your dealer to let you try the Swan. And please remember that it will be writing as well in ten or twenty years as it does the day you try it. Yet the price is only $5, $6 or $7. If you can't get Swan Eternal at your dealer's, please send his name to Mabie Todd & Co. (*Makers of fine pens since* 1843), 243 West 17th St., New York City. 209 S. State St., Chicago.

Swan PENS



Let
MUNSINGWEAR
Cover You With Satisfaction

Style 821, illustrated above.
A form fitting knitted union suit, ankle length, short sleeves, high neck, offered in the wanted weights for Fall and Winter.

MUNSING Wear
UNION SUITS
A Size for Every Figure

IT is easy to get a correct fit in Munsingwear Munsingwear is made in so many styles and in such a wide range of sizes, there's a garment to meet the needs of every type of figure.

In wear and appearance, too, Munsingwear fills the bill. Good materials, careful workmanship and forty years of "knowing how," assure you of satisfaction.

Choice of form fitting knitted and loose fitting woven models, all weights.

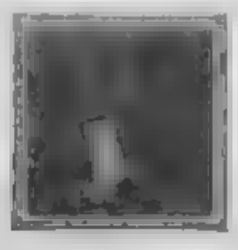
For good underwear, go to your Munsingwear dealer.

PULL-OVER SHIRTS
AND TRACK PANTS

Up-to-the-minute in every respect are these snappy two-piece garments. The shirts are of soft knitted fabric, very absorbent. The pants come in both knitted and woven materials—some plain, some with stripes, some in fancy patterns. All represent the finest quality and workmanship.

HOSIERY

Like the underwear, Munsingwear Hosiery is made for men who want dependability of style and performance. Offered in silk, lisle, cotton, rayon and wool, also in pleasing mixtures of these materials



Munsingwear Quality Assures Comfort and Service

Sold Only Through
Retail Merchants

THE MUNSINGWEAR CORPORATION
Minneapolis, Minnesota

little time to advise and encourage. After numerous attempts our young friend perhaps received a commission in the form of a galley-proof manuscript for which he was to try to make one and a half pages of pictures. So it began—this interesting adventure of his. The prices were much lower in those days. The illustrators were fewer.

The cruising young illustrator of today, in order to sell himself to a magazine, feels that he must make his illustrations after the manner of some particularly successful illustrator. So he is inclined to make a drawing that will look as much as possible like the work of Morgan, of Gruger, of Dunn, of Cornwell, of May Wilson Preston or of Flagg. This is a terrible state of affairs. How can the infant in the game hope to compete with Gruger in making Gruger illustrations? He cannot. His one great hope lies in making Smiths—if his name is Smith—and though he never can make good Grugers, there is always a possibility that he can make very good Smiths. And there may come a time when some editor is going to prefer Smiths to any other brand. It is a thrilling day for our young illustrator when he receives a letter saying that a certain art editor wants Smiths—a day worth working for.

Models are used for practically all the figures the illustrator draws. A few rare souls like Wallace Morgan and Raleigh work much without a model. But most illustrators get a certain amount of inspiration from the posed model and feel a greater confidence in the matter of lighting effects and the opportunity to check up as to anatomy and perspective.

Some of the illustrators in demand are noted for a certain droll humor of the characters they draw; some for the elegance and smartness of the figures they present; some specialize in animal drawings. One is wanted because he faithfully portrays life in the Far East. One is dependable for his illustrations of army life. One has mastered the sea and its ships.

It's Just Hard Work

So nowadays more and more there is a tendency for an illustrator to evolve into a person of one type of illustration. This may be all right for the magazines, but it is likely to keep an illustrator forever turning out the same sort of subjects until he finds himself with age advancing and only one trick at his command. Perhaps many are quite satisfied with this, but some started out with the firm intention of developing gradually from illustrators into painters, and with things as they are, this is an impossibility.

In the old days many painters illustrated. Now this game has become so specialized that there is no call for the art-artist to make illustrations. The editor naturally picks an illustrator who specializes in a certain type of picture that he feels is needed for a certain kind of story in hand. So the art-artist and the illustrator have grown farther and farther apart with each succeeding year.

The most difficult medium of illustration is pen and ink, and strangely enough, except in the cases of Gibson and Flagg, it is the most poorly paid. Probably Gibson is the greatest pen-and-ink artist in the world. Certainly his work has been more widely reproduced abroad than the work of any other American. He has been a great source of inspiration to young illustrators for many years. The late Howard Pyle shared with him almost equally this gracious distinction. At the age of eighteen I wrote a letter to Mr. Gibson asking where he had studied and how to become an illustrator. His answer was brief but comprehensive. He wrote: "At the Art League. It's just hard work."

The advances in photographic engraving have been of great benefit to the illustration game. Engraving done by hand upon copper, wood and steel was once the process of reproduction for printing. Then came the line cut—zinc etching—and later the half-tone cut. Even then there was no way of reproducing satisfactorily drawings made in pencil and charcoal. But a more recent invention called the high-light, or drop-out, half-tone process has made possible the faithful reproduction of the charm of these two mediums, thus enlarging tremendously the possibilities of the illustrator. Until this last invention, drawings for reproduction were made mainly in wash—water color—in oils or in pen and ink. Black crayon was sometimes used, but was always a rather coarse medium. It was necessary for the artist who had drawn a beautiful thing in pencil to go over the pencil drawing with ink, in most instances entirely destroying the free, varying pencil strokes and leaving in their place hard, uncompromising effects. In the whole history of illustration only a few hundred artists have appeared whose hand could make a pen line a thing of beauty.

Justice at Last

Imagine, if you please, the lack of possibilities that existed when as a youngster I made drawings for the Lewiston Daily Journal, which then used the antiquated chalk-plate process. It was carried out in this way: I was obliged to redraw my sketches upon a metal plate covered with a layer of hard chalk. I made this copy of my sketch by means of a tool which had a penholder and whose operating end was nothing more or less than a wire point. This point, pushed vigorously through the chalk down to the metal base, showed a dark line in the midst of the white chalk. The wire point was incapable of any flexibility and permitted of no variations in the width of the line, so the result was always entirely mechanical and without any art quality. This drawing through the chalk was in reality the mold into which the molten lead was poured to make the cut for printing.

With the advent of the line cut—a photographic process—pen-and-ink drawings could be engraved with whatever of quality the original drawing possessed. And when the half-tone process for reproducing tone drawings and paintings came into existence, the whole field opened up before us. That was the big day. Justice to the illustrator's art!

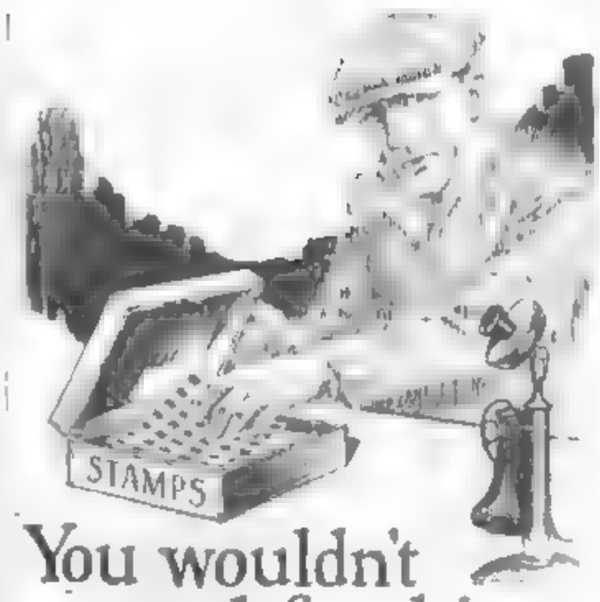
A few of our most popular illustrators earn as much as $50,000 a year. The average illustrator in good standing, I should say, is capable of earning from $7000 to $12,000 a year—and he certainly works hard for his money. But really it is a delightful game, full of intense application and of contacts with alert, interesting people.

The enormous increase in advertising that has come about in recent years has developed a proportionately large field for advertising art. With the expense of a single cigarette poster running up to something like $250,000, it is easy to understand why the producers of this cigarette are willing to pay a high price to the man who can make the poster that will sell the largest number of cigarettes.

A large part of this poster bill is for billboard space. The second largest item is for lithography—seventeen different sizes of the one poster being required by this concern to fit the various shapes of its rented advertising space. These sizes run all the way from the street-car card up to the twenty-four-sheet posters.

This particular tobacco company checks up monthly its cigarette sales, following the appearance of each new poster. Sales above the regular orders to dealers the country over are considered to be the result of the selling power of the poster for that month—extra news-stand sales they are sometimes called. After a series of months in which posters painted by different artists are used, the company is in a position to determine more or less definitely which artist's work sells the most cigarettes, and to grade the work of its other artists as well. So one poster artist receives $1800 for each poster that he paints for this concern. The second artist on its honor list receives $1100, and three more $1000 each.

(Continued on Page 209)



You wouldn't stand for this ...

Yet, money thrown away by careless clerks on excess postage might as well be stolen.

A Hanson Postal Scale prevents such carelessness. It registers exact postage instantly, without adjusting weights. Automatic, substantially built for long usage, and accurate to a *fraction of an ounce*. Of filing-cabinet green, brass platform, glass covered dial, Hanson Postal Scales weigh 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th class mail. Two styles: 5 lbs. by half oz., $7.50; 2 lbs. by quarter oz., $8.50, at your stationery and other local stores, or $7.75 and $8.75 postpaid from factory.

(Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies)

Send for details concerning the complete line of Hanson Postal Scales.

HANSON BROS. SCALE CO.
528 N. Ada St., Chicago, Ill.

Makers of Household, Bathroom, Nursery, Postal and Drug Scales

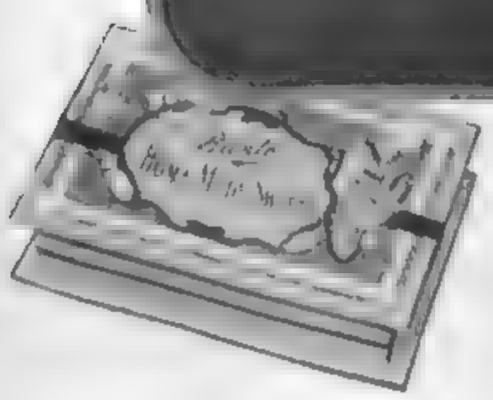
HANSON Scales

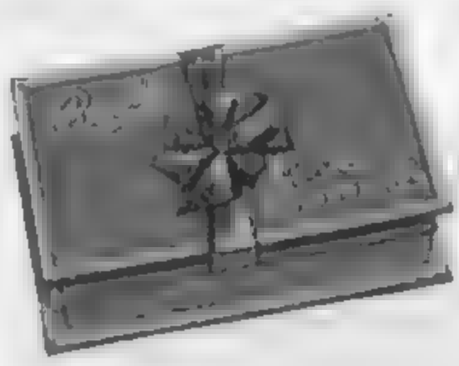
Corns

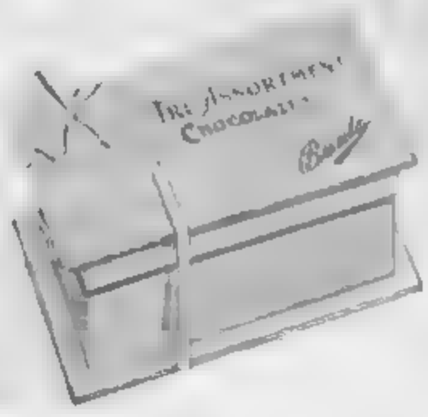
Lift Right Off

Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit.
You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet.
Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.
Edward Wesley and Co., Cincinnati, O.

Socially Correct—The Gift Package of Perfection







Candy—the Universal Gift—appropriate and appreciated always. Vary your gifts of candy with these three packages of distinction—"Home Made Sweets," "Tri-Assortment" and Bunte Milk Chocolates. Bunte quality in both candy and package.

1200 KINDS FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE

GIVE Mi Choice—a gracious gift for a gracious lady. Dainty—alluring—in keeping with the dainty fingers that break its immaculate seals.

Each piece proves perfection. Creamy fillings—true fruit flavors. Crispy nuts and a dozen other delights. And over all a superb chocolate coating—possible only by the fourteen day Bunte process of preparation.

Confirm her impression of your faultless taste—by choosing Mi Choice—*the perfection of all box chocolates.*

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us $1.50 and we will mail you the one pound Mi Choice package, postage prepaid. Also in two, three and five pound packages.

BUNTE BROTHERS
Established 1876 CHICAGO
Makers of Diana "Stuft" Confections

Bunte
WORLD FAMOUS

CANDIES

ACME COLORS are quite as well known to exacting paint buyers as ACME QUALITY. The latest and smartest effects can always be achieved with Acme Quality paints, enamels and lacquers. Acme chemists, working in the world's greatest paint laboratory, not only keep abreast of the latest style trends, but in frequent instances actually CREATE them. Yet, thanks to vast production, Acme Quality products cost no more than the ordinary kind—and are sold by leading dealers everywhere.

Branches in Principal Cities

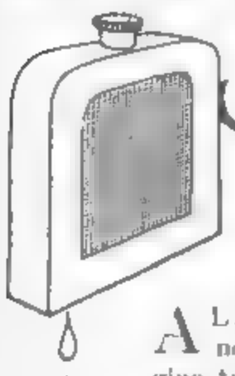
ACME WHITE LEAD & COLOR WORKS

Administration Offices—DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Dealer Service Stations Everywhere

ACME QUALITY

Paint-Varnish-Lacquer



Stop that leak!

A LEAKY RADIATOR not only invites costly engine trouble, but wastes your expensive anti-freeze liquid. Stop the leak NOW with Bowes Seal-Fast Radiator Liquid. It heals the holes and cleans out rust and scale. Two services for one price.

75c a can at all good dealers'

Bowes Seal-Fast Corp.
Indianapolis

Export Department
1133 Broadway, New York City

BOWES

RADIATOR LIQUID

WRITE US FOR YOUR NEAREST DEALER

FASTEST

This little machine—with
AUTOMATIC ENVELOPE FEED
will address
125 ENVELOPES PER MINUTE!

The greatest little time and money saver in the world. Outspeeds all other small-size addressers more than THREE TO ONE, and yet sells for less than ONE-THIRD THE PRICE of any addressing machine of equal speed.

For complete information and a FREE BOOK on Direct-Mail Advertising, pin this ad. to your business letterhead and mail to us

ELLIOTT
ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.
147 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

KLUTCH holds False Teeth tight in the mouth

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop or be played with. *You can eat and talk as well as you did with your own teeth.* Don't endure loose plates another day. Klutch will end your troubles. 50c at druggists'. If your druggist hasn't it, have him order it for you If he will not, don't *waste money* on substitutes but write us for a box. Send us 60c when satisfied

HART & CO., Box 2219-D, Elmira, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 208)

The price obtainable for a piece of advertising art depends upon the extent of the use a concern can make of it. If the art work is to be used locally only—in one city—the price is much less than if it is to be posted the country over. If it is for magazine advertising as well as for billboards, the price increases. Country-over advertising is called national advertising and the men who are in the game are naturally interested in doing their work for national advertisers. So it is evident that the artist with the strongest merchandise-selling instinct can demand the highest price for his services and comes out on top of the heap.

For advertising art other than for national advertising, the artist's earning capacity is similar to that of the illustrator. If he can reach the top in national advertising his returns may run into six figures. There are not many in this class. J. C. Leyendecker stands high in this work. His returns are large, and he deserves them. It is said that his early experiences were in a lithographic plant, where, as a boy, he learned the requisites of lithographic reproduction. Any lithographer is delighted to reproduce a Leyendecker painting, because his possibilities of making a satisfactory reproduction are maximum.

For an artist to understand the requirements and possibilities of reproduction is of prime importance. We are all studying this constantly. Many beautiful paintings are useless for lithography, and it is, of course, up to us in the game to find out all the whys. Another reason for Leyendecker's success lies in the fact that he spares himself no pains to know everything about anything that he introduces into an advertising painting. If an automobile is an accessory in his picture for a cigarette poster, you may be sure that he will know all about that automobile before he begins to paint it, and probably the very automobile is at hand to be his model.

Collecting Some Back Pay

Here is a man whose training for the game was carried out with full and uncompromising determination. When he discovered what training he needed he set about getting it. He did not begin by making posters. He studied art here and in Paris.

It was not this man, but another thoroughly competent artist of a long career, who shared the following conversation with an advertising representative in his studio:

"How much will this poster cost?"

"One thousand dollars."

"How long will it take you to paint it?"

"A day or two, if I am lucky. Four days at most."

"Isn't a thousand dollars a pretty high price for two days' work?"

"No. You are not paying for two days' work. You are paying a very modest price for thirty years' work."

Practically all the men who are getting the top prices for advertising art worked laboriously through the art schools and through all kinds of apprentice jobs, learning all that they found to learn. They acquired an understanding of mediums and materials for making pictures. They studied the processes of the reproduction of pictures and the ways of presenting merchandise so that their pictures might create a desire to buy. But they are determined that in spite of the necessity of this pictorial merchandising problem, the works of their hands shall possess art worth.

The advertising artist then can earn twenty dollars and up a week at a lowly desk in an advertising agency or lithographing plant, or he can earn a very large income at this work of his choice in his own well-equipped studio.

Of the art-artists much more is commonly known and but little is called for in this article.

The art student who is financially able to continue straight ahead in his landscape or portrait painting or sculpture is of the small minority. But the other may pursue his high calling in spite of being obliged to play the game for a while in another field, so long as he remains undaunted. The fine things in art that the great ones of history have produced will keep his soul aglow and his aspirations lofty. He needs only time.

Time to Gain Experience

When we are thinking of Art with a capital A, it is not easy to discuss remuneration. But the intent of this paper requires some details to complete the whole story. An average price for a reasonably good landscape is from $500 to $1000. Some few of our landscape painters are practically sure of $5000 for a painting. The average painter may produce a dozen or two a year.

A score or so of our established portrait painters have an asking price of $4000. They do not always get that amount. Sometimes $10,000 or $15,000 is asked and received, but not in many instances. Standing as a portrait painter is particularly difficult to attain, and few have arrived in that profession before the age of forty.

One cannot leap lightly from art school into the work of his ultimate choice. It takes time—lots of time—that should be filled busily with practical experience in designing, in drawing and painting for illustration and for advertising—any art work that will necessitate the solving of difficult problems.

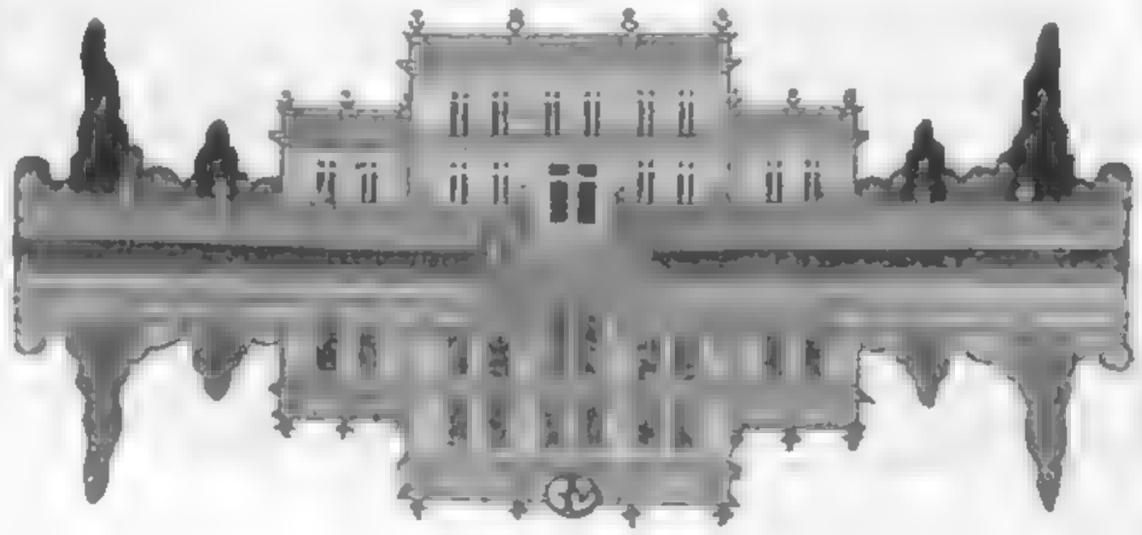
To sum up the opportunities and possible returns in this game: The most room is in the design field. Advertising art comes second in opportunity for a foothold. The illustration field is third. The art-artist is likely to have the most difficult time of all, the sale of paintings and of sculpture being dependent upon the desire for possession that each individual product may create.

The financial returns finally obtainable seem to be greatest in advertising art, second in portrait painting, third in illustration, fourth in design, last in landscape painting.

But the surest likelihood of earning a living in these fields places them in this order: Design, illustration, advertising art, landscape painting, portrait painting.

Judging from my rather long experience in art schools, I would say that about one-quarter of students carry on through life in the art game, and that the majority of these sooner or later find themselves in the field of design.

These are the fields upon which the game is played.



"Oh, what a soft towel!"

NO girlish skin is too tender for Boott Towels. Girls like them, too, because they are so absorbent and so bright-white The boys of the family are "for" them as well. They like them for face towels, for hand towels and for the brisk rub-down after the bath.

Buy Boott Towels from your dealer in packages of six or singly. Or send 25 cents (stamps or check) for a full-sized sample Boott Mills, Dept. S1015, Lowell, Mass.

Makers of Boott Sheets and Boott Curtains

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL, MASS. U.S.A.
ABSORBENT TOWELS
WIPE DRY

For sports, too, hair at its best

As Good Taste Demands . .

Hair natural, but in place

RIGHT. A lot of thought is due the way you comb your hair.

You *can* control it—*keep* it dignified, effective—with Stacomb!

This new liquid actually holds your hair in place, yet never leaves it shiny, artificial looking. Nor dry and rancid, as water makes it. And it combats dandruff

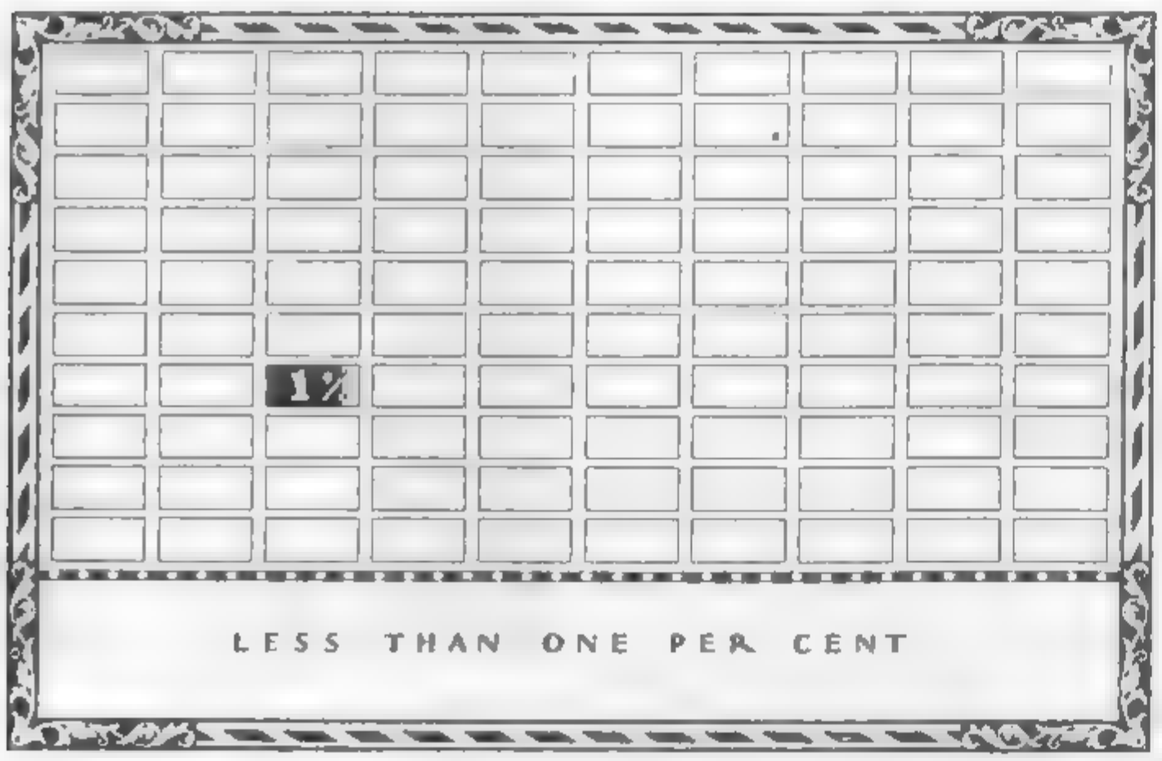
Smart women, too, find Stacomb unique. Also in famous cream form. Drug and department stores.

NEW LIQUID Stacomb

Standard Laboratories, Inc
Dept. A-108, 113 W. 18th St., New York
FREE Send me sample of Stacomb as checked.
New Liquid form ☐ Cream form ☐

Name

Address



An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

No ONE person owns as much as 1% of the capital stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

The company is owned by more than 420,000 people, with stockholders in every section of the United States. It, in turn, owns 91% of the common stock of the operating companies of the Bell System which give telephone service in every state in the Union, making a national service nationally owned.

The men and women owners of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company are the largest single body of stockholders in the world, and they represent every vital activity in the nation's life, from laborer and unskilled worker to wealthy and influential executive. Although the telephone was one of the greatest inventions of an age of large fortunes, no one ever made a great fortune from it—in fact, there are not any "telephone fortunes." The Bell Telephone System is owned by the American people. It is operated in the interest of the telephone users.

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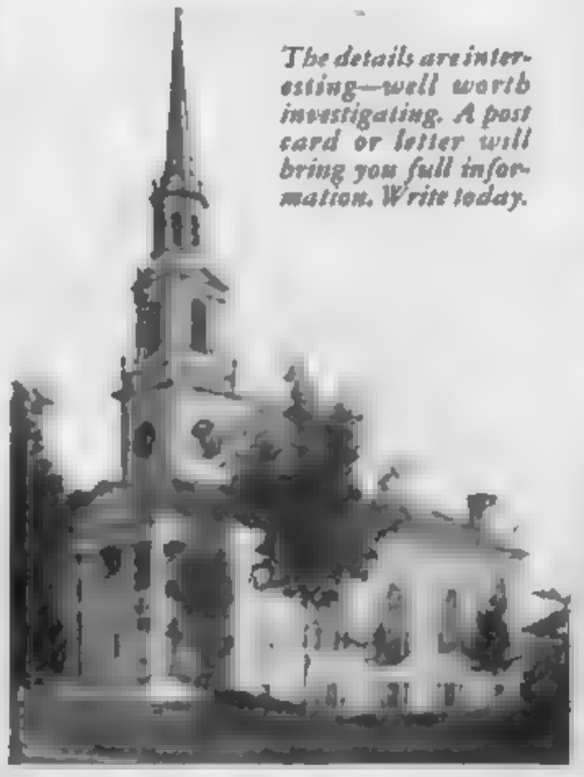

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PARTNERS ON THE PAY ROLL

(Continued from Page 11)

investments—certificates that are good for money anywhere at any time and certificates that are never good for anything but wall paper or as souvenirs of sad experience. Sound investment is a major motif in any valid plan of employe stock ownership—guidance and education that will protect saved earnings against the wily merchandisers of blue sky. It is pleasant to be able to say here that our experience includes only a very few instances of workers being switched from worthwhile to worthless stocks.

Can anyone believe that it is in any way wrong for industry to encourage economic education, to explore for and discover manhood and brains such as these several stories indicate we have found?

Probably the influence of an act of personal generosity on the part of the late William Deering in popularizing our stock-investment plans among employes could not easily be overestimated. The oldest living pensioner of the Harvester Company, as far as I am able to learn, is now ninety-three years old. He retired in 1908, a few months after the pension plan was started and about a year before the first stock subscription was offered to employes. Employe stock ownership was, however, then under consideration—a fact which may have influenced Mr. Deering to give this veteran workman fourteen shares of company stock, together with $100 in cash.

News of this kind travels fast in a body of employes. It was not long before many of our men were remarking that "the old-timer certainly has it soft with his fourteen shares." Naturally most of the employes in the works in which the retired shopman had spent the greater part of his life could not restrain something like envy of his good luck, and some of them did a little figuring as to how much money those shares brought in every year without a turn of his hand. Because the old man was a great favorite with his fellow workers and one of the outstanding characters of the plant, his good fortune was all the more conspicuous. This fine old workman still owns his fourteen shares of Harvester stock, a piece of property worth about $5000, and also has his pension.

Selling any stock-purchasing plan to employes may easily be overdone. Our men intrusted with presenting stock-subscription plans to employes are instructed to avoid all pressure or urgency and to leave the men as free to refuse as to accept, with the certainty that this may be done without prejudice to their standing.

On the Directors' Conscience

Is employe stock ownership in any sense a specific against the universal and costly industrial malady of labor turnover? I don't know, but it is not difficult to imagine that acquisition of company stock is at least a step toward stabilization. Candid avowal of the management's desire to stabilize its personnel is sufficient to explain to the reasonable worker why his company offers to assist its men in acquiring a partnership in the business; and the employe might also take into consideration the fact that there is naturally an increased sense of responsibility toward the workers in the management of a company where there is extensive employe stock ownership. Put it this way: The conscientious director or manager of a company which has many employes holding shares of stock is inevitably inclined to visualize the shareholder to whom he discharges his responsibilities as the workman with slender resources rather than the wealthy capitalist holding a large block of stock.

This thought should and does have a tendency to inject an element of extra caution into all the management's important decisions. In short, the greater interest of the employe stockholder in the success of the company is matched by a keener sense of responsibility on the part of the management. If this is not always true—as I think generally it is—then it should be.

Before me is a report on the employe stock-ownership activities of sixty-eight companies, among them some of the largest corporations in the country. This capable and searching survey throws interesting light upon the motives behind the plans and upon their methods and results. From this report it is apparent that diffusion of stock ownership is a minor objective, except with public-utility corporations. The motive most frequently mentioned is "encouraging employes to take a more direct and active interest in the affairs and success of the company"; and ranking second to this in frequency of reiteration in this symposium is "the encouragement of thrift on the part of employes."

Making Friends of the Public

The real reaction of employes to the sense of partnership in the business cannot be found in any specific way in company accounts or balance sheets; it's there, but it cannot be separated from the other figures.

The second objective, that of increasing thrift on the part of employes, scores about 100 per cent in the replies to questionnaires. There is virtually no dissent among those answering on this point that as a stimulant of thrift, employe stock ownership is a big success. This alone is enough to justify all the expense and effort involved. Certainly no other conclusion can be drawn from the experience of our company. If all its employes could be made active, systematic and consistent savers, with steadily accumulating investments in its stock, our labor turnover would be greatly lightened.

As a stabilizing influence, ownership of company stock ranks second to ownership of a home, and next in line comes a savings account. Quite generally these three elements are mingled in one experience—saving out of wages to buy stock and selling or pledging stock to secure a home.

In some public-utility companies to which a wide diffusion of stock ownership is a highly desirable consideration, employe stock ownership has achieved a special and interesting importance. One of the large power companies of the country frankly admits that its original purpose in selling its stock to employes was to prepare them to become effective salesmen in placing stock with the customers of the company. Apparently this reasoning was sound, for these stock-owning employes sold 50,000 shares to the customers of the company. By the time an employe has been brought without any pressure to the point of putting a portion of his wages into the stock of the company, has paid for it on the installment plan and has watched his shares draw dividends, he is well prepared to be a sincere and effective salesman of that stock.

One of the largest power-and-light companies of the country reports: "One hundred per cent of our employes eligible under the 1920 plan and 88 per cent eligible under the 1924 plan are now stockholders." The line which is added to this observation contains a kernel of wisdom not to be passed without quotation: "The success of the plan is attributed to the stock being a good investment."

Though most of the companies taking part in this symposium have soft-pedaled the motive of desiring wide diffusion of stock ownership, the importance of this feature, especially to public-utility corporations subject to public regulation, is too patent to be obscured. The greater the number of owners such a company can have, the greater its influence in withstanding unfair legislation and overregulation. Every shareholder in a corporation is

(Continued on Page 213)

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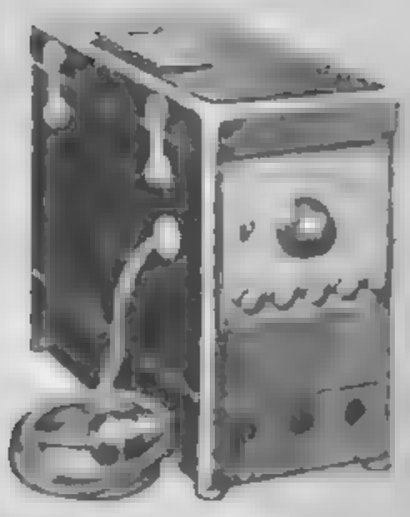

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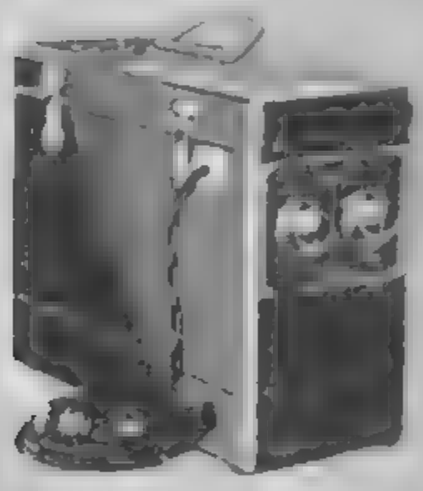

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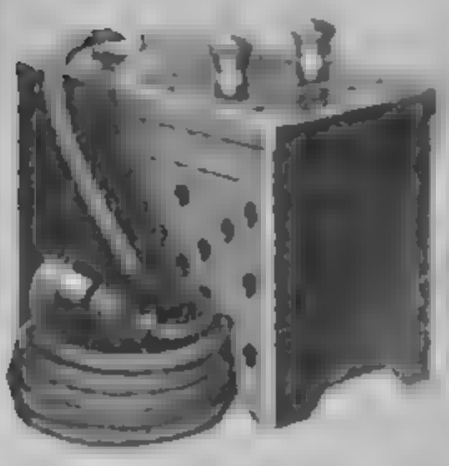

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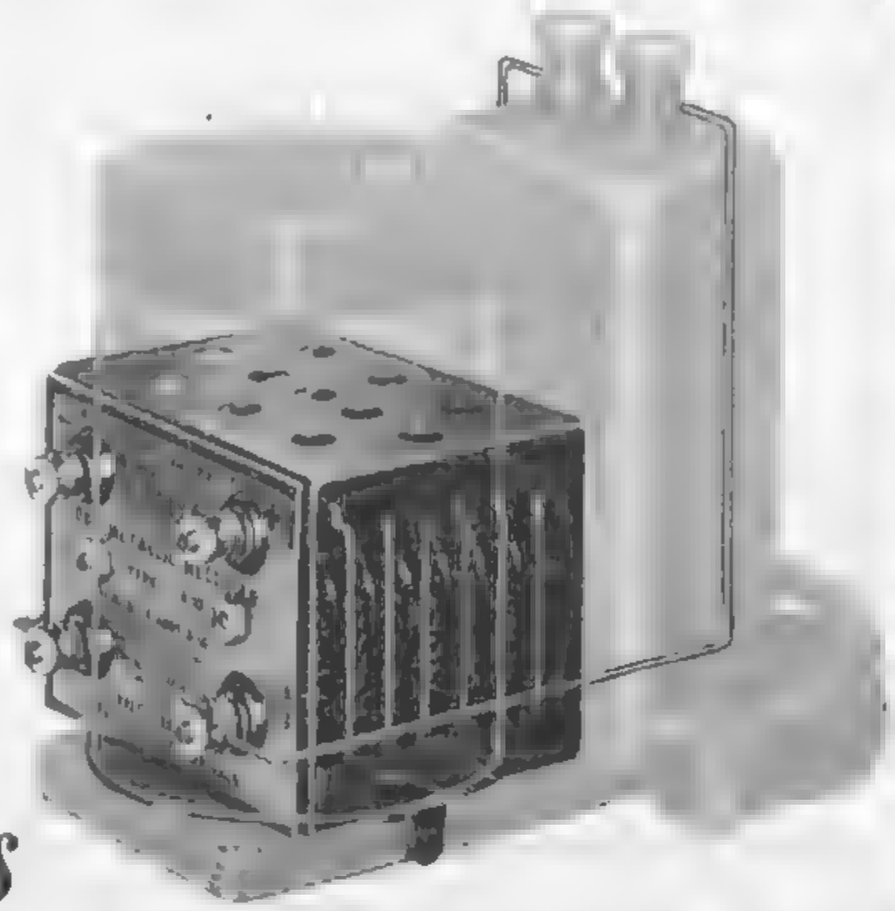

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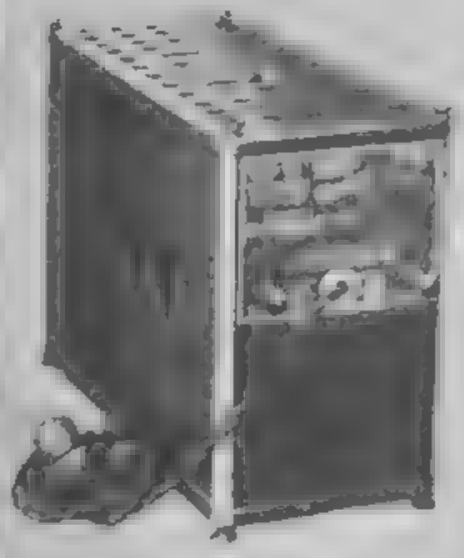

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(Continued from Page 210)

to be counted as its active friend, and the greater the number of such employes the better its position with respect to regulation. The practice of calling upon employe share owners to sell stock to customers seems to be general among electric light-and-power companies.

In periods of financial depression and declining stock values employes are naturally inclined to cancel their stock subscriptions and even to sell shares for which they have paid. In companies which permit withdrawal of credits on stock subscriptions, a flood of cancellations has been known to create serious embarrassment. In the main, however, it is evident that employe share owners are not greatly disturbed by moderate market fluctuations. This is particularly true where the stock has been sold to them at an especially low figure—which is often, if not generally, the case—or where it brings special dividends.

When Figures Cannot Speak

Though no company welcomes a stock slump which sends its shares down, such an experience may not be without value to the companies having employe shareholders. An ordeal of this kind teaches the more alert workers, as perhaps nothing else can, that ownership in industry carries heavy risks and responsibilities and that the path of the employer is not always, often or ever strewn with roses. This is a very useful lesson for employes to learn, and they absorb it more effectively when they see the value of their own shares decline than in any other circumstances. Personal experience is always a better teacher than theory or precept. But if a company's stock is of a highly speculative nature, it is obviously a poor medium for a primary lesson in the responsibilities and privileges of investment.

I have already referred to the fact that the stock issued to employes under our existing plan is Harvester preferred, the company's senior security, and, since there is no bonded debt, the first charge against net operating income.

It should be added that the subscribing employe is entirely at liberty to apply his credits to the purchase of any other sound security or to getting himself a home. Virtually all maturing subscriptions, however, are converted by the subscriber's choice into the company's cumulative preferred stock.

In our earlier experiments in this direction, running back fully eighteen years, we offered the employes Harvester common. Gradually we have come to realize—and so, apparently, have the employes—the importance of the permanent-investment feature in any such plan—the acquisition of a security which, while it has all the voting rights of the common stock, is less exposed to the exigencies of business and to market fluctuations.

Offering employes an opportunity to become partners in the enterprise behind their pay checks is purely voluntary on the part of management. There is no record that labor has ever claimed such an opportunity as a right or that the employer is under the remotest obligation to make this privilege available to his workers. In other words, management must justify to ownership the expense of any employe stock-ownership plan by tangible advantage to the company. Conversely, it must justify the investment to the employe.

To measure that advantage in specific figures is always difficult and often impossible. Generally speaking, it can't be done that way. Its benefits evade the accountant and the calculating machine, but they may be very clear to that part of management which comes into direct contact with the men on the pay roll and watches closely the mercury of employe attitude. Therefore I have made no attempt to deal with company benefits from employe stock ownership as expressed in figures and have confined the showing entirely to evidence of the attitude of stock-owning workers.

Looking at the experiment from this angle, the Harvester Company is well pleased with its results and could not easily be persuaded to abandon continuance of plans to give its employes favorable opportunity to become partners in the business. With us this new sense of partnership inspires new confidence in the future. We rate high among our company's invisible, intangible, invaluable assets the presence of these thousands of new partners in our business who are also on the pay roll.

Let me refer in closing to the great British general strike of last year. It was caused primarily, we are told, by lack of a sense of solidarity as between employer and employed, and it was beaten by public opinion because of the political issues involved, not the social issues. I wonder if there would or could have been any such strike if the great body of English workmen had been coowners of the industries they served.

The Objective of Effort

In the United States, with our youthful willingness to try and our freedom from the constraint of precedent, a new trail is being blazed toward the better human relations that are essential to durable peace and dependable prosperity for industry. We have introduced and made practical a new liberalism in industrial relations. We gave that liberalism a constructive form when our industries began to take their men into that real partnership in settling their mutual problems which has come to be known as employe representation. Now we are beginning to crown those two great formative policies with a strengthening of our investment structure. For the betterment of the workers, for the sake of discovering new blood for our companies, with the object of larger profits and lower costs, and lastly to make big business bigger and better, we are rediscovering the primeval fact that ownership in some form is the inspiration and objective of all effort.

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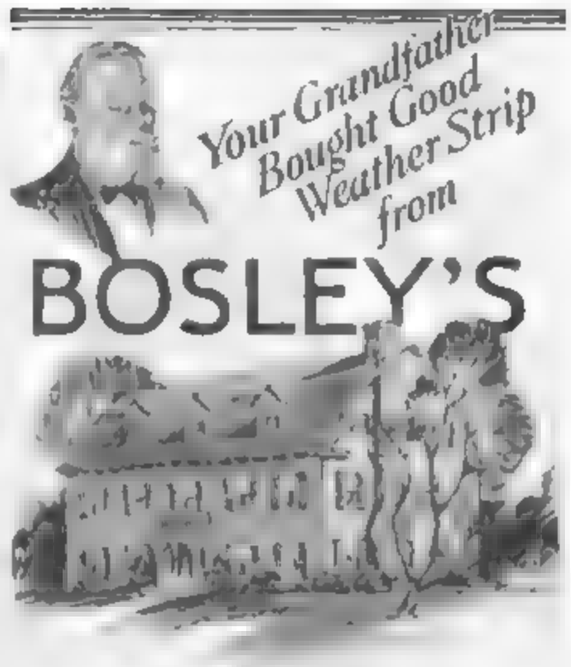

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AMERICAN POLICY IN NICARAGUA

(Continued from Page 19)

which impose upon us a very special interest as to how certain ones of these nations fulfill the responsibilities which go with sovereignty and independence. I refer to those Central American nations whose territory lies adjacent to and in a naval sense commands the great sea route from our Eastern to our Western states via the Caribbean Sea and the Panama Canal.

This situation does not arise out of the Monroe Doctrine, but from certain broad principles of self-defense which govern the policy of the United States, as well as of all other nations which are in any way dependent upon the sea. These principles in part underlie the Monroe Doctrine, although they were not at all created by it. They bear a very much closer and more tangible relation to what I may call, for want of a better name, our Isthmian Policy than they do to the Monroe Doctrine itself.

The most peculiar characteristic of the Western Hemisphere is the narrow isthmus which connects the two continents of North and South America. Human hands have found it possible to create in the Panama Canal a narrow passage for seagoing vessels. In so doing they have created a vital artery for both the commerce and the naval defense of the United States.

Long before the Panama Canal was built our statesmen recognized the vital and revolutionary part which it would play in our foreign relations. The same geographical feature which made its construction possible by human hands now renders its destruction possible by the same means. And its destruction in time of war or by hostile hands after our commerce and civilization have become adapted to it and dependent on it would be a grave and possibly fatal source of danger to the United States.

Part of the Coast Line

The same result would be produced by hostile occupation of territory commanding the seagoing approaches to the Canal which converge from both our coasts. Consequently for more than half a century and ever since construction of the Canal became an imminent event, it has become a cardinal part of our national policy that such a canal across the isthmus must be entirely under the control and defense of the United States. This principle was clearly stated by President Hayes in a message to Congress on March 8, 1880, when he said:

> The policy of this country is a canal under American control. An interoceanic canal across the American Isthmus will essentially change the geographical relations between the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts of the United States and the rest of the world. It will be a great ocean thoroughfare between our Atlantic and Pacific shores and virtually a part of the coast line of the United States. Our merely commercial interest is greater than that of all other countries, while its relations to our power and prosperity as a nation, to our means of defense, our united peace and safety, are matters of paramount concern to the people of the United States. No other great power would, under similar circumstances, fail to assert a rightful control over a work so closely and vitally affecting its interest and welfare.

As President Hayes thus pointed out, our policy toward this great sea route through the Canal does not rest upon any attitude of mind which is peculiar to us; it is simply the application of principles and policy which would govern any other nation in a similar situation. Thus Great Britain has a somewhat similar interest in the sea route to her possessions in India and Australia through the Strait of Gibraltar, and we now know from recently published documents that in 1911, when Germany threatened a possible encroachment upon Morocco near that sea route at Agadir, Great Britain was ready to fight Germany in order to prevent such a peril. The sea route to India is no more vital to Great Britain than the sea route through Panama is to us.

A Steadfast Policy

VI. Out of this principle of national self-preservation follows the corollary of our interest in the stability of the independent governments resting along the borders of the Caribbean and the Eastern Pacific. If those independent governments do not adequately fulfill the responsibility of independence; if they fail to safeguard foreign life within their borders; if they repudiate lawful debts to foreign creditors; if they permit the confiscation within their borders of lawful foreign property—then, under the common usages of international life, the foreign nations whose citizens and property are thus endangered are likely to intervene in Central America for the legitimate protection of such rights. History clearly shows that such intervention often leads to continuing control.

The failure, therefore, of one of these republics to maintain the responsibilities which go with independence may lead directly to a situation imperiling the vital interest of the United States in its seagoing route through the Panama Canal. Out of this situation has followed our national policy—perhaps the most sensitive and generally held policy that we have—which for half a century has caused us to look with apprehension upon even the perfectly legitimate efforts of European nations to protect their rights within this zone.

The Monroe Doctrine, as stated by its author, was aimed only against the extension of European government to this hemisphere in the shape of efforts at colonization; no such attempt might be involved in an effort by a foreign power to protect the

(Continued on Page 217)

General Moncada and Mr. Stimson, From a Snapshot Made Just After the Settlement at Tipitapa, May 4, 1927

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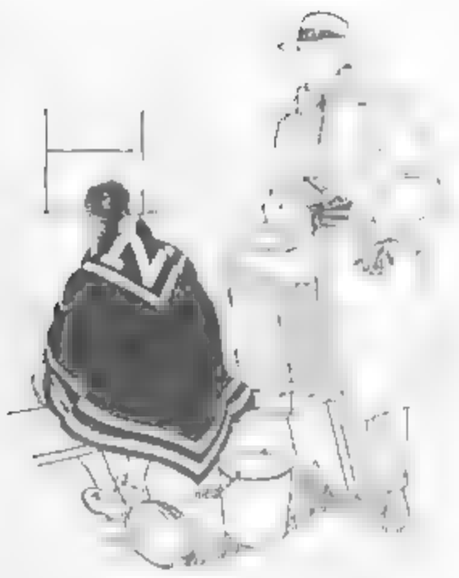

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(Continued from Page 214)

lives or property of its citizens in Central America; yet American national policy has properly recognized the danger, and American opinion has been sensitive to any such attempt when it takes place in this peculiar isthmian zone.

This vital policy has underlain the successive efforts of our Government to protect the Caribbean Sea from such encroachment, both by securing our own naval protection of it and by forestalling causes for foreign intervention. Establishment of our naval base at Guantánamo is an instance of one of the former steps. The provisions of the Platt Amendment restricting Cuba from incurring foreign debts beyond her ability to pay; the treaty with San Domingo assisting that republic to refund her foreign debt in 1906 at a time when Germany was threatening intervention; the treaty with Haiti for the purpose of assisting in the establishment of order in that sorely vexed republic—all are instances of the latter class of precautionary steps.

VII. The natural result arising from such a situation is that if we will not permit European nations to protect their customary rights within this zone, we must, to a certain extent, make ourselves responsible for this protection. To a certain extent, at least, we must assume the attitude of seeing that American countries within this zone fulfill their obligations as independent nations to the outside world.

A Canal in the Future

This isthmian policy is often confused with the Monroe Doctrine, which had its origin in part in a somewhat similar national interest of the United States against encroachment of European nations in this hemisphere, and this resulting obligation devolving upon us is sometimes spoken of as a corollary of the Monroe Doctrine.

President Roosevelt well stated the entire situation, including its resulting obligation, in his Chautauqua speech on the subject in 1905:

> We cannot permanently adhere to the Monroe Doctrine unless we succeed in making it evident, in the first place, that we do not intend to treat it in any shape or way as an excuse for aggrandizement on our part at the expense of the republics to the south of us; second, that we do not intend to permit it to be used by any of these republics as a shield to protect that republic from the consequences of its own misdeeds against foreign nations; third, that in as much as by this doctrine we prevent other nations from interfering on this side of the water, we shall ourselves in good faith try to help those of our sister republics which need such help upward toward peace and order.

These sentences contain the gist of the situation. They also show the true character of this duty which we have assumed. It is in no way an encroachment upon the independence of the Central American countries. On the contrary, it contains a recognition of and an assurance of that independence. For the efforts of the United States, when invoked in such a situation, are aimed solely at assisting those nations adequately to perform the duties of independence which they have assumed and which we have recognized.

VIII. Nicaragua is also related to this isthmian policy of the United States in a peculiar way not common to its four Central American sisters. It contains within its boundaries the transisthmian route, which by common consent is, next to the Panama route, most feasible for an interoceanic canal. Sooner or later, though not within the lives of this generation or possibly the next, a second canal will be constructed through the isthmus by that route, and this canal when completed will necessarily command the same dominating strategic relation to the safety of the United States as the present one at Panama.

By the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty, ratified in 1916, Nicaragua granted to the United States the permanent and exclusive right to construct such a canal. Any lodgment of a possibly hostile foreign influence upon the territory of Nicaragua would therefore in a double sense be perilous to the safety of the United States.

IX. The general principles which stand out from the foregoing analysis of our relations to Latin America are as follows:

Whatever steps we take in Central America must not be in derogation of the rights of those republics as independent nations. A long unbroken course on the part of our Government toward them, however, indicates that there is no danger of such dishonorable repudiation of our recognition of their independence 100 years ago, but that, on the contrary, during that century we have been assisting them in every possible way to guard and protect their independence.

The national safety of our own country has, however, imposed upon us a peculiar interest in guarding from foreign influence the vital sea route through the Caribbean Sea and the Panama Canal, and therefore in seeing to it that no cause for foreign intervention may arise along the borders of that route. To protect this interest we are excluding foreign nations from exercising even well-recognized rights of redress against Central American and Caribbean republics whose territory commands that route, and in consequence we have incurred an obligation to see that these foreign nations are protected against injury arising from the failure of those American republics in the exercise of their responsible duties as independent nations. This obligation can be performed without infringement of the independence of these American republics. In fact, its purpose is to assist and develop that independence, and it should be performed in that way and with that purpose.

X. In the light of this analysis and of these principles, I believe that the history of our recent action in Nicaragua, as I have set it forth in my preceding articles, makes it clear that in no way have we transgressed upon the sovereignty and independence of the government of our sister nation. Every step which we have taken has been upon the earnest request of the Nicaraguan Government. More than that, the principal step which we propose to take—namely, to assist in the supervision of the national election of 1928—is one which we have been formally requested to take not only by the government itself but by the opposition party to that government. General Moncada, who was formerly the commander in chief of the revolutionary forces and is now the duly elected political chief of the Liberal Party, has joined in the request of the government that we should so assist in this election, and his action has, I believe, the concurrence of the entire present directorate of that party in Nicaragua.

A Rare Event

It is true that a few voices have arisen in criticism of our action. I know of no single instance where such criticism has come from one of the present authorized leaders of the Liberal Party in Nicaragua. Doctor Sacasa and his former associates in the revolutionary government at Puerto Cabezas are no longer such authorized leaders. None of them are now residing in Nicaragua, and their former leadership has been apparently repudiated by the Liberals in Nicaragua at a party election on July thirty-first, when, as I am informed, no Sacasa sympathizer was elected a member of the directorate of the party.

I believe therefore it is entirely accurate to say that our presence in Nicaragua today is for the purpose of taking an action which we have been requested to take by the government and which has the cordial concurrence of the opposition party in Nicaragua. Such an entire concurrence in any political object is a rare event in a Central American country.

In the next place, the purpose of our action, far from being in derogation of the rights and interests of Nicaragua as a sovereign and independent state, is to promote that independence and sovereignty in the most effective way. We are to assist her

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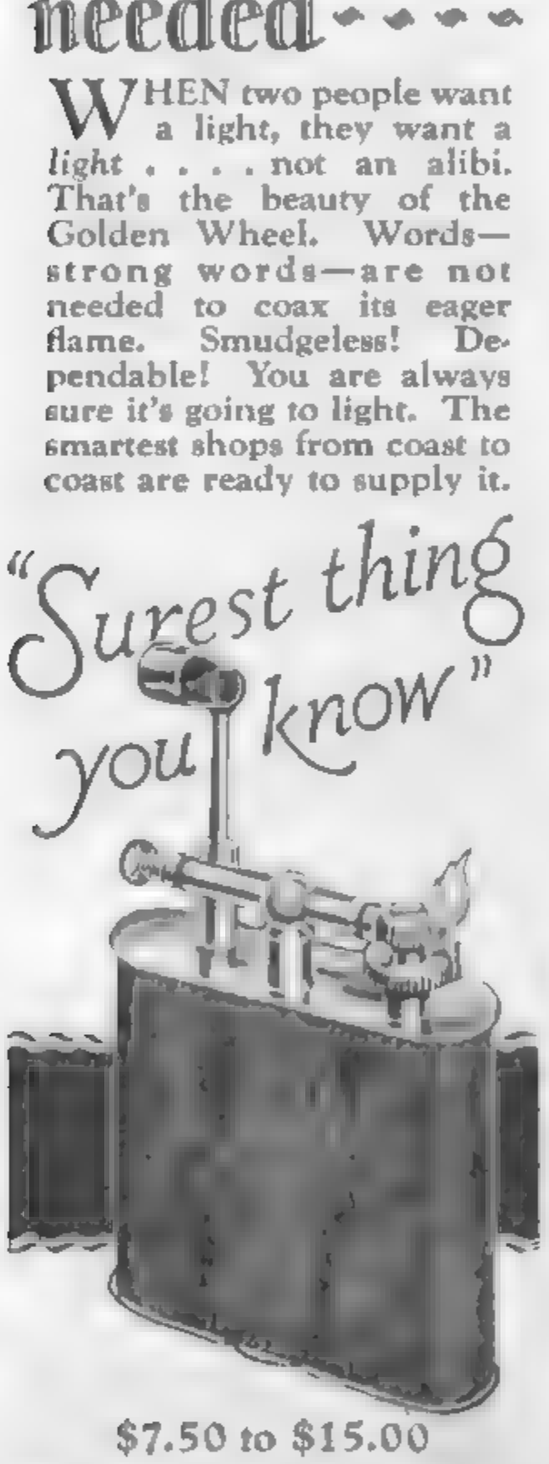

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to hold for the first time in her history as a republic a free and fair election of her president. She has asked us to do this; her statesmen have freely admitted the prevalence of the ancient evil of government-controlled elections which has destroyed her democracy, and they have asked our President to assist them in eradicating this evil and starting them afresh upon the road of order and of peace. Can anyone say that this great constructive step is an impairment of her sovereignty?

XI. Our promise thus to help Nicaragua has been made in the highest spirit of fellowship and coöperation. The difficulties and dangers that will surround the attempt are perfectly evident. We shall be made the target of the criticism of those who are unsuccessful at the election, but we have decided that the chance of rendering such needed assistance is worth the risk. The promise is a sacred one and will be carried out in that spirit. President Coolidge, in nominating Gen. Frank R. McCoy for the position of chairman of the National Board of Elections which is to be created by the Nicaraguan Government, has given the best possible pledge of this purpose. No better-qualified person for such a task, by virtue of long experience in Cuba, Central America and the Philippines and an honorable record in the fulfillment of difficult tasks, could be found in the United States.

It is to be hoped that the election will not only accomplish the immediate result of determining which of the two great Nicaraguan parties shall control the government for the next four years, but will serve also as a guide and precedent for the future. It is perhaps too much to hope that a single free election will at once terminate evil political habits accumulated through a century, but it can at least serve as a demonstration of what is possible and a pattern for future accomplishment.

The Economic Problems

The events of the past three months, since the settlement was agreed upon, thus far indicate the promise of such an outcome. The banditry and violence which at the time of my visit in May we feared would for many months be an inevitable sequel of the war, have quieted down and disappeared with surprising rapidity. The new nonpartisan constabulary is developing efficiently with admirable speed and winning high praise from its American instructors. The illegally disrupted supreme court has been reconstituted to its former legal membership; President Diaz, in a spirit of marked magnanimity, has voluntarily turned over to his Liberal opponents the governorships of the six Liberal provinces, and thus far the spirit which has been maintained after such a bitter war is a remarkable earnest of hope for the future.

XII. These articles have been immediately concerned with the political aspect of the Nicaraguan problem. My mission was primarily concerned with that aspect. But it would be shortsighted to close without calling to the attention of the readers of this magazine that no solution of these political problems which we have discussed can be complete or final without an attempt at the same time to help Nicaragua to solve the economic problems which underlie them.

Nicaragua today is an almost wholly undeveloped country. She not only has no transisthmian railroads or roads of any kind but even the highways in the more populated portion of the country are rudimentary. Much of the acrimony and bitterness which have stained her politics is accentuated by this fact—by the inability of one community easily to communicate with another.

Her industries and manufactories are undeveloped; her artisan population is scanty; there is almost no middle class between the cultivated leaders of politics and the ignorant peons or peasants; though she is preeminently an agricultural country, even her agricultural methods are primitive and obsolete. For improvement in all these vital directions she has no capital. Moreover, the havoc and destruction wrought during the recent war have resulted in claims against her government for compensation to those damaged amounting to many millions of dollars.

Her treasury has no funds for the payment of these claims, a large part of which are due to small farmers and other Nicaraguans whose property has been taken during the war, and many of whom are thus left destitute.

The intelligent leaders in Nicaragua, both on the side of the government and in the opposition party, recognize these evils and urged upon me the necessity of our help in terminating them. They know that no permanent political reform can be accomplished without the solution also of this problem. They realize that Nicaragua today lacks one of the principal foundations for a democratic government in that she has no well-developed middle class of artisans and workers from whose influence and out of whose problems come the usual activities of democracy.

Irresponsible Criticism

Such a middle class cannot come into existence until the industries of the country are developed. These industries cannot be developed without capital, and capital can be obtained only by foreign loans coupled with a reform of their fiscal system, including particularly their system of taxation.

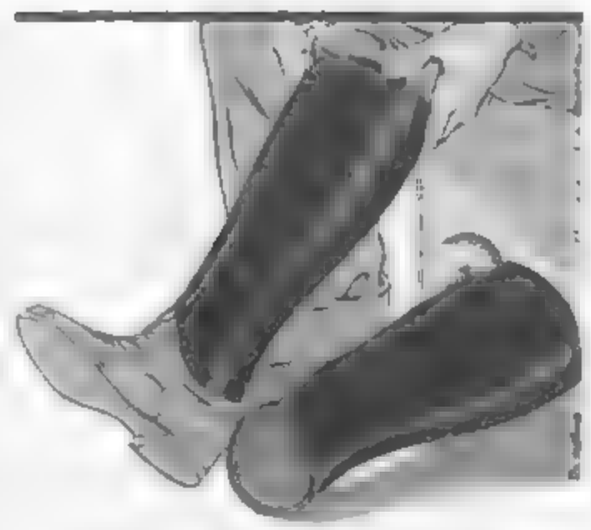
The present financial methods of the Nicaraguan Government are inefficient and corrupt. For nearly fifteen years the collection of her customs has been supervised by an American collector of customs under an agreement made between her government and the representatives of the holders of her foreign debt, and this work has been so efficiently carried out as to bring out in glaring contrast the shortcomings which have marked the collection of her other revenues. A member of the high commission told me that he believed an honest and effective system of assessment and collection of the internal taxes would increase the internal revenues of the country by 50 per cent.

Much of this situation is evident at a glance to any visitor to the country. Nicaragua is in the same need today, both of inside fiscal reform and of outside capital to develop her resources, as we were after our American Revolution, when we borrowed so freely from Europe and when our credit was saved by the fiscal reforms of Alexander Hamilton. The only obstacle to satisfying this obvious need is the fear of unfounded and reckless criticism.

The only thing that stands in the way of Nicaragua procuring on fair and proper terms the money universally recognized as necessary, as well as the help to reform her fiscal methods which she also requires, is the fear on the part of those who must help carry out such a program that the cry will be raised in this country that our Government is going into dollar diplomacy and that we are exploiting a helpless republic.

When I came to investigate it I found that this was precisely what had happened seventeen years ago, when our State Department attempted to help Nicaragua after her revolution of 1909 and 1910, when she was in an even worse condition than now. I found that then the State Department, in order to help Nicaragua to get her money on the most favorable terms and to keep her out of the hands of less scrupulous bankers, had persuaded two of the foremost banking firms of America to undertake the rehabilitation of her finances. Although the result of their work has been highly successful; although the depreciated currency was brought to par; although the war claims were cut down from over $13,000,000 to less than $2,000,000; although the principal of her foreign debts was largely paid off and the interest rate thereon reduced to 5 per cent and a surplus produced which enabled the Nicaraguan

(Continued on Page 222)



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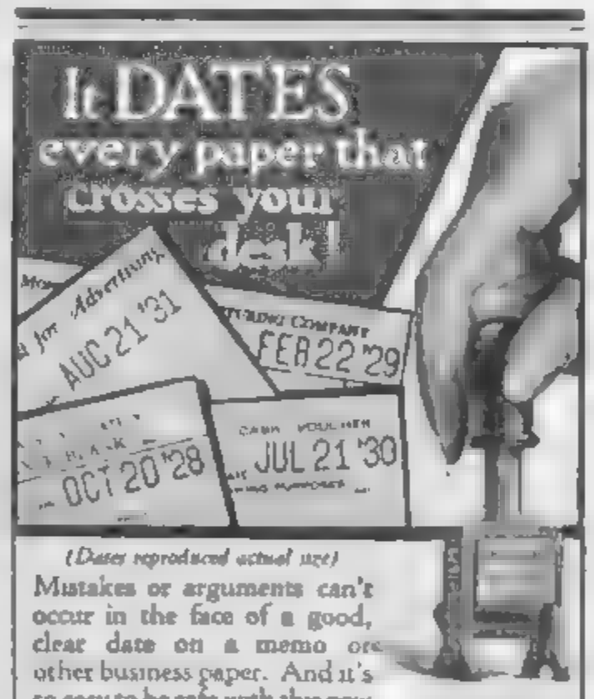

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Index of Advertisers

October 15, 1927

	PAGE
Acme White Lead & Color Works	208
Aero-Jack	201
Alaska Refrigerator Company, The	109
Allen-A Company, The	61
American Auto & Radio Mfg. Co	217
American Brass Company, The	88
American Chain Company, Inc	87
American Gas Machine Company, Inc	189
American Numbering Machine Co	218
American Pencil Co	217
American Pop Corn Co	214
American Stove Company	117
American Telephone & Telegraph Co	210
Amrad Corporation, The	187
Arnold Shoe Co., M. N	201
Autocall Co., The	161
Autocar Co., The	1[illegible]
Aviation Institute of U. S. A	217
Bassick Manufacturing Company, The	90
Bauer & Black	189
Bell & Howell Co.	118
Bendix Brake Company	153
Bird & Son, Inc	179
Black & Decker Mfg. Co., The	2[illegible]3
Bohn Aluminum & Brass Corporation	180
Boncilla Laboratories, Inc	170
Boott Mills	209
Bosley Company, The D. W	213
Bowes Seal Fast Corp	209
Brown Shoe Company	182, 183
Bull Dog Electric Products Co	197
Bunte Brothers	207
Burgess Battery Company	192
Bussmann Mfg. Co	202
Californians Inc	139
Campbell Soup Company	3[illegible]
Carryola Company of America, The	194
Carter Company, The William	137
Cartex Company, The	64
Chandler-Cleveland Motors Corporation	89
Chase & Co., L. C	136
Cheek Neal Coffee Company	1[illegible]5
Christen Mfg. Co., V. B	214
Chrysler Sales Corporation	49
Clark Co., The Fred G	156
Clark Grave Vault Co[illegible] The	166
C[illegible] & Aikman Corporation	77
Congoleum-Nairn Inc	46
Conklin Pen Co[illegible] The	94
Consolidated Sh[illegible] Mills of British Columbia Ltd., The	216
Continental Motors Corporation	100 [illegible]1
Cooper, Wells & Company	204
Crofut & Knapp Company, The	97
Crosley Radio Corp., The	191
Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Co., The	144
Detroit Leland Hotel	172
Detroit White Lead Works	74[illegible]8
Dodge Brothers, Inc	158
Douglass Company, The	121
Drackett Chemical Company, The	146
Du Pont Cellophane Co., Inc	6[illegible]
Du Pont de Nemours & Co., [illegible] I	41
Edison Electric Appliance Co., Inc	82
Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc	6[illegible]
Electro Magnetic Tool Company	214
Elliott Addressing Machine Co	189
Estate Stove Company, The	162, 163
Esterbrook Pen Co	107
Evans & Co., Victor J	214
Farber, Inc., S. W	185
Fashion Park	154, 155
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.	124, 125
Fisk Tire Company, Inc., The	96
Fitzgerald Mfg. Co	148
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	190 193
Foxboro Co., Inc., The	176
Freed Eisemann Radio Corporation	222
French Battery Company	69
Fyr-Fyter Co., The	165
General Tire & Rubber Co., The	167
Great Northern Hotel, Chicago	198
Grushlaw & Sichel	214
Hanson Bros. Scale Co	206
Harris Co., D. P	213
Hart & Co	209
Hart Schaffner & Marx	2
Hoffman Specialty Co., Inc	205
Holeproof Hosiery Company	1
Hollingshead Co., The R. M	145
Hoosier Manufacturing Co., The	147
Hoover Company, The	174
Hudson Motor Car Company	62, 63
Hutto Engineering Company, Inc	168
Ingram Co., Frederick F	116
International Typewriter Exchange	218
Iroquois Electric Refrigeration Co., The	173
Johns-Manville Corp	81
Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, Iver	128
Johnson & Son, S. C	110
Johnston Company, Robert A	224
Jones Brothers Company, The	198
Jones Dairy Farm	217
Karpen & Bros., S	120
Knox Hat Company	215
Kodel Radio Corporation, The	212
Kokomo Electric Company	193
Lambert Pharmacal Company	79
Lerus & Bro. Co	73
LaSalle Extension University	213
Lederer & Bro., Inc., Henry	218
Lehn & Fink [illegible]	80
Library Bureau [illegible] Co., The	211
Light, Carbon Corporation [illegible]	151
Lockstitch Co., Inc., The	217
Longmans, Green & Co.	175
Mabie Todd & Co.	205
Manning, Bowman & Company	141
Marchant Calculating Machine Co.	177
Marland Refining Company	126
Mason Tire & Rubber Company	188
McKesson & Robbins, Incorporated	84
Miller Rubber Company, The	164
Moorhead Knitting Co., Inc.	142
Munsingwear Corporation, The	206
Murphy Varnish Company	150
National Carbon Co., Inc.	43
National Confectioners' Association and Allied Industries	161
National Lead Battery Co.	178
National Lead Company	196
National Steel Fabric Company	221
National Textile Distributors Corp.	152
New Jersey Zinc Company, The	129
New York Central Lines	171
North Bros. Mfg. Co.	127
Oakland Motor Car Co.	55
Olds Motor Works	44
Packard Motor Car Co.	67
Page Fence Association	103
Pathfinder, The	218
Pennsylvania Railroad	85
Perfect Circle Company, The	123
Perfection Heater & Mfg. Co.	200
Phillips-Jones	186
Piggly Wiggly Corporation	143
Pi[illegible] Incorporated [illegible]	213
Pi[illegible] Suspender Company	149
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.	91
Planters Nut & Chocolate Company	203
Polk Miller Products Corporation	119
Portland Cement Association	157
Pratt & Lambert-Inc.	72
Process Engraving Co., Inc., The	214
Quaker Oats Company, The	II Cover
Raytheon Manufacturing Co.	134
Reo Motor Car Company	58
Reynolds Tobacco Company, R. J.	51
Roberts Co., Frances	217
Rogers & Son, Wm.	III Cover
Rome Company Inc., The	132
Russell Mfg. Co.	93
Scholl Mfg. Co., The	213
Scott Paper Company	95
Sealright Co., Inc.	106
Sikes Company	76
Simmons Co., R. F.	114
Sinclair Refining Company, Inc.	102
Skinner & Sons, William	195
Smith Co., The H. B	214
Smith Shoe Company, J. P.	135
Standard Laboratories, Inc.	209
Standard Varnish Works	82
Stearns & Company, Frederick	130
Swift & Company	39
Texas Company, The	70, 71
Thompson's Malted Food Co.	138
Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation	57
Traub Manufacturing Company	159
Universal Pictures	59
Upson Compa[illegible] Inc	184
U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co	143
USL Battery Corporation	86
Valentine & Company	115
Van Dorn Electric Tool Company, The	220
Victor Adding Machine Company	108
Victor Talking Machine Co.	IV Cover
Wadsworth Watch Case Company, The	92
Waltham Art Publishers	218
Warner Patterson Co	78
Webster Co., Inc., F. S	213
Wesley & Co., Edward	206
West Coast Lumber Bureau	131
Willard Storage Battery Company	83
Williams Mfg. Co., The	218
Williamson Candy Company, The	65
Willys-Overland, Inc	112, 113
Wilson Brothers	2[illegible]7
Winchester Repeating Arms Co	154
Wirt Company	219
Zenith Radio Corporation	202

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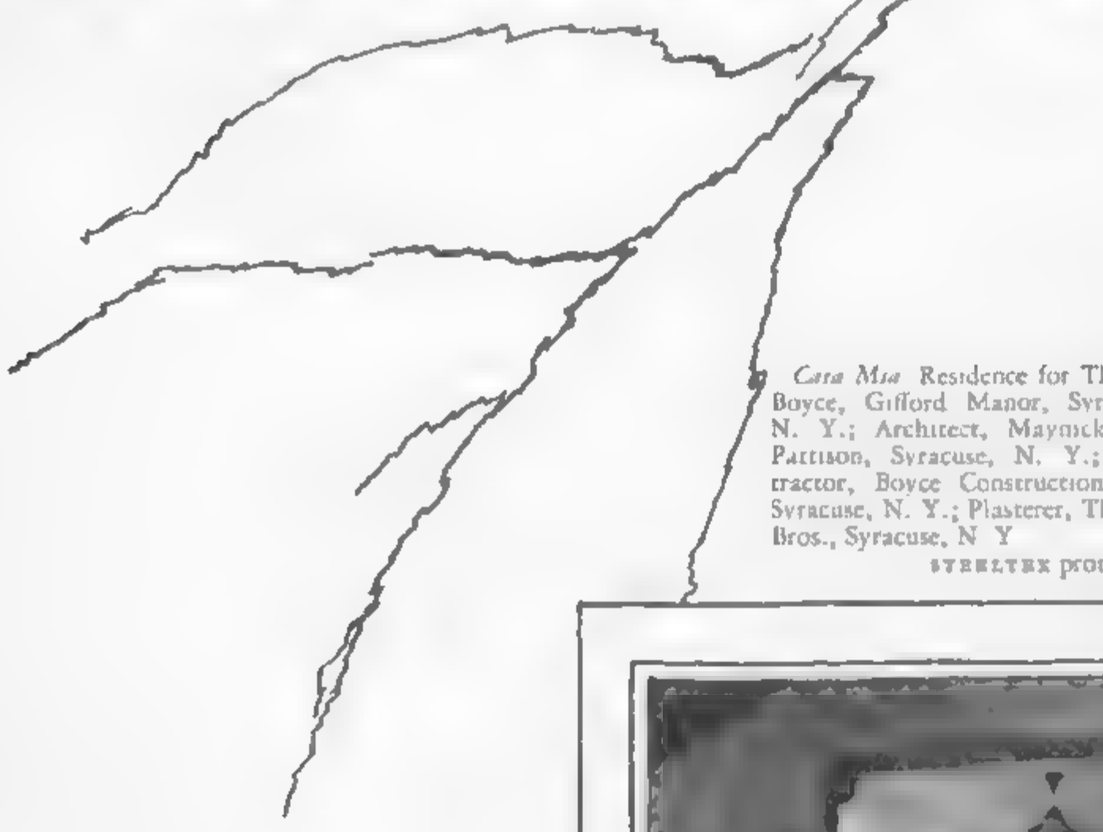
Now *your* home need never know

PLASTER LIGHTNING

(Cracks in plaster caused by wood lath)



Casa Mia Residence for Thomas Boyce, Gifford Manor, Syracuse, N. Y.; Architect, Maynicke M Partrson, Syracuse, N. Y.; Contractor, Boyce Construction Co., Syracuse, N. Y.; Plasterer, Thomas Bros., Syracuse, N Y

STEELTEX protected!

Section showing STEELTEX and how it is used

① Waterproof backing
② Waterproof compound
③ Second tough backing
④ Furring device
⑤ Rust-proofed steel reinforcing fabric
A Scratch coat of plaster
B Straightening coat
C Finishing coat

STEELTEX supersedes ordinary lath with rigid steel fabric, galvanized (rust-proofed), electrically welded—resists strains from all directions. It is nailed to the framework in sheets 50" x 52". The plaster is applied just as over lath. See how the steel is completely embedded.

THOUSANDS of homes being built today will never know the blemish of ugly cracks in the plaster. They are STEELTEX protected!

STEELTEX eliminates one of the most prolific producers of cracks—wood lath. It replaces lath. STEELTEX is a sturdy, steel, reinforcing fabric, rust-proofed and electrically welded. Attached is a tough, two-ply, waterproofed backing.

STEELTEX is nailed to the framework in sheets. The plasterer goes to work exactly as he does over lath. He applies the wet plaster against the STEELTEX backing. The plaster spreads under and around the steel reinforcing wires.

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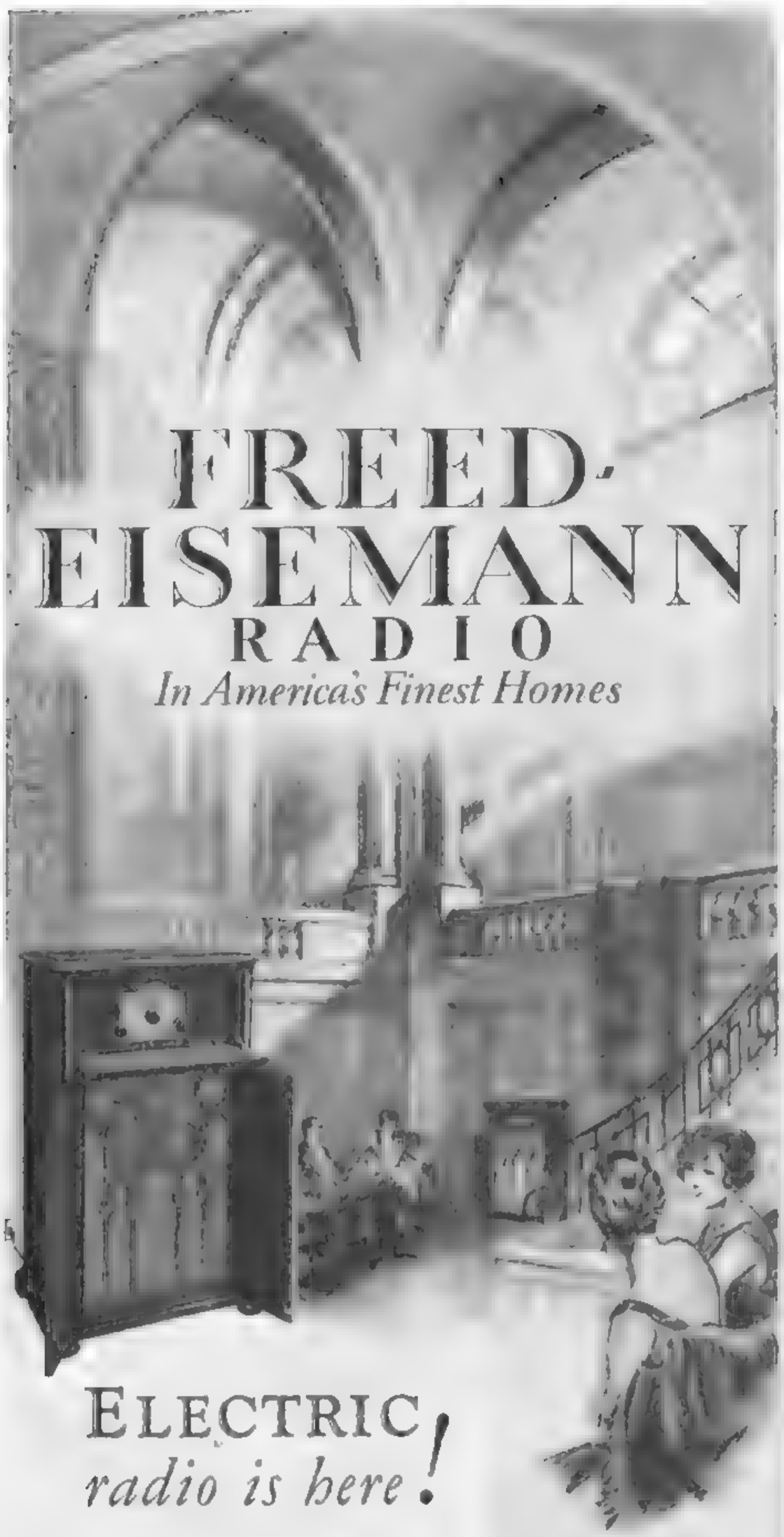

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(Continued from Page 218)

Government to buy from the foreign stockholders the country's only railroad—yet the criticism and outcry excited among politicians were such that after a few years one of these banking firms withdrew from all further participation in Nicaraguan affairs and respectable bankers now hesitate to lend their assistance.

This is not the way intelligently to help a friendly small republic which is in financial difficulty. No one asks that our Government should be free from criticism in its foreign relations. But our Government has a right to ask that the criticism leveled against it by its own citizens in respect to those foreign relations shall be responsible and based upon a reasonable amount of investigation of the facts. That has not been the case in the past in respect to the criticism leveled at our Nicaraguan policy.

After a careful and practically uninterrupted study of that policy for the past five months, I feel that not only have we no cause to be ashamed of that page in our history but that it contains the record of a long, patient and intelligent effort on the part of this country to do an unselfish service to a weak and sorely beset Central American state. Such an effort ought to have the widespread commendation of our people. It should be helped to its consummation by their approval and not hampered by their disapproval.

Sixteen years ago, when Secretary of State Knox had first announced his policy of assisting Nicaragua in the maintenance of republican institutions by assisting in the reform of her fiscal system, General Moncada, the present leader of the Liberal Party, thus announced his approval:

> It is to be hoped that the spirit of the Knox note may be raised to the dignity of a principle of government, like the Monroe Doctrine, and that it may be proclaimed frankly in the face of the entire world. There are no reasons for concealing this tendency of American politics, as no power can object to the reign of order and liberty.

A year later, when Mr. Knox visited Nicaragua, Mr. Diaz, then and now the leader of the Conservatives and now president, in welcoming Mr. Knox, said:

> As an admirer of that policy [of the Knox note] by reason of its evident results in other fortunate Latin countries, I live in the firm intention of accepting that friendly influence so long as I myself have any influence in the destinies of my country. . . . We are weak and we need your strong help for the regeneration of our debilitated land. The hand which your Government generously and fraternally extends to us, I accept without reserve or fear, for I know that it belongs to a people which has made a religion of liberty, and, educated in and for freedom, loves its independence above everything and respects the independence of others.

A policy of helpfulness, which was thus accepted by Nicaragua in the same spirit in which it was offered by our Government, should not be poisoned and rendered of no effect by ignorant or partisan attacks in the United States.

Editor's Note—This is the third of three articles by Mr. Stimson.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Table of Contents

October 15, 1927

Cover Design by Haskell Coffin

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Valse Oubliée—*Charles Brackett*	3
Cheat the Lady—*Ben Ames Williams*	6
The Hungry Battalion—*Leonard H. Nason*	12
Fish are Such Liars—*Roland Pertwee*	14
Claire and the Dangerous Man—*Fannie Kilbourne*	20
Miss Hennessy, P. S.—*Sewell Ford*	22
Kibitzer—*Sam Hellman*	24
The Cooked Goose—*Margaret Culkin Banning*	47
Blood Brothers Ain't Relations—*Roger Daniels*	54

ARTICLES

Gary and the Public Stake—*William A. McGarry*	8
On the Trail of the Vanishing Longhorn—*Will C. Barnes*	9
Partners on the Pay Roll—*Cyrus McCormick, Jr.*	10
What is This Art Game?—*Joseph Cummings Chase*	16
American Policy in Nicaragua—*Henry L. Stimson*	18
Wings of Song—*Dorothy Caruso and Torrance Goddard*	28
A European Gold Brick—*Will Payne*	35
Restocking the Coverts—*Hal G. Evarts*	38
In the Wheat Pit—*James A. Patten*	42
Cleaning Up—*John Golden*	50

SERIALS

Maracot Deep (Second part)—*Arthur Conan Doyle*	26
The Bellamy Trial (Sixth part)—*Frances Noyes Hart*	30
Crusade (Conclusion)—*Donn Byrne*	32

MISCELLANY

Editorials	34
Short Turns and Encores	36

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